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MAN AND THE ACTOR

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part.

SHAKESPEARE does not say "may" play a part, or "can" play a part, but he says *must* play a part; and he has expressed the conviction of every intelligent student of humanity then and thereafter, now and hereafter. The stage cannot be held in contempt by mankind; because all mankind is acting, and every human being is playing a part. The better a man plays his part, the better he succeeds. The more a man knows of the art of acting, the greater the man; for, from the king on his throne to the beggar in the street, every man is acting. There is no greater comedian or tragedian in the world than a great king. The knowledge of the art of acting is indispensable to a knowledge of mankind, and when you are able to pierce the disguise in which every man arrays himself, or to read the character which every man assumes, you achieve an intimate knowledge of your fellow men, and you are able to cope with the man, either as he is, or as he pretends to be. It was necessary for Shakespeare to be an actor in order to know men. Without his knowledge of the stage, Shakespeare could never have been the reader of men that he was. And yet we are asked, "Is the stage worth while?"

Napoleon and Alexander were both great actors, — Napoleon perhaps the greatest actor the world has ever seen. Whether on the bridge of Lodi, or in his camp at Tilsit; whether addressing his soldiers in the plains of Egypt; whether throwing open his old gray coat and saying, "Children, will you fire on your general?" whether bidding farewell to them at Fontainebleau; whether standing on the deck of the Bellerophon, or on the rocks of St. Helena, — he was always an actor. Napoleon had studied the art of acting, and he knew its value. If the power of the eye, the power of the voice, the power of that all-commanding gesture of the hand, failed him when he faced the regiment of veterans on his return from Elba, he was lost. But he had proved and compelled his audience too often for his art to fail him then. The leveled guns fell. The audience was his. Another crown had fallen! By what? a trick of the stage! Was he willing to die then? to be shot by his old guard? Not he! Did he doubt for one moment his ability as an actor? Not he! If he had, he would have been lost. And that power to control, that power to command, once it is possessed by a man, means that that man can play his part anywhere, and under all circumstances and conditions. Unconsciously or consciously, every great man, every man who has played a great part, has been an actor. Each man, every man, who has made his mark has chosen his character, the character best adapted to himself, and has played it, and clung to it, and made his impress with it. I have but to conjure up the figure of Daniel Webster, who never lost an opportunity to act; or General Grant, who chose for his model William of Orange, surnamed the Silent. You will find every one of your most admired heroes choosing early in life some admired hero of his own to copy. Who can doubt that Napoleon had selected Julius Cæsar? For, once he had

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founded an empire, everything about him was modeled after the Cæsarean régime. Look at his coronation robes, the women's gowns — the very furniture! Actors, painters, musicians, politicians, society men and women, and kings and queens, all play their parts, and all build themselves after some favorite model. In this woman of society, you trace the influence of the Princess Metternich. In another, we see her admiration (and a very proper one) for Her Britannic Majesty. In another we behold George Eliot, or Queen Louise of Prussia, or the influence of some modern society leader. But no matter who it is, from the lowest to the highest, the actor is dominant in the human being, and this trait exhibits itself early in the youngest child. Everywhere you see stagecraft in one form or another. If men loved not costumes and scenery, would the king be escorted by the life-guards, arrayed in shining helmets and breastplates, which we know are perfectly useless in these days when a bullet will go through fifty of them with ease? The first thing a man thinks of when he has to face any ordeal, be it a coronation or an execution, is, how am I going to look? how am I to behave? what manner shall I assume? shall I appear calm and dignified, or happy and pleased? shall I wear a portentous frown or a beaming smile? how shall I walk? shall I take short steps or long ones? shall I stoop as if bowed with care, or walk erect with courage and pride? shall I gaze fearlessly on all about me, or shall I drop my eyes modestly to the ground? If man were not always acting, he would not think of these things at all, he would not bother his head about them, but would walk to his coronation or his execution according to his nature. In the last event this would have to be, in some cases, on all fours.

We are apt to say, "Be natural;" as a matter of fact, is a man ever natural? Take, for instance, the brave soldier. Is he natural? No. The bravest man is the man who, knowing danger, is afraid, and yet faces the danger. He acts the part, in short, of a brave man. If he were entirely natural, he would run away. Diogenes pretended to be absolutely natural. Yet he elected to dwell in a barrel where everybody came to look at him. It would have been more natural to live in an ordinary comfortable house. But Diogenes in an ordinary house would not have been Diogenes. It is on the same principle that certain authors and actors and painters wear their hair long, and others elect to attend society functions in blue flannel shirts. To wear short hair or to be dressed like everyday human beings would not arrest attention.

The more you study mankind, the more you discover that every man is playing a part. Take, for instance, two men at a club. The one has the reputation of being a good fellow, the other of being a Misanthrope. Both are playing parts for which they pay a price. The jolly good fellow must keep up his jollity at any cost. He shakes hands with every one; he drinks with every one; he slaps people on the back; he has a large fund of anecdotes; he flatters men; he knows when to be silent and when to talk; he never lends money for fear of losing a friend, — he does not hesitate to place himself under obligations, however, to other men, and he has the subtle art of acknowledging his obligations and making men serve his purpose. He repays his debts promptly in order to maintain his credit, and despises no artifice that will cause him to be well spoken of. Concerning his private life, we cannot be so sure. Sometimes the man who spends large sums at the club in entertaining his friends will deny his wife a fresh gown, or grumble over the household expenses which the woman is cudgeling her brains night and day to reduce to a minimum. Otherwise is it with the Misanthrope,— the sour-faced man who sits by himself in a corner of the club reading his magazine. Nobody slaps him on the back, and he slaps nobody. He looks with contempt upon the incessant efforts of the jolly man about town. He

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judges the man for what he is worth. He is short of speech, abrupt in manners; experience has taught him to be suspicious, and he does not thaw readily; but, strange to say, the grip of his hand, once given, is strong; and a tear sparkles in his eye and rolls unseen upon the page of the magazine at the recital of some sorrow — which our good-natured man has just, to the admiration of the club, turned off with a jest and a laugh. See the Misanthrope creep like a criminal to the assistance of the unfortunate, when, like our man about town, he might have put his name down for a few dollars and dismissed the matter righteously from his mind! And so the jolly man about town is really the Misanthrope, who acts the good fellow because he knows his world, and the Misanthrope is the child who has been forbidden to show his heart.

In many different ways different wise men have said, "Speech is given us to disguise our thoughts;" and every great diplomat and every great statesman has acted — mind you, *acted* — upon this truth that teaches us to lie. Mark the careers of Richelieu and Mazarin, or of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield. Were there ever greater actors?

If you act well, you will live well. Study your part, and know how to play it. The man who does not study the art of *acting* is at a disadvantage, and thus the greatest philosophers and statesmen have devoted themselves to an art concerning which an eminent writer in New York has inquired whether it was worth while. So universal is the habit of acting that when a man ceases to act we cease to believe in him, and the only creature who can be said to be absolutely natural is a maniac. The philosopher Ibsen, whose letters have recently been published, says, "Garb yourself in dignity." Here we are again. "Garb yourself in dignity." Assume dignity. Act the part of Dignity. I think Mr. Ibsen is wrong. I would rather he had said, "Be a child; remain a child!" But, no, we are to appear dignified. We must impress our fellow men. But we are not likely to impress the Divine Being by our assumption of dignity, and therefore it is to all intents and purposes futile. I think I would rather play the part of a little child! — what I am in my soul and in spirit, and what I shall have to be hereafter in the face of that Terrific Power before which we are all very small children. I think perhaps the professional actor enjoys this advantage, that when he has acted fifty parts or more, and acted and acted and acted out all that is in him, and given it every form of expression, the desire to act in his private life is not strong in him, and he is happy to be permitted to be himself, and to indulge in being himself without the mask and the buskin and the toga. But so fond are the people of this world of seeing a man act, that I have noted, and it would be impossible not to note, the grave disappointment if any personage behaves as an ordinary everyday child at any public function where he is not called upon for the exercise of his profession. This fact is well known, probably, to all men in public life, and that is why they dare not indulge in the unveiling of themselves. You are none of you really obliged to act, but you do; and as you do act, and will act, I should advise you to study acting, so as to act well. When you have to go out and make calls, and find all the people you have to leave cards on at home, it is well to act the part of looking pleased so as to deceive your hostess. Have you ever watched it in your own family, — the difference between Mary or Rosamund's society manner and her manner toward her younger brother? If she spoke to her brother as she speaks to Mr. Du Puyster when he calls, I fear me much her brother would say something rude. Yes, when Mr. Du Puyster calls, — when Mary goes to a party, — when she is receiving visitors, — I am afraid she acts. And Mr. Du Puyster likes it. He must. For after he has married Mary or Rosamund, he complains that her manner is no longer as charming as it used to be when he was wooing her. I think that

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it would perhaps be better not to act in the first instance.

Is acting worth while? Look at Monsieur Witte and the Japanese envoys. The best acting won the day. Just as the best acting, I am told, very often takes the stakes at a game of poker.

I stretch my eyes over the wide world, and the people on it, and I can see no one who is not playing a part; therefore respect the art of which you are all devotees, and, if you must act, learn to play your parts well. Study the acting of others, so that you may discover what part is being played by others.

It is, therefore, not amazing that everybody is interested in the art of acting, and it is not amazing that every one *thinks* he can act. You have only to suggest private theatricals, when a house party is assembled at some country house, to verify the truth of the statement. Immediately commences a lively rivalry as to who shall play this part or that. Each one considers herself or himself best suited, and I have known private theatricals to lead to lifelong enmities.

It is surprising to discover how very differently people who have played parts all their lives deport themselves before the footlights. I was acquainted with a lady in London who had been the wife of a peer of the realm, who had been ambassadress at foreign courts, who at one time had been a reigning beauty, and who came to me, longing for a new experience, and implored me to give her an opportunity to appear upon the stage. In a weak moment I consented, and, as I was producing a play, I cast her for a part which I thought she would admirably suit, — that of a society woman. What that woman did and did not do on the stage passes all belief. She became entangled in her train, she could neither sit down nor stand up, she shouted, she could not be persuaded to remain at a respectful distance, but insisted upon shrieking into the actor's ears, and she committed all the gaucheries you would expect from an untrained country wench. But because everybody is acting in private life, every one thinks he can act upon the stage, and there is no profession that has so many critics. Every individual in the audience is a critic, and knows all about the art of acting. But acting is a gift. It cannot be taught. You can teach people how to act acting, — but you can't teach them to act. Acting is as much an inspiration as the making of great poetry and great pictures. What is commonly called acting is acting acting. This is what is generally accepted as acting. A man speaks lines, moves his arms, wags his head, and does various other things; he may even shout and rant; some pull down their cuffs and inspect their finger nails; they work hard and perspire, and *their skin acts*. This is all easily comprehended by the masses, and passes for acting, and is applauded, but the man who is actually the embodiment of the character he is creating will often be misunderstood, be disliked, and fail to attract. Mediocrity rouses no opposition, but strong individualities and forcible opinions make enemies. It is here that danger lies. Many an actor has set out with an ideal, but, failing to gain general favor, has abandoned it for the easier method of winning popular acclaim. Inspiration only comes to those who permit themselves to be inspired. It is a form of hypnotism. Allow yourself to be convinced by the character you are portraying that you *are* the character. If you are to play Napoleon, and you are sincere and determined to be Napoleon, Napoleon will not permit you to be any one but Napoleon, or Richard III Richard III, or Nero Nero, and so on. He would be a poor, miserable pretense of an actor who in the representation of any historical personage were otherwise than firmly convinced, after getting into the man's skin (which means the exhaustive study of all that was ever known about him), that he is living that very man for a few brief hours. And so it is, in another form, with the creation or realization of the author's,

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the poet's, fancy. In this latter case the actor, the poet actor, sees and creates in the air before him the being he delineates; he makes him, he builds him during the day, in the long hours of the night; the character gradually takes being; he is the actor's genius; the slave of the ring, who comes when he calls him, stands beside him, and envelops him in his ghostly arms; the actor's personality disappears; he is the character. You, you, and you, and all of you, have the right to object to the actor's creation; you may say this is not your conception of Hamlet or Macbeth or Iago or Richard or Nero or Shylock, — but respect his. And who can tell whether he is right or you are right? He has created them with much loving care; therefore don't sneer at them, — don't jeer at them, — it hurts! If you have reared a rosebush in your garden, and seen it bud and bloom, are you pleased to have some ruthless vandal tear the flowers from their stem and trample them in the mud? And it is not always our most beautiful children we love the best. The parent's heart will surely warm toward its feeblest child.

It is very evident that any man, be he an actor or no actor, can, with money and with good taste, make what is technically termed a production. There is, as an absolute matter of fact, no particular credit to be attached to the making of a production. The real work of the stage, of the actor, does not lie there. It is easy for us to busy ourselves, to pass pleasantly our time, designing lovely scenes, charming costumes, and all the paraphernalia and pomp of mimic grandeur, whether of landscape or of architecture, the panoply of war, or the luxury of royal courts. That is fun, — pleasure and amusement. No; the real work of the stage lies in the creation of a character. A great character will live forever, when paint and canvas and silks and satins and gold foil and tinsel shall have gone the way of all rags.

But the long, lone hours with our heads in our hands, the toil, the patient study, the rough carving of the outlines, the dainty, delicate finishing touches, the growing into the soul of the being we delineate, the picture of his outward semblance, his voice, his gait, his speech, all amount to a labor of such stress and strain, of such loving anxiety and care, that they can be compared in my mind only to a mother's pains. And when the child is born it must grow in a few hours to completion, and be exhibited and coldly criticised. How often, how often, have those long months of infinite toil been in vain! How often has the actor led the child of his imagination to the footlights, only to realize that he has brought into the world a weakling or a deformity which may not live! And how often he has sat through the long night brooding over the corpse of this dear figment of his fancy! It has lately become customary with many actor-managers to avoid these pangs of childbirth. They have determinedly declined the responsibility they owe to the poet and the public, and have instead dazzled the eye with a succession of such splendid pictures that the beholder forgets in a surfeit of the sight the feast that should feed the soul. This is what I am pleased to term talk *versus* acting. The representative actors in London are much inclined in this direction.

The student may well ask, "What are we to copy, and whom are we to copy?" Don't copy any one; don't copy *any* individual actor, or his methods. The methods of one actor — the means by which he arrives — cannot always be successfully employed by another. The methods and personality of one actor are no more becoming or suitable or adapted to another, than certain gowns worn by women of fashion simply because these gowns *are* the fashion. In the art of acting, like the art of painting, we must study life — copy life! You will have before you the work of great masters, and you will learn very much from them, — quite as much what to avoid as what to

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follow. No painting is perfect, and no acting is perfect. No actor ever played a part to absolute perfection. It is just as impossible for an actor to simulate nature completely upon the stage as it is impossible for the painter to portray on canvas the waves of the ocean, the raging storm clouds, or the horrors of conflagration.

The nearer the artist gets to nature, the greater he is. We may admire Rubens and Rembrandt and Vandyke and Gainsborough and Turner, but who will dare to say that any one of their pictures is faultless? We shall learn much from them all, but quite as much what to avoid as what to emulate. But when you discover their faults, do not forget their virtues. Look, and realize what it means to be able to do so much. And the actor's art is even more difficult! For its execution must be immediate and spontaneous. The word is delivered, the action is done, and the picture is painted! Can I pause and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, that is not the way I wanted to do this, or to say that; if you will allow me to try again, I think I can improve upon it"?

The most severe critic can never tell me more, or scold me more than I scold myself. I have never left the stage satisfied with myself. And I am convinced that every artist feels as I do about his work. It is the undoubted duty of the critic to criticise, and that means to blame as well as to praise; and it must be confessed that, taking all things into consideration, the critics of this country are actuated by honesty of purpose and kindliness of spirit, and very often their work is, in addition, of marked literary value. Occasionally we will still meet the man who is anxious to impress his fellow citizens with the fact that he has been abroad, and tinctures all his views of plays and actors with references to Herr Dinkelspiegel or Frau Mitterwoorzer; or who, having spent a few hours in Paris, is forced to drag in by the hair Monsieur Popin or Mademoiselle Fifine. But as a matter of fact, is not the interpretation of tragedy and comedy by the American stage superior to the German and French? — for the whole endeavor in this country has been toward a closer adherence to nature. In France and in Germany the ancient method of declamation still prevails, and the great speeches of Goethe and Schiller and Racine and Corneille are to all intents and purposes intoned. No doubt this sounds very fine in German and French, but how would you like it now in English?

The old-time actor had peculiar and primitive views as to elocution and its uses. I remember a certain old friend of mine, who, when he recited the opening speech in *Richard III*, and arrived at the line "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried," suggested the deep bosom of the ocean by sending his voice down into his boots. Yet these were fine actors, to whom certain young gentlemen, who never saw them, constantly refer. The methods of the stage have completely changed, and with them the tastes of the people. The probability is that some of the old actors of only a few years ago would excite much merriment in their delineation of tragedy. A very great tragedian of a past generation was wont, in the tent scene in *Richard III*, to hold a piece of soap in his mouth, so that, after the appearance of the ghosts, the lather and froth might dribble down his chin! and he employed, moreover, a trick sword, which rattled hideously; and, what with his foam-flecked face, his rolling eyes, his inarticulate groans, and his rattling blade, the small boy in the gallery was scared into a frenzy of vociferous delight!

Yet, whilst we have discarded these somewhat crude methods, we have perhaps allowed ourselves to wander too far in the other direction, and the critics are quite justified in demanding in many cases greater virility and force. The simulation of suppressed power is very useful and very advisable, but *when the fire-bell rings* the horses have got to come out, and rattle and race down the street, and rouse the town!

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Whilst we are on the subject of these creations of the poets and the actors, do you understand how important is discipline on the stage? How can an actor be away from this earth, moving before you in the spirit he has conjured up, only to be dragged back to himself and his actual surroundings of canvas and paint and tinsel and limelights by some disturbing influence in the audience or on the stage? If you want the best, if you love the art, foster it. It is worthy of your gentlest care and your kindest, tenderest thought. Your silence is often more indicative of appreciation than your applause. The actor does not need your applause in order to know when you are in sympathy with him. He feels very quickly whether you are antagonistic or friendly. He cares very little for the money, but a great deal for your affection and esteem. Discipline on the stage has almost entirely disappeared, and year after year the exercise of our art becomes more difficult. I am sorry to say some newspapers are, unwittingly perhaps, largely responsible for this. When an editor discharges a member of his force for any good and sufficient reason,—and surely a man must be permitted to manage and control his own business,—no paper will publish a two-column article, with appropriate cuts, detailing the wrongs of the discharged journalist, and the hideous crime of the editor! Even an editor — and an editor is supposed to be able to stand almost anything — would become weary after a while; discipline would cease, and your newspapers would be ill-served. Booth, Jefferson, and other actors soon made up their minds that the easiest road was the best for them. Mr. Booth left the stage management entirely to Mr. Lawrence Barrett and others, and Mr. Jefferson praised everybody and everything. But this is not good for the stage. My career on the stage is nearly over, and until, shortly, I bid it farewell, I shall continue to do my best; but we are all doing it under ever-growing difficulties. Actors on the stage are scarce, actors off the stage, as I have demonstrated, I hope, are plentiful. Life insurance presidents — worthy presidents, directors, and trustees — have been so busy acting their several parts in the past, and are in the present so busy trying to unact them, men are so occupied from their childhood with the mighty dollar, the race for wealth is so strenuous and all-entrancing, that imagination is dying out; and imagination is necessary to make a poet or an actor; the art of acting is the crystallization of all arts. It is a diamond in the facets of which is mirrored every art. It is, therefore, the most difficult of all arts. The education of a king is barely sufficient for the education of the comprehending and comprehensive actor. If he is to satisfy every one, he should possess the commanding power of a Cæsar, the wisdom of Solomon, the eloquence of Demosthenes, the patience of Job, the face and form of Antinous, and the strength and endurance of Hercules.

The stage is not likely to die of neglect anywhere. But at this moment it cannot be denied that the ship of the stage is drifting somewhat hither and thither. Every breath of air and every current of public opinion impels it first in one direction and then in another. At one moment we may be said to be in the doldrums of the English society drama, or we are sluggishly rolling along in a heavy ground swell, propelled by a passing cat's paw of revivals of old melodramas. Again we catch a very faint northerly breeze from Ibsen, or a southeaster from Maeterlinck and Hauptmann. Sometimes we set our sails to woo that ever-clearing breeze of Shakespeare, only to be forced out of our course by a sputter of rain, an Irish mist, and half a squall from George Bernard Shaw; but the greater part of the time the ship of the stage is careering wildly under bare poles, with a man lashed to the helm (and let us hope that, like Ulysses, he has cotton wool in his ears), before a hurricane of comic opera. We need a recognized stage and a recognized school. America has become too great, and its influence

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abroad too large, for us to afford to have recourse to that ancient and easy method of criticism which decries the American and extols the foreign. That is one of those last remnants of colonialism and provincialism which must depart forever.

What could not be done for the people of this land, were we to have a great and recognized theatre! Consider our speech, and our manner of speech! Consider our voices, and the production of our voices! Consider the pronunciation of words, and the curious use of vowels! Let us say we have an established theatre, to which you come not only for your pleasure, but for your education. Of what immense advantage this would be if behind its presiding officer there stood a board of literary directors, composed of such men as William Winter, Howells, Edward Everett Hale, and Aldrich, and others equally fine, and the presidents of the great universities. These men might well decide how the American language should be spoken in the great American theatre, and we should then have an authority in this country at last for the pronunciation of certain words. It would finally be decided whether to say fancy or fahncy — dance or dahnce — advertisement or advert*y*sement, and so with many other words; whether to call the object of our admiration "real elegant" — whether we should say "I admire" to do this or that, and whether we should say "I guess" instead of "I think." And the voice! The education of the American speaking voice is, I am sure all will agree, of immense importance. It is difficult to love, or to continue to endure, a woman who shrieks at you; a high-pitched, nasal, stringy voice is not calculated to charm. This established theatre of which we dream should teach men and women how to talk; and how splendid it would be for future generations if it should become characteristic of American men and women to speak in soft and beautifully modulated tones!

These men of whom I have spoken could meet once a year in the great green-room of this theatre of my imagination, and decide upon the works to be produced, — the great classics, the tragedies and comedies; and living authors should be invited and encouraged. Here, again, we should have at last what we so badly need, an encouragement for men and women to write poetry for the stage. Nothing by way of the beautiful seems to be written for us to-day, but perhaps the acknowledgment and the hall-mark of a great theatre might prove an incentive.

The training of the actor! To-day there is practically none. Actors and actresses are not to be taught by patting them on the shoulders and saying, "Fine! Splendid!" It is a hard, hard school, on the contrary, of unmerciful criticism. And he is a poor master who seeks cheap popularity amongst his associates by glossing over and praising what he knows to be condemnable. No good result is to be obtained by this method, but it is this method which has caused a great many actors to be beloved, and the public to be very much distressed.

As for the practical side of an established theatre, I am absolutely convinced that the national theatre could be established in this country on a practical and paying basis; and not only on a paying basis, but upon a profitable basis. It would, however, necessitate the investment of a large amount of capital. In short, the prime cost would be large, but if the public generally is interested, there is no reason why an able financier could not float a company for this purpose. But under no circumstances must or can a national theatre, in the proper use of the term, be made an object of personal or commercial profit. Nor can it be a scheme devised by a few individuals for the exploitation of a social or literary fad. The national theatre must be given by the people to the people, and be governed by the people. The members of the national theatre should be elected by the Board of Directors, and should be chosen from the American and British stage alike, or from any country where English is the lan-

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guage of the people. Every inducement should be offered to secure the services of the best actors; by actors, I mean actors of both sexes; and those who have served for a certain number of years should be entitled to a pension upon retirement.

It is not necessary to bother with further details; I only mention this to impress the reader with the fact that the national theatre is a practical possibility. From my personal experience I am convinced that serious effort upon the American stage meets with a hearty endorsement.

CAMPING WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

At the time I made the trip to Yellowstone Park with President Roosevelt in the spring of 1903, I promised some friends to write up my impressions of the President and of the Park, but I have been slow in getting around to it. The President himself, having the absolute leisure and peace of the White House, wrote his account of the trip nearly two years ago! But with the stress and strain of my life at "Slabsides," — administering the affairs of so many of the wild creatures of the woods about me, — I have not till this blessed season found the time to put on record an account of the most interesting thing I saw in that wonderful land, which, of course, was the President himself.

When I accepted his invitation I was well aware that during the journey I should be in a storm centre most of the time, which is not always a pleasant prospect to a man of my habits and disposition. The President himself is a good deal of a storm, — a man of such abounding energy and ceaseless activity that he sets everything in motion around him wherever he goes. But I knew he would be pretty well occupied on his way to the Park in speaking to eager throngs and in receiving personal and political homage in the towns and cities we were to pass through. But when all this was over, and I found myself with him in the wilderness of the Park, with only the superintendent and a few attendants to help take up his tremendous personal impact, how was it likely to fare with a non-strenuous person like myself, I asked? I had visions of snow six and seven feet deep where traveling could be done only upon snowshoes, and I had never had the things on my feet in my life. If the infernal fires beneath, that keep the pot boiling so out there, should melt the snows, I could see the party tearing along on horseback at a wolf-hunt pace over a rough country; and as I had not been on a horse's back since the President was born, how would it be likely to fare with me there?

I had known the President several years before he became famous, and we had had some correspondence on subjects of natural history. His interest in such themes is always very fresh and keen, and the main motive of his visit to the Park at this time was to see and study in its semi-domesticated condition the great game which he had so often hunted during his ranch days; and he was kind enough to think it would be an additional pleasure to see it with a nature-lover like myself. For my own part, I knew nothing about big game, but I knew there was no man in the country with whom I should so like to see it as Roosevelt.

Some of our newspapers reported that the President intended to hunt in the Park. A woman in Vermont wrote me, to protest against the hunting, and

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hoped I would teach the President to love the animals as much as I did, — as if he did not love them much more, because his love is founded upon knowledge, and because they had been a part of his life. She did not know that I was then cherishing the secret hope that I might be allowed to shoot a cougar or bobcat; but this fun did not come to me. The President said, "I will not fire a gun in the Park; then I shall have no explanations to make." Yet once I did hear him say in the wilderness, "I feel as if I ought to keep the camp in meat. I always have." I regretted that he could not do so on this occasion.

I have never been disturbed by the President's hunting trips. It is to such men as he that the big game legitimately belongs, — men who regard it from the point of view of the naturalist as well as from that of the sportsman, who are interested in its preservation, and who share with the world the delight they experience in the chase. Such a hunter as Roosevelt is as far removed from the game-butcher as day is from night; and as for his killing of the "varmints," — bears, cougars, and bobcats, — the fewer of these there are, the better for the useful and beautiful game.

The cougars, or mountain lions, in the Park certainly needed killing. The superintendent reported that he had seen where they had slain nineteen elk, and we saw where they had killed a deer, and dragged its body across the trail. Of course, the President would not now on his hunting trips shoot an elk or a deer except to "keep the camp in meat," and for this purpose it is as legitimate as to slay a sheep or a steer for the table at home.

We left Washington on April 1, and strung several of the larger Western cities on our thread of travel, — Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, — as well as many lesser towns, in each of which the President made an address, sometimes brief, on a few occasions of an hour or more.

He gave himself very freely and heartily to the people wherever he went. He could easily match their Western cordiality and good-fellowship. Wherever his train stopped, crowds soon gathered, or had already gathered, to welcome him. His advent made a holiday in each town he visited. At all the principal stops the usual programme was: first, his reception by the committee of citizens appointed to receive him; they usually boarded his private car, and were one by one introduced to him; then a drive through the town with a concourse of carriages; then to the hall or open air platform, where he spoke to the assembled throng; then to lunch or dinner; and then back to the train, and off for the next stop, — a round of hand-shaking, carriage-driving, speech-making each day. He usually spoke from eight to ten times every twenty-four hours, sometimes for only a few minutes from the rear platform of his private car, at others for an hour or more in some large hall. In Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, elaborate banquets were given him and his party, and on each occasion he delivered a carefully prepared speech upon questions that involved the policy of his administration. The throng that greeted him in the vast Auditorium in Chicago — that rose and waved and waved again — was one of the grandest human spectacles I ever witnessed.

In Milwaukee the dense cloud of tobacco smoke that presently filled the large hall after the feasting was over was enough to choke any speaker, but it did not seem to choke the President, though he does not use tobacco in any form himself; nor was there anything foggy about his utterances on that occasion upon legislative control of the trusts.

In St. Paul the city was inundated with humanity, — a vast human tide that left the middle of the streets bare as our line of carriages moved slowly along, but that rose up in solid walls of town and prairie humanity on the sidewalks and city door-yards. How hearty and happy the myriad faces looked! At one point I spied in the

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throng on the curbstone a large silk banner that bore my own name as the title of some society. I presently saw that it was borne by half a dozen anxious and expectant-looking schoolgirls with braids down their backs. As my carriage drew near them, they pressed their way through the throng, and threw a large bouquet of flowers into my lap. I think it would be hard to say who blushed the deeper, the girls or myself. It was the first time I had ever had flowers showered upon me in public; and then, maybe, I felt that on such an occasion I was only a minor side issue, and public recognition was not called for. But the incident pleased the President. "I saw that banner and those flowers," he said afterwards; "and I was delighted to see you honored that way." But I fear I have not to this day thanked the Monroe School of St. Paul for that pretty attention.

The time of the passing of the presidential train seemed well known, even on the Dakota prairies. At one point I remember a little brown schoolhouse stood not far off, and near the track the schoolma'am, with her flock, drawn up in line. We were at luncheon, but the President caught a glimpse ahead through the window, and quickly took in the situation. With napkin in hand, he rushed out on the platform and waved to them. "Those children," he said, as he came back, "wanted to see the President of the United States, and I could not disappoint them. They may never have another chance. What a deep impression such things make when we are young!"

At some point in the Dakotas we picked up the former foreman of his ranch, and another cowboy friend of the old days, and they rode with the President in his private car for several hours. He was as happy with them as a schoolboy ever was in meeting old chums. He beamed with delight all over. The life which those men represented, and of which he had himself once formed a part, meant so much to him; it had entered into the very marrow of his being, and I could see the joy of it all shining in his face as he sat and lived parts of it over again with those men that day. He bubbled with laughter continually. The men, I thought, seemed a little embarrassed by his open-handed cordiality and good-fellowship. He himself evidently wanted to forget the present, and to live only in the memory of those wonderful ranch days, — that free, hardy, adventurous life upon the plains. It all came back to him with a rush when he found himself alone with these heroes of the rope and the stirrup. How much more keen his appreciation was, and how much quicker his memory, than theirs! He was constantly recalling to their minds incidents which they had forgotten, and the names of horses and dogs which had escaped them. His subsequent life, instead of making dim the memory of his ranch days, seemed to have made it more vivid by contrast.

When they had gone, I said to him, "I think your affection for those men very beautiful."

"How could I help it?" he said.

"Still, few men in your station could or would go back and renew such friendships."

"Then I pity them," he replied.

He said afterwards that his ranch life had been the making of him. It had built him up and hardened him physically, and it had opened his eyes to the wealth of manly character among the plainsmen and cattlemen.

Had he not gone West, he said, he never would have raised the Rough Riders Regiment; and had he not raised that regiment and gone to the Cuban War, he would not have been made governor of New York; and had not this happened, the politicians would not unwittingly have made his rise to the Presidency so inevitable. There is no doubt, I think, that he would have got there some day; but without the chain of events above outlined, his rise could not have been so rapid.

Our train entered the Bad Lands of North Dakota in the early evening

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twilight, and the President stood on the rear platform of his car, gazing wistfully upon the scene. "I know all this country like a book," he said. "I have ridden over it, and hunted over it, and tramped over it, in all seasons and weather, and it looks like home to me. My old ranch is not far off. We shall soon reach Medora, which was my station." It was plain to see that that strange, forbidding-looking landscape, hills and valleys to Eastern eyes utterly demoralized and gone to the bad, — flayed, fantastic, treeless, a riot of naked clay slopes, chimney-like buttes, and dry coulees, — was in his eyes a land of almost pathetic interest. There were streaks of good pasturage here and there where his cattle used to graze, and where the deer and the prong-horn used to linger.

When we reached Medora, where the train was scheduled to stop an hour, it was nearly dark, but the whole town and country round had turned out to welcome their old townsman. After much handshaking, the committee conducted us down to a little hall, where the President stood on a low platform, and made a short address to the standing crowd that filled the place. Then some flashlight pictures were taken by the local photographer, after which the President stepped down, and, while the people filed past him, shook hands with every man, woman, and child of them, calling many of them by name, and greeting them all most cordially. I recall one grizzled old frontiersman whose hand he grasped, calling him by name, and saying, "How well I remember you! You once mended my gun lock for me, — put on a new hammer." "Yes," said the delighted old fellow; "I'm the man, Mr. President." He was among his old neighbors once more, and the pleasure of the meeting was very obvious on both sides. I heard one of the women tell him they were going to have a dance presently, and ask him if he would not stay and open it! The President laughingly excused himself, and said his train had to leave on schedule time, and his time was nearly up. I thought of the incident in his *Ranch Life*, in which he says he once opened a cowboy ball with the wife of a Minnesota man, who had recently shot a bullying Scotchman who danced opposite. He says the scene reminded him of the ball where Bret Harte's heroine "went down the middle with the man that shot Sandy Magee."

Before reaching Medora he had told me many anecdotes of "Hell Roaring Bill Jones," and had said I should see him. But it turned out that Hell Roaring Bill had begun to celebrate the coming of the President too early in the day, and when we reached Medora he was not in a presentable condition. I forget now how he had earned his name, but no doubt he had come honestly by it; it was a part of his history, as was that of "The Pike," "Cold Turkey Bill," "Hash Knife Joe," and other classic heroes of the frontier.

It is curious how certain things go to the bad in the Far West, or a certain proportion of them, — bad lands, bad horses, and bad men. And it is a degree of badness that the East has no conception of: — land that looks as raw and unnatural as if time had never laid its shaping and softening hand upon it; horses that, when mounted, put their heads to the ground and their heels in the air, and, squealing defiantly, resort to the most diabolically ingenious tricks to shake off or to kill their riders; and men who amuse themselves in barrooms by shooting about the feet of a "tenderfoot" to make him dance, or who ride along the street and shoot at every one in sight. Just as the old plutonic fires come to the surface out there in the Rockies, and hint very strongly of the infernal regions, so a kind of satanic element in men and animals — an underlying devilishness — crops out, and we have the border ruffian and the bucking broncho.

The President told of an Englishman on a hunting trip in the West, who, being an expert horseman at home, scorned the idea that he could not ride any of their

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"grass-fed ponies." So they gave him a bucking broncho. He was soon lying on the ground, much stunned. When he could speak, he said, "I should not have minded him, you know, *but 'e 'ides 'is 'ead.*"

At one place in Dakota the train stopped to take water while we were at lunch. A crowd soon gathered, and the President went out to greet them. We could hear his voice, and the cheers and laughter of the crowd. And then we heard him say, "Well, good-by, I must go now." Still he did not come. Then we heard more talking and laughing, and another "good-by," and yet he did not come. Then I went out to see what had happened. I found the President down on the ground shaking hands with the whole lot of them. Some one had reached up to shake his hand as he was about withdrawing, and this had been followed by such eagerness on the part of the rest of the people to do likewise, that the President had instantly got down to gratify them. Had the secret service men known it, they would have been in a pickle. We probably have never had a President who responded more freely and heartily to the popular liking for him than Roosevelt. The crowd always seem to be in love with him the moment they see him and hear his voice. And it is not by reason of any arts of eloquence, or charm of address, but by reason of his inborn heartiness and sincerity, and his genuine manliness. The people feel his quality at once. In Bermuda last winter I met a Catholic priest who had sat on the platform at some place in New England very near the President while he was speaking, and who said, "The man had not spoken three minutes before I loved him, and had any one tried to molest him, I could have torn him to pieces." It is the quality in the man that instantly inspires such a liking as this in strangers that will, I am sure, safeguard him in all public places.

I once heard him say that he did not like to be addressed as "His Excellency;" he added laughingly, "They might just as well call me His Transparency, for all I care." It is this transparency, this direct, out-and-out, unequivocal character of him that is one source of his popularity. The people do love transparency, — all of them but the politicians.

A friend of his one day took him to task for some mistake he had made in one of his appointments. "My dear sir," replied the President, "where you know of one mistake I have made, I know of ten." How such candor must make the politicians shiver!

I have said that I stood in dread of the necessity of snowshoeing in the Park, and, in lieu of that, of horseback riding. Yet when we reached Gardiner, the entrance to the Park, on that bright, crisp April morning, with no snow in sight save that on the mountain tops, and found Major Pitcher and Captain Chittenden at the head of a squad of soldiers, with a fine saddle horse for the President, and an ambulance drawn by two span of mules for me, I confess that I experienced just a slight shade of mortification. I thought they might have given me the option of the saddle or the ambulance. Yet I entered the vehicle as if it was just what I had been expecting.

The President and his escort, with a cloud of cowboys hovering in the rear, were soon off at a lively pace, and my ambulance followed close, and at a lively pace, too; so lively that I soon found myself gripping the seat with my hands. "Well," I said to myself, "they are giving me a regular Western send-off;" and I thought, as the ambulance swayed from side to side, that it would suit me just as well if my driver did not try to keep up with the presidential procession. The driver and his mules were shut off from me by a curtain, but, looking ahead out of the sides of the vehicle, I saw two good-sized logs lying across our course. Surely, I thought (and barely had time to think), he will avoid these. But he did not, and as we passed over them I was nearly thrown through the top of the ambulance. "This *is* a lively send-off," I

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said, rubbing my bruises with one hand, while I clung to the seat with the other. Presently I saw the cowboys scrambling up the bank as if to get out of our way; then the President on his fine gray stallion scrambling up the bank with his escort, and looking ominously in my direction, as we thundered by. "Well," I said, "this is indeed a novel ride; for once in my life I have sidetracked the President of the United States! I am given the right of way over all." On we tore, along the smooth, hard road, and did not slacken our pace till, at the end of a mile or two, we began to mount the hill toward Fort Yellowstone. And not till we reached the fort did I learn that our mules had run away. They had been excited beyond control by the presidential cavalcade, and the driver, finding he could not hold them, had aimed only to keep them in the road, and we very soon had the road all to ourselves.

Fort Yellowstone is at Mammoth Hot Springs, where one gets his first view of the characteristic scenery of the Park, — huge, boiling springs with their columns of vapor, and the first characteristic odors which suggest the traditional infernal regions quite as much as the boiling and steaming water does. One also gets a taste of a much more rarefied air than he has been used to, and finds himself panting for breath on a very slight exertion. The Mammoth Hot Springs have built themselves up an enormous mound that stands there above the village on the side of the mountain, terraced and scalloped and fluted, and suggesting some vitreous formation, or rare carving of enormous, many-colored precious stones. It looks quite unearthly, and, though the devil's frying pan, and ink pot, and the Stygian caves are not far off, the suggestion is of something celestial rather than of the nether regions, — a vision of jasper walls, and of amethyst battlements.

With Captain Chittenden I climbed to the top, stepping over the rills and creeks of steaming hot water, and looked at the marvelously clear, cerulean, but boiling, pools on the summit. The water seemed as unearthly in its beauty and purity as the gigantic sculpturing that held it. The Stygian caves are still farther up the mountain, — little pockets in the rocks, or well-holes in the ground at your feet, filled with deadly carbon dioxide. We saw birds' feathers and quills in all of them. The birds hop into them, probably in quest of food or seeking shelter, and they never come out. We saw the body of a martin on the bank of one hole. Into one we sank a lighted torch, and it was extinguished as quickly as if we had dropped it into water. Each cave or niche is a death valley on a small scale. Near by we came upon a steaming pool, or lakelet, of an acre or more in extent. A pair of mallard ducks were swimming about in one end of it, — the cool end. When we approached, they swam slowly over into the warmer water. As they progressed, the water got hotter and hotter, and the ducks' discomfort was evident. Presently they stopped, and turned toward us, half appealingly, as I thought. They could go no farther; would we please come no nearer? As I took another step or two, up they rose and disappeared over the hill. Had they gone to the extreme end of the pool, we could have had boiled mallard for dinner.

Another novel spectacle was at night, or near sundown, when the deer came down from the hills into the streets, and ate hay a few yards from the officers' quarters, as unconcernedly as so many domestic sheep. This they had been doing all winter, and they kept it up till May, at times a score or more of them profiting thus on the government's bounty. When the sundown gun was fired a couple of hundred yards away, they gave a nervous start, but kept on with their feeding. The antelope and elk and mountain sheep had not yet grown bold enough to accept Uncle Sam's charity in that way.

The President wanted all the freedom and solitude possible while in the Park, so all newspaper men and other strangers were excluded. Even the secret service

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men and his physician and private secretaries were left at Gardiner. He craved once more to be alone with nature; he was evidently hungry for the wild and the aboriginal, — a hunger that seems to come upon him regularly at least once a year, and drives him forth on his hunting trips for big game in the West.

We spent two weeks in the Park, and had fair weather, bright, crisp days, and clear, freezing nights. The first week we occupied three camps that had been prepared, or partly prepared, for us in the northeast corner of the Park, in the region drained by the Gardiner River, where there was but little snow, and which we *reached on horseback.*

The second week we visited the geyser region, which lies a thousand feet or more higher, and where the snow was still five or six feet deep. This part of the journey was made in big sleighs, each drawn by two spans of horses.

On the horseback excursion, which involved only about fifty miles of riding, we had a mule pack train, and Sibley tents and stoves, with quite a retinue of camp laborers, a lieutenant and an orderly or two, and a guide, Billy Hofer.

The first camp was in a wild, rocky, and picturesque gorge on the Yellowstone, about ten miles from the fort. A slight indisposition, the result of luxurious living, with no wood to chop or to saw, and no hills to climb, as at home, prevented me from joining the party till the third day. Then Captain Chittenden drove me eight miles in a buggy. About two miles from camp we came to a picket of two or three soldiers, where my big bay was in waiting for me. I mounted him confidently, and, guided by an orderly, took the narrow, winding trail toward camp. Except for an hour's riding the day before with Captain Chittenden, I had not been on a horse's back for nearly fifty years, and I had not spent as much as a day in the saddle during my youth. That first sense of a live, spirited, powerful animal beneath you, at whose mercy you are, — you, a pedestrian all your days, — with gullies and rocks and logs to cross, and deep chasms opening close beside you, is not a little disturbing. But my big bay did his part well, and I did not lose my head or my nerve, as we cautiously made our way along the narrow path on the side of the steep gorge, with a foaming torrent rushing along at its foot, nor yet when we forded the rocky and rapid Yellowstone. A misstep or a stumble on the part of my steed, and probably the first bubble of my confidence would have been shivered at once; but this did not happen, and in due time we reached the group of tents that formed the President's camp. The situation was *delightful, — no snow, scattered pine* trees, a secluded valley, rocky heights, and the clear, ample, trouty waters of the Yellowstone. The President was not in camp. In the morning he had stated his wish to go alone into the wilderness. Major Pitcher very naturally did not quite like the idea, and wished to send an orderly with him.

"No," said the President. "Put me up a lunch, and let me go alone. I will surely come back."

And back he surely came. It was about five o'clock when he came briskly down the path from the east to the camp. It came out that he had tramped about eighteen miles through a very rough country. The day before, he and the major had located a band of several hundred elk on a broad, treeless hillside, and his purpose was to find those elk, and creep up on them, and eat his lunch under their very noses. And this he did, spending an hour or more within fifty yards of them. He came back looking as fresh as when he started, and at night, sitting before the big camp fire, related his adventure, and talked with his usual emphasis and copiousness of many things. He told me of the birds he had seen or heard; among them he had heard one that was new to him. From his description I told him I thought it was Townsend's solitaire, a bird I much wanted to see and hear. I had heard the West India solitaire, — one

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of the most impressive songsters I ever heard, — and I wished to compare our Western form with it.

The next morning we set out for our second camp, ten or a dozen miles away, and in reaching it passed over much of the ground the President had traversed the day before. As we came to a wild, rocky place above a deep chasm of the river, with a few scattered pine trees, the President said, "It was right here that I heard that strange bird song." We paused a moment. "And there it is now," he exclaimed.

Sure enough, there was the solitaire singing from the top of a small cedar, — a bright, animated, eloquent song, but without the richness and magic of the song of the tropical species. We hitched our horses, and followed the bird up as it flew from tree to tree. The President was as eager to see and hear it as I was. It seemed very shy, and we only caught glimpses of it. In form and color it much resembles its West India cousin, and suggests our catbird. It ceased to sing when we pursued it. It is a bird found only in the wilder and higher parts of the Rockies. My impression was that its song did not quite merit the encomiums that have been pronounced upon it.

At this point, I saw amid the rocks my first and only Rocky Mountain woodchucks, and, soon after we had resumed our journey, our first blue grouse, — a number of them like larger partridges. Occasionally we would come upon black-tailed deer, standing or lying down in the bushes, their large ears at attention being the first thing to catch the eye. They would often allow us to pass within a few rods of them without showing alarm. Elk horns were scattered all over this part of the Park, and we passed several old carcasses of dead elk that had probably died a natural death.

In a grassy bottom at the foot of a steep hill, while the President and I were dismounted, and noting the pleasing picture which our pack train of fifteen or twenty mules made filing along the side of a steep grassy slope, — a picture which he has preserved in his late volume, *Out-Door Pastimes of an American Hunter*, — our attention was attracted by plaintive, musical, bird-like chirps that rose from the grass about us. I was almost certain it was made by a bird; the President was of like opinion; and I kicked about in the tufts of grass, hoping to flush the bird. Now here, now there, arose this sharp, but bird-like note. Finally we found that it was made by a species of gopher, whose holes we soon discovered. What its specific name is I do not know, but it should be called the singing gopher.

Our destination this day was a camp on Cottonwood Creek, near "Hell Roaring Creek." As we made our way in the afternoon along a broad, open, grassy valley, I saw a horseman come galloping over the hill to our right, starting up a band of elk as he came; riding across the plain, he wheeled his horse, and, with the military salute, joined our party. He proved to be a government scout, called the "Duke of Hell Roaring," — an educated officer from the Austrian army, who, for some unknown reason, had exiled himself here in this out-of-the-way part of the world. He was a man in his prime, of fine, military look and bearing. After conversing a few moments with the President and Major Pitcher, he rode rapidly away.

Our second camp, which we reached in midafternoon, was in the edge of the woods on the banks of a fine, large trout stream, where ice and snow still lingered in patches. I tried for trout in the head of a large, partly open pool, but did not get a rise; too much ice in the stream, I concluded. Very soon my attention was attracted by a strange note, or call, in the spruce woods. The President had also noticed it, and, with me, wondered what made it. Was it bird or beast? Billy Hofer said he thought it was an owl, but it in no way suggested an owl, and the sun was shining brightly. It was a sound such as a boy might make by blowing in the neck of an empty bottle. Presently

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we heard it beyond us on the other side of the creek, which was pretty good proof that the creature had wings.

"Let's go run that bird down," said the President to me.

So off we started across a small, open, snow-streaked plain, toward the woods beyond it. We soon decided that the bird was on the top of one of a group of tall spruces. After much skipping about over logs and rocks, and much craning of our necks, we made him out on the peak of a spruce. I imitated his call, when he turned his head down toward us, but we could not make out what he was.

"Why did we not think to bring the glasses?" said the President.

"I will run and get them," I replied.

"No," said he, "you stay here and keep that bird treed, and I will fetch them."

So off he went like a boy, and was very soon back with the glasses. We quickly made out that it was indeed an owl — the pigmy owl, as it turned out — not much larger than a bluebird. I think the President was as pleased as if we had bagged some big game. He had never seen the bird before.

Throughout the trip I found his interest in bird life very keen, and his eye and ear remarkably quick. He usually saw the bird or heard its note as quickly as I did, — and I had nothing else to think about, and had been teaching my eye and ear the trick of it for over fifty years. Of course, his training as a big-game hunter stood him in good stead, but back of that were his naturalist's instincts, and his genuine love of all forms of wild life.

I have been told that his ambition up to the time he went to Harvard had been to be a naturalist, but that there they seem to have convinced him that all the out-of-door worlds of natural history had been conquered, and that the only worlds remaining were in the laboratory, and to be won with the microscope and the scalpel. But Roosevelt was a man made for action in a wide field, and laboratory conquests could not satisfy him. His instincts as a naturalist, however, lie back of all his hunting expeditions, and, in a large measure, I think, prompt them. Certain it is that his hunting records contain more live natural history than any similar records known to me, unless it be those of Charles St. John, the Scotch naturalist-sportsman.

The Canada jays, or camp-robbers, as they are often called, soon found out our camp that afternoon, and no sooner had the cook begun to throw out peelings and scraps and crusts than the jays began to carry them off, not to eat, as I observed, but to hide them in the thicker branches of the spruce trees. How tame they were, coming within three or four yards of one! Why this species of jay should everywhere be so familiar, and all other kinds so wild, is a puzzle.

In the morning, as we rode down the valley toward our next camping-place, at Tower Falls, a band of elk containing a hundred or more started along the side of the hill a few hundred yards away. I was some distance behind the rest of the party, as usual, when I saw the President wheel his horse off to the left, and, beckoning to me to follow, start at a tearing pace on the trail of the fleeing elk. He afterwards told me that he wanted me to get a good view of those elk at close range, and he was afraid that if he sent the major or Hofer to lead me, I would not get it. I hurried along as fast as I could, which was not fast; the way was rough, — logs, rocks, spring runs, and a tenderfoot rider.

Now and then the President, looking back and seeing what slow progress I was making, would beckon to me impatiently, and I could fancy him saying, "If I had a rope around him, he would come faster than that!" Once or twice I lost sight of both him and the elk; the altitude was great, and the horse was laboring like a steam engine on an up-grade. Still I urged him on. Presently, as I broke over a hill, I saw the President pressing the elk up the opposite slope. At the brow

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of the hill he stopped, and I soon joined him. There on the top, not fifty yards away, stood the elk in a mass, their heads toward us and their tongues hanging out. They could run no farther. The President laughed like a boy. The spectacle meant much more to him than it did to me. I had never seen a wild elk till on this trip, but they had been among the notable game that he had hunted. He had traveled hundreds of miles, and undergone great hardships, to get within rifle range of these creatures. Now here stood scores of them, with lolling tongues, begging for mercy.

After gazing at them to our hearts' content, we turned away to look up our companions, who were nowhere within sight. We finally spied them a mile or more away, and, joining them, all made our way to an elevated plateau that commanded an open landscape three or four miles across. It was high noon, and the sun shone clear and warm. From this lookout we saw herds upon herds of elk scattered over the slopes and gentle valleys in front of us. Some were grazing, some were standing or lying upon the ground, or upon the patches of snow. Through our glasses we counted the separate bands, and then the numbers of some of the bands or groups, and estimated that three thousand elk were in full view in the landscape around us. It was a notable spectacle. Afterward, in Montana, I attended a council of Indian chiefs at one of the Indian agencies, and told them, through their interpreter, that I had been with the Great Chief in the Park, and of the game we had seen. When I told them of these three thousand elk all in view at once, they grunted loudly, whether with satisfaction or with incredulity I could not tell.

In the midst of this great game amphitheatre we dismounted and enjoyed the prospect. And the President did an unusual thing, he loafed for nearly an hour, — stretched himself out in the sunshine upon a flat rock, as did the rest of us, and, I hope, got a few winks of sleep. I am sure I did. Little, slender, striped chipmunks, about half the size of ours, were scurrying about; but I recall no other wild thing save the elk.

From here we rode down the valley to our third camp at Tower Falls, stopping on the way to eat our luncheon on a washed boulder beside a creek. On this ride I saw my first and only badger; he stuck his striped head out of his hole in the ground only a few yards away from us as we passed.

Our camp at Tower Falls was amid the spruces above a cañon of the Yellowstone, five or six hundred feet deep. It was a beautiful and impressive situation, — shelter, snugness, even cosiness, — looking over the brink of the awful and the terrifying. With a run and a jump I think one might have landed in the river at the bottom of the great abyss, and in doing so might have scaled one of those natural obelisks or needles of rock that stand up out of the depths two or three hundred feet high. Nature shows you what an enormous furrow her plough can open through the strata when mowing horizontally, at the same time that she shows you what delicate and graceful columns her slower and gentler aerial forces can carve out of the piled strata. At the Falls there were two or three of these columns, like the picket-pins of the elder gods.

Across the cañon in front of our camp, upon a grassy plateau which was faced by a wall of trap rock, apparently thirty or forty feet high, a band of mountain sheep soon attracted our attention. They were within long rifle range, but were not at all disturbed by our presence, nor had they been disturbed by the road-builders who, under Captain Chittenden, were constructing a government road along the brink of the cañon. We speculated as to whether or not the sheep could get down the almost perpendicular face of the chasm to the river to drink. It seemed to me impossible. Would they try it while we were there to see? We all hoped so; and sure enough, late in the afternoon

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the word came to our tents that the sheep were coming down. The President, with coat off and a towel around his neck, was shaving. One side of his face was half shaved, and the other side lathered. Hofer and I started for a point on the brink of the cañon where we could have a better view.

"By Jove," said the President, "I must see that. The shaving can wait, and the sheep won't."

So on he came, accoutred as he was, — coatless, hatless, but not latherless, nor towelless. Like the rest of us, his only thought was to see those sheep do their "stunt." With glasses in hand, we watched them descend those perilous heights, leaping from point to point, finding a foothold where none appeared to our eyes, loosening fragments of the crumbling rocks as they came, now poised upon some narrow shelf and preparing for the next leap, zigzagging or plunging straight down till the bottom was reached, and not one accident or misstep amid all that insecure footing. I think the President was the most pleased of us all; he laughed with the delight of it, and quite forgot his need of a hat and coat till I sent for them.

In the night we heard the sheep going back; we could tell by the noise of the falling stones. In the morning I confidently expected to see some of them lying dead at the foot of the cliffs, but there they all were at the top once more, apparently safe and sound. They do, however, occasionally meet with accidents in their perilous climbing, and their dead bodies have been found at the foot of the rocks. Doubtless some point of rock to which they had trusted gave way, and crushed them in the descent, or fell upon those in the lead.

The next day, while the rest of us went fishing for trout in the Yellowstone, three or four miles above camp, over the roughest trail that we had yet traversed on horseback, the President, who never fishes unless put to it for meat, went off alone again with his lunch in his pocket, to stalk those sheep as he had stalked the elk, and to feel the old sportsman's thrill without the use of firearms. To do this involved a tramp of eight or ten miles down the river to a bridge and up the opposite bank. This he did, and ate his lunch near the sheep, and was back in camp before we were.

We took some large cut-throat trout, as they are called, from the yellow mark across their throats, and I saw at short range a black-tailed deer bounding along in that curious, stiff-legged, mechanical, yet springy manner, apparently all four legs in the air at once, and all four feet reaching the ground at once, affording a very singular spectacle.

We spent two nights in our Tower Falls camp, and on the morning of the third day set out on our return to Fort Yellowstone, pausing at Yancey's on our way, and exchanging greetings with the old frontiersman, who died a few weeks later.

While in camp we always had a big fire at night in the open near the tents, and around this we sat upon logs or camp stools, and listened to the President's talk. What a stream of it he poured forth! and what a varied and picturesque stream — anecdote, history, science, politics, adventure, literature; bits of his experience as a ranchman, hunter, Rough Rider, legislator, Civil Service commissioner, police commissioner, governor, president, — the frankest confessions, the most telling criticisms, happy characterizations of prominent political leaders, or foreign rulers, or members of his own Cabinet; always surprising by his candor, astonishing by his memory, and diverting by his humor. His reading has been very wide, and he has that rare type of memory which retains details as well as mass and generalities. One night something started him off on ancient history, and one would have thought he was just fresh from his college course in history, the dates and names and events came so readily. Another time he discussed palæontology, and rapidly gave the outlines

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of the science, and the main facts, as if he had been reading up on the subject that very day. He sees things as wholes, and hence the relation of the parts comes easy to him.

At dinner, at the White House, the night before we started on the expedition, I heard him talking with a guest, — an officer of the British army, who was just back from India. And the extent and variety of his information about India and Indian history and the relations of the British government to it were extraordinary. It put the British major on his mettle to keep pace with him.

One night in camp he told us the story of one of his Rough Riders who had just written him from some place in Arizona. The Rough Riders, wherever they are now, look to him in time of trouble. This one had come to grief in Arizona. He was in jail. So he wrote the President, and his letter ran *something like this*: —

"Dear Colonel, — I am in trouble. I shot a lady in the eye, but I did not intend to hit the lady; I was shooting at my wife."

And the presidential laughter rang out over the treetops. To another Rough Rider, who was in jail, accused of horse stealing, he had loaned two hundred dollars to pay counsel on his trial, and, to his surprise, in due time the money came back. The Ex-Rough wrote that his trial never came off. "*We elected our district attorney;*" and the laughter again sounded, and drowned the noise of the brook near by.

On another occasion we asked the President if he was ever molested by any of the "bad men" of the frontier, with whom he had often come in contact. "Only once," he said. The cowboys had always treated him with the utmost courtesy, both on the round-up and in camp; "and the few real desperadoes I have seen were also perfectly polite." Once only was he maliciously shot at, and then not by a cowboy nor a *bona fide* "bad man," but by a "broad-hatted ruffian of a cheap and commonplace type." He had been compelled to pass the night at a little frontier hotel where the barroom occupied the whole lower floor, and was, in consequence, the only place where the guests of the hotel, whether drunk or sober, could sit. As he entered the room, he saw that every man there was being terrorized by a half-drunken ruffian who stood in the middle of the floor with a revolver in each hand, compelling different ones to treat.

"I went and sat down behind the stove," said the President, "as far from him as I could get; and hoped to escape his notice. The fact that I wore glasses, together with my evident desire to avoid a fight, apparently gave him the impression that I could be imposed upon with impunity. He very soon approached me, flourishing his two guns, and ordered me to treat. I made no reply for some moments, when the fellow became so threatening that I saw something had to be done. The crowd, mostly sheep-herders and small grangers, sat or stood back against the wall, afraid to move. I was unarmed, and thought rapidly. Saying, 'Well, if I must, I must,' I got up as if to walk around him to the bar, then, as I got opposite him, I wheeled and fetched him as heavy a blow on the chin-point as I could strike. He went down like a steer before the axe, firing both guns into the ceiling as he went. I jumped on him, and, with my knees on his chest, disarmed him in a hurry. The crowd was then ready enough to help me, and we hog-tied him and put him in an outhouse." The President alludes to this incident in his *Ranch Life*, but does not give the details. It brings out his mettle very distinctly.

He told us in an amused way of the attempts of his political opponents at Albany, during his early career as a member of the Assembly, to besmirch his character. His outspoken criticisms and denunciations had become intolerable to them, so they laid a trap for him, but he was not caught. His innate rectitude and instinct for the right course saved him

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as it has saved him many times since. I do not think that in any emergency he has to debate with himself long as to the right course to be pursued; he divines it by a kind of infallible instinct. His motives are so simple and direct that he finds a straight and easy course where another man, whose eye is less single, would flounder and hesitate.

The President unites in himself powers and qualities that rarely go together. Thus, he has both physical and moral courage in a degree rare in history. He can stand calm and unflinching in the path of a charging grizzly, and he can confront with equal coolness and determination the predaceous corporations and money powers of the country.

He unites the qualities of the man of action with those of the scholar and writer, — another very rare combination. He unites the instincts and accomplishments of the best breeding and culture with the broadest democratic sympathies and affiliations. He is as happy with a frontiersman like Seth Bullock as with a fellow Harvard man, and Seth Bullock is happy, too.

He unites great austerity with great good-nature. He unites great sensibility with great force and will power. He loves solitude, and he loves to be in the thick of the fight. His love of nature is only equaled by his love of the ways and marts of men.

He is doubtless the most vital man on the continent, if not on the planet, to-day. He is many-sided, and every side throbs with his tremendous life and energy; the pressure is equal all around. His interest is as keen in natural history as in economics, in literature as in statecraft, in the young poet as in the old soldier, in preserving peace as in preparing for war. And he can turn all his great power into the new channel on the instant. His interest in the whole of life, and in the whole life of the nation, never flags for a moment. His activity is tireless. All the relaxation he needs or craves is a change of work. He is like the farmer's fields, that only need a rotation of crops. I once heard him say that all he cared about being President was just "the big work."

During this tour through the West, lasting over two months, he made nearly three hundred speeches; and yet on his return Mrs. Roosevelt told me he looked as fresh and unworn as when he left home.

We went up into the big geyser region with the big sleighs, each drawn by four horses. A big snow bank had to be shoveled through for us before we got to the Golden Gate, two miles above Mammoth Hot Springs. Beyond that we were at an altitude of about eight thousand feet, on a fairly level course that led now through woods, and now through open country, with the snow of a uniform depth of four or five feet, except as we neared the "formations," where the subterranean warmth kept the ground bare. The roads had been broken and the snow packed for us by teams from the Fort, otherwise the journey would have been impossible.

The President always rode beside the driver. From his youth, he said, this seat had always been the most desirable one to him. When the sleigh would strike the bare ground, and begin to drag heavily, he would bound out nimbly and take to his heels, and then all three of us — Major Pitcher, Mr. Childs, and myself — would follow suit, sometimes reluctantly on my part. Walking at that altitude is no fun, especially if you try to keep pace with such a walker as the President is. But he could not sit at his ease and let those horses drag him in a sleigh over bare ground. When snow was reached, we would again quickly resume our seats.

As one nears the geyser region, he gets the impression from the columns of steam going up here and there in the distance — now from behind a piece of woods, now from out a hidden valley — that he is approaching a manufacturing centre, or a railroad terminus. And when he begins to hear the hoarse snoring of

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"Roaring Mountain," the illusion is still more complete. At Norris's there is a big vent where the steam comes tearing out of a recent hole in the ground with terrific force. Huge mounds of ice had formed from the congealed vapor all around it, some of them very striking.

The novelty of the geyser region soon wears off. Steam and hot water are steam and hot water the world over, and the exhibition of them here did not differ, except in volume, from what one sees by his own fireside. The "Growler" is only a boiling teakettle on a large scale, and "Old Faithful" is as if the lid were to fly off, and the whole contents of the kettle should be thrown high into the air. To be sure, boiling lakes and steaming rivers are not common, but the new features seemed, somehow, out of place, and as if nature had made a mistake. One disliked to see so much good steam and hot water going to waste; whole towns might be warmed by them, and big wheels made to go round. I wondered that they had not piped them into the big hotels which they opened for us, and which were warmed by wood fires.

At Norris's the big room that the President and I occupied was on the ground floor, and was heated by a huge box stove. As we entered it to go to bed, the President said, "Oom John, don't you think it is too hot here?"

"I certainly do," I replied.

"Shall I open the window?"

"That will just suit me." And he threw the sash, which came down to the floor, all the way up, making an opening like a doorway. The night was cold, but neither of us suffered from the abundance of fresh air.

The caretaker of the building was a big Swede called Andy. In the morning Andy said that beat him: "There was the President of the United States sleeping in that room, with the window open to the floor, and not so much as one soldier outside on guard."

The President had counted much on seeing the bears that in summer board at the Fountain Hotel, but they were not yet out of their dens. We saw the track of only one, and he was not making for the hotel. At all the formations where the geysers are, the ground was bare over a large area. I even saw a wild flower, — an early buttercup, not an inch high, — in bloom. This seems to be the earliest wild flower in the Rockies. It is the only fragrant buttercup I know.

As we were riding along in our big sleigh toward the Fountain Hotel, the President suddenly jumped out, and, with his soft hat as a shield to his hand, captured a mouse that was running along over the ground near us. He wanted it for Dr. Merriam, on the chance that it might be a new species. While we all went fishing in the afternoon, the President skinned his mouse, and prepared the pelt to be sent to Washington. It was done as neatly as a professed taxidermist would have done it. This was the only game the President killed in the Park. In relating the incident to a reporter while I was in Spokane, the thought occurred to me, Suppose he changes that *u* to an *o*, and makes the President capture a moose, what a pickle I shall be in! Is it anything more than ordinary newspaper enterprise to turn a mouse into a moose? But, luckily for me, no such metamorphosis happened to that little mouse. It turned out not to be a new species, as it should have been, but a species new to the Park.

I caught trout that afternoon, on the edge of steaming pools in the Madison River, that seemed to my hand almost blood-warm. I suppose they found better feeding where the water was warm. On the table they did not compare with our Eastern brook trout.

I was pleased to be told at one of the hotels that they had kalsomined some of the rooms with material from one of the Devil's paint pots. It imparted a soft, delicate, pinkish tint, not at all suggestive of things satanic.

One afternoon at Norris's, the President and I took a walk to observe the

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birds. In the grove about the barns there was a great number, the most attractive to me being the mountain bluebird. These birds we saw in all parts of the Park, and at Norris's there was an unusual number of them. How blue they were, — breast and all. In voice and manner they were almost identical with our bluebird. The Western purple finch was abundant here also, and juncos, and several kinds of sparrows, with an occasional Western robin. A pair of wild geese were feeding in the low, marshy ground not over one hundred yards from us, but when we tried to approach nearer they took wing. A few geese and ducks seem to winter in the Park.

The second morning at Norris's, one of our teamsters, George Marvin, suddenly dropped dead from some heart affection, just as he had finished caring for his team. It was a great shock to us all. I never saw a better man with a team than he was. I had ridden on the seat beside him all the day previous. On one of the "formations" our teams had got mired in the soft, putty-like mud, and at one time it looked as if they could never extricate themselves, and I doubt if they could have, had it not been for the skill with which Marvin managed them. We started for the Grand Cañon up the Yellowstone that morning, and, in order to give myself a walk over the crisp snow in the clear, frosty air, I set out a little while in advance of the teams. As I did so, I saw the President, accompanied by one of the teamsters, walking hurriedly toward the barn to pay his last respects to the body of Marvin. After we had returned to Mammoth Hot Springs, he made inquiries for the young woman to whom he had been told that Marvin was engaged to be married. He looked her up, and sat a long time with her in her home, offering his sympathy, and speaking words of consolation. The act shows the depth and breadth of his humanity.

At the Cañon Hotel the snow was very deep, and had become so soft from the warmth of the earth beneath, as well as from the sun above, that we could only reach the brink of the Cañon on skis. The President and Major Pitcher had used skis before, but I had not, and, starting out without the customary pole, I soon came to grief. The snow gave way beneath me, and I was soon in an awkward predicament. The more I struggled, the lower my head and shoulders went, till only my heels, strapped to those long timbers, protruded above the snow. To reverse my position was impossible till some one came, and reached me the end of a pole, and pulled me upright. But I very soon got the hang of the things, and the President and I quickly left the superintendent behind. I think I could have passed the President, but my manners forbade. He was heavier than I was, and broke in more. When one of his feet would go down half a yard or more, I noted with admiration the skilled diplomacy he displayed in extricating it. The tendency of my skis was all the time to diverge, and each to go off at an acute angle to my main course, and I had constantly to be on the alert to check this tendency.

Paths had been shoveled for us along the brink of the Cañon, so that we got the usual views from the different points. The Cañon was nearly free from snow, and was a grand spectacle, by far the grandest to be seen in the Park. The President told us that once, when pressed for meat, while returning through here from one of his hunting trips, he had made his way down to the river that we saw rushing along beneath us, and had caught some trout for dinner. Necessity alone could induce him to fish.

Across the head of the Falls there was a bridge of snow and ice, upon which we were told that the coyotes passed. As the season progressed, there would come a day when the bridge would not be safe. It would be interesting to know if the coyotes knew when this time arrived.

The only live thing we saw in the Cañon was an osprey perched upon a rock opposite us.

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Near the falls of the Yellowstone, as at other places we had visited, a squad of soldiers had their winter quarters. The President always called on them, looked over the books they had to read, examined their housekeeping arrangements, and conversed freely with them.

In front of the hotel were some low hills separated by gentle valleys. At the President's suggestion, he and I raced on our skis down those inclines. We had only to stand up straight, and let gravity do the rest. As we were going swiftly down the side of one of the hills, I saw out of the corner of my eye the President taking a header into the snow. The snow had given way beneath him, and nothing could save him from taking the plunge. I don't know whether I called out, or only thought, something about the downfall of the administration. At any rate, the administration was down, and pretty well buried, but it was quickly on its feet again, shaking off the snow with a boy's laughter. I kept straight on, and very soon the laugh was on me, for the treacherous snow sank beneath me, and I took a header, too.

"Who is laughing now, Oom John?" called out the President.

The spirit of the boy was in the air that day about the Cañon of the Yellowstone, and the biggest boy of us all was President Roosevelt.

The snow was getting so soft in the middle of the day that our return to the Mammoth Hot Springs could no longer be delayed. Accordingly, we were up in the morning, and ready to start on the home journey, a distance of twenty miles, by four o'clock. The snow bore up the horses well till mid-forenoon, when it began to give way beneath them. But by very careful management we pulled through without serious delay, and were back again at the house of Major Pitcher in time for luncheon, being the only outsiders who had ever made the tour of the Park so early in the season.

A few days later I bade good-by to the President, who went on his way to California, while I made a loop of travel to Spokane, and around through Idaho and Montana, and had glimpses of the great, optimistic, sunshiny West that I shall not soon forget.

A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE

I

BY "FRANK CLAYTON"

I AM growing old and gray. My friend from Massachusetts, to whom I take off my hat as I think of her, is neither the one nor the other. Or, to be exact, she is not at all old, and only ornamentally gray. I am a Southerner of the Southerners. My friend from Massachusetts is a Northerner of the Northerners. Nevertheless, she is a very delightful person. We have friendly tilts. She is generally the aggressor, and, as I am an old soldier, and stiff from much campaigning, she is quicker than I, and as a rule gets the best of me in the mere matter of argument, though I know all the while that I am right.

She asks me many questions about life in the South "before the war." Some of them I can answer. Some of them I am surprised to find that I cannot. The light of memory is a little hazy after forty years. The other day she asked me whether the descriptions of Virginia country homes which she had read in certain works of

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fiction could be really accurate; whether they were not colored by the natural love of the writers for the dear old times. The pictures seemed to her to be too ideal in their beauty, "too good to be true," so to speak. I told her I could not answer the question from personal knowledge. I had not the good fortune to be born in Virginia, though I had known many charming people from that state, especially among the women, and also some very lovely homes. "Oh, well, well," she said, with characteristic feminine impatience, "I don't care particularly about Virginia. What I wish is to get a correct notion of life in the South in the days of slavery, of which we hear so much, and I thought perhaps a plain, old, everyday Southern man, like you, could give it to me."

I replied that to do what she wished was not so easy as it seemed, but that I myself might be taken as a fair specimen of the average Southern man, of the middle Southern states, of a family of moderate means and good social standing, and of that generation which came into manhood in time to answer the call to arms of 1861. It occurred to me, therefore, that a narrative based upon my own life, surroundings, and doings, if I could accurately recall them, might be something to the purpose.

"I might write" — I began unguardedly.

"Oh, yes. Do, please," — broke in my Massachusetts friend in her strenuous fashion, — "do, please, write it for me, and if it is good enough, you might sell it and make some money."

I replied that it would be work, and that I did not like to work.

"But you ought to *love* to work."

"By no means," I answered, getting the better of her for once. "The necessity for labor was laid upon us as a curse. We should submit to it with patience and resignation to the Divine will; but to say that we love it is extremely irreligious. It is a flying in the face of Providence. It is as though we told our Heavenly Father that we did not mind his curse; that it was a good thing; that we rather enjoyed it than otherwise."

But women, such women, at least, as men like to obey, are apt to have their way. Hence this little history.

The home in which I was born, and in which the happy years of my earlier boyhood were passed, was in an old Carolina town. Old, that is, as American towns go. There were old houses, with reminiscences of the Revolution; tales of Cornwallis and Lafayette, and other worthies of that day. It was rather a pretty town, with wide, well-shaded streets. A river ran near it, and a pretty creek wound its devious way through it, into the river, with sundry bridges here and there. There was a cemetery, with mossy marbles, and epitaphs of a hundred years ago, in which Gray's *Elegy* might have been written, — at least, the poetic inspiration would not have been wanting. There were walks in its environs, dark with the shade of magnolias and cedars, sweet with the perfume of pine and jessamine, and musical with the song of the mocking bird, and the ripple of running water just below. Nor was there lacking in these bowers of Eden the loveliness of the daughters of Eve, who were wont to wander here with the sons of Adam, as the day went down.

I had some experiences of my own, when, visiting the dear old town some years later, I found the walks by the water side as lovely as ever, and the daughters of Eve, whom I remembered as children, grown up, and capable of as much mischief as their primeval mother, more by token that one of them made me a promise under the pines, that turned out to be like piecrust, according to the proverb. Poor thing! she married a better man, but the gallant fellow sleeps under the sod of Gettysburg, —

> . . . While I sit here,
> Alone and merry at forty year,
> Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

I wonder if it ever occurs to her in her widowhood that a living captain might

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be better than a dead colonel. Battered old bachelor as I am, I have sometimes a mind to ask her.

Thackeray's lines seemed to come handy, and I used them; but it is due to the truth of history to say that I have n't any Gascon wine. Instead thereof, a punch simmers in front of my hickory fire, concocted out of some very bad whiskey, of which the lemon and spices serve to disguise the taste; for all of which uncivilized condition of things I have to thank the prohibitionist, who is just now vexing the earth, and compelling every man of correct habits to obtain this necessary of life by means more or less lawful. I constantly thank Mr. Justice Blackstone for his comforting distinction between *mala prohibita* and *mala in se*.

My friend from Massachusetts, who does me the honor to read these pages as I write them, here admonishes me by the glance of her eye that I am getting into a vein not in keeping with my gray beard, nor with my character as a vestryman of the Church. I say to her that she is right, and that I had best turn my mind from these vanities, and, like the dear old reprobate Falstaff, "begin to patch up mine old body for Heaven." She replies, but with a look that conveys more humor than reproof, that I am only adding irreverence to folly, and that I had better proceed with my work.

The old town never grew any bigger, and I believe it was never any smaller. It seemed to have been created just so; even as you have seen some men and women whom you cannot imagine ever to have been babies. It was not a dead town, — very much the contrary. There was plenty of business and trade to support its population. Nobody was very rich, and I remember but few very poor people, and these were systematically looked after. There were some families who lived in finer houses and drove finer carriages than others, but the others did not call them "swells." One man of good blood, respectable education, and the instincts of a companionable gentleman, was as welcome everywhere as another of the same qualifications. Nobody seemed very busy, and nobody seemed in a hurry to get rich.

They allowed themselves a leisure that seems not to be known in these days. They took time to hunt deer, and shoot ducks and partridges. They loved music, and serenades under ladies' windows, and little impromptu dances. They exchanged little suppers and whist parties, whereat, it must be confessed, they sometimes drank a little more punch than the Blessed Apostle St. Paul would have allowed to Timothy. But there was no malice in it, and the liquor was good and pure, and very little harm resulted. It seems to me, in the retrospect, a very delightful society, and I have no doubt that it was so. But I must keep faith with my friend, and be careful to keep to the truth, as nearly as I can, without rose color. It must be remembered, therefore, that the people of whom I have written were those with whom my own household mingled: physicians, lawyers, merchants, business men, who, of course, worked for a living, but did not fail to remember that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." There was, of necessity, a substratum of less lovable folk, of the kind who make the wretched maxims of Mr. Benjamin Franklin their gospel, and the adding of one dollar to another their chief aim. My memory especially recalls one or two such men, — one, in particular, whose face, little as I was when I saw it, is unpleasant now to think of. They told me he was a "note shaver," in a tone which conveyed, even to my childish intelligence, the idea that the calling was held in small esteem.

It goes without saying, also, that these kindly folks had their share of griefs and troubles: children who died or went astray, fortunes wrecked, sorrows of one sort or another. It is well for us that, in looking back over the land through which we have traveled, we see most plainly the pretty, green, wooded hills and sunlit slopes. "The valleys that lie between"

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are there, too, but they are in shadow.

My Massachusetts friend will not think much of these men. She will object to them, in her energetic way, that they were not "strenuous." I grant it. The abominable word was not even known, I think, in those days. But I believe that they were better. They were, for the most part, kindly, charitable, honest, honorable, and brave. They reverenced women and children. They feared God, and were not much given to fearing anybody else; and later on they showed the world that an easy-going gentleman can be strenuous enough when he sees his duty before him and knows it must be done.

I have tried not to overdraw the picture, or do more than justice to a race of men whom I remember with so much love. I can say this for them, and perhaps this alone will account for the attractiveness of that society: that there was nothing like the intense hunt after money that exists now, and that there was absolutely no aristocracy of wealth. Doubtless the love of money was there, as in the days of Solomon, but the sordid thing did not lift its head above the surface. Doubtless there were match-making mothers then, as now, but the worship of the Golden Calf was not flagrant in the sight of all Israel.

At this point, my friend reminds me that I have not said a word about the negro, whereas the colored brother, as she understood, was to be a leading character in this story. I was thinking of that myself, and was surprised to find that I had gotten so far in a sketch of Southern life, without Cuffee putting in his woolly head. But the reason is apparent. I have been writing so far of life in my town home, in which the darky cuts less figure. Only wait, ma'am, till my story carries me among them, and you shall have negroes enough, I promise you. There were, of course, plenty of them about the town, but they were mostly domestic servants, not much more necessary to an outline of the manner of life than the white servants of the North. The main difference was that there were more of them. We had, indeed, too many servants. They were in each other's way. A man would own perhaps one, or two, or three families of negroes; and a farm or plantation. The negroes increased, the land did not. The result was that the man would find himself with more "hands" than he could work. What was he to do with them? Grown hands could be "hired out," but good homes could not be easily found for the youngsters. And so they increased and multiplied, and tumbled over one another about the premises. They could easily have been sold to the negro traders who were continually going through the country buying them up to carry to the cotton and sugar plantations of the Southwest, — the difference in price in the two markets yielding the dealer a fine profit. But the negroes stood in terror of these slave merchants, and in good truth they were a hard-hearted lot, as any man must have been who followed such a calling. A humane master was exceedingly reluctant to sell his people to these men; so he kept them, a source of embarrassment to him, eating their heads off, representing a good deal of money, but expensive to keep and unprofitable. So it frequently happened that every young lady of a large family would have a separate maid, every child or grand-child a separate nurse. A man would be nominally rich, in negroes, but continually having to go to the bank for money.

As for the town negro himself, he led for the most part an easy life enough. He knew nothing of the chimera of freedom, and cared nothing for it. Indeed, the slave, especially if he belonged to a family of standing, was disposed to look down upon those of his race who had been freed, and to speak of them disparagingly as "free niggers." There were, nevertheless some highly respectable families of free negroes. I remember one especially, — the father and mother of which had been set free in early life, and given a start in the world by their master, — who were people of substance and standing, and all, by the way, devout members of the

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Episcopal Church. It was curious, too, that these people themselves were owners of slaves,— negroes owning negroes.

The older negroes were generally a staid and contented sort of people, frequently much given, like some white folks, to a kind of emotional, shouting religion, — albeit consummate liars, but not malicious ones; and paying as little heed to the eighth commandment as to that which immediately precedes it. I have in mind a man belonging to my father, one of the hands upon his plantation near the town, who was not a bad type of many of the characteristics of this class. His name was Alexander, commonly called "Ellick." He was an intelligent fellow, perfectly black, of powerful build, excellent temper, and a first-rate hand in the field, but an incorrigible thief and liar. My old mammy, who, by the way, was his aunt, spoke of him with strong disapproval as a "gay lutherian." Where the dear old thing had ever heard of Lothario, I don't know. He was understood to have at least two wives among the neighboring plantations. Although my father seldom allowed the lash to be used among the grown hands, Ellick's continual thefts brought him a semi-occasional thrashing, from which he always emerged with unimpaired cheerfulness after the first smarting was over. He would long ago have been sold, but that he was the son of his mother, an old family servant who had been my mother's nurse. One spring day, my father had information that Ellick had stolen a pig. The evidence not being quite complete, he did not immediately move in the matter. It is necessary here to say that each negro head of a family was allowed a little bit of land around his cabin, where he might raise vegetables, chickens, etc., having Saturday afternoon given him for his own work; and my father was accustomed to tell them that if they should have poultry, eggs, or other such stuff to sell, he expected them to "give him the preference" at the market price. This was so well understood among them that it came to be a saying that "marster had de pref'rence." The day following the discovery of the theft, Ellick presented himself at the back veranda, bright and smiling, with a dressed pig to sell.

My father was a quick-tempered man, and at this piece of outrageous impudence he boiled over. "You d—d scoundrel!" said he, forgetting his usual decorum of speech. "What do you mean, bringing me my own pig to sell!" And he reached for his "rawhide" hanging on the wall.

"No, marster," Ellick began, "I traded wid Cato, over to Colonel Elliott's, for dis pig" —

"You are lying, as usual," said my father; "I have the proof on you. Your stealing is a common matter, and whipping seems to do you no good. I might not even have you whipped for that; but that you should have the effrontery to come here with my own pig" —

Ellick saw his chance, and put in at once. "Well, marster," he said, with a deprecating look, and with all the seriousness of a legitimate defense, "you know you tole us for to always gib you de pref'rence."

The fellow's retort was too much for my father's sense of humor. He looked at him with changing face, and the muscles of his mouth began to twitch. "Get out, you dog," he said; "I can't whip you now, but the overseer shall dress you off properly to-morrow."

Ellick knew he was safe, and slipped off. The rascal could scarcely keep his own face straight. I had witnessed the interview, and, being a very little boy at the time, saw the termination with great satisfaction. Ellick was a prime favorite of mine.

The young negro about town — stable boy, house servant, barber's apprentice, or what not — was a good-natured, lazy, whistling, singing creature, cheerfully obeying the Scriptural command to take no thought for the morrow, and, having food and raiment, to be therewith content. Also, and in particular, he made it

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his constant study to give the least possible labor for the food and raiment. The easy monotony of his existence was broken by occasional thrashings, varying in frequency and severity according to the nature of his offenses and the temper and disposition of the master.

It occurs to me that I have referred more than once to this matter of the use of the whip; and as this is, so far as it goes, a history of the times, I think it as well to say that in the part of the country in which I lived, and, so far as I know, throughout the middle and eastern slave states, there was but little whipping, except of boys, whom the owner thrashed for misconduct, as he would his own children,—though, of course, I do not mean to say always in the same spirit. Except on the large plantations, on the lower waters of the rivers, the slave property of any one man usually consisted of one or two, or, perhaps, three families. It frequently happened that one family came with the husband; another was brought to him by his wife at their marriage. This being the case, even my Massachusetts friend will readily understand that there might exist, and did exist in most cases, something of a patriarchal condition. The older men were generally of sufficient character to do as they were told, and many of them, very many, possessed the regard, and what might be called the respect, of their owners, and reciprocated it; and they assisted them in the government of their own children. My father's slaves, for instance, were of two families, coming through the channels suggested above, with the addition of a few whom it had fallen into his way to buy for one consideration or another. Except in the case of my friend Ellick, I do not remember that a grown negro was ever whipped on our plantation. Of course, there were patriarchs and patriarchs, and it was not possible that a power so nearly arbitrary as that of the master should not be sometimes abused. But extreme severity was of very rare occurrence. A public opinion strongly against cruelty was a powerful check, and another safeguard lay in the general character of the men of the country I am describing, in which, whatever may have been their faults, a disposition to oppress the weak was never a trait.

There was a condition sometimes occurring, which may be worth mentioning, and which, in one case that I recall, led to a result which may affect the reader's risibles, or arouse his indignation, according to the point of view. Unmarried women, as widows or maiden ladies, who were not able, or did not choose, to chastise a misbehaving servant, sometimes turned him over to the town constable for correction. Miss Ellen ——, an excellent and elderly maiden lady, who would not care to have her name in print, although she was in Paradise long ago, had about her well-kept house a sharp, mischievous, rascally black boy named Malachi, who gave her a great deal of trouble with his pranks. All sorts of misdeeds were charged against him, of which I may give, as a fair sample, the well-attested fact that he had been baptized seven times, under different names and with different sponsors, the good rector, to whom all young negroes looked alike, not recognizing him. Good Miss Ellen had many times threatened to send him to the constable, but her heart always failed her when the time came.

At last Malachi committed some offense which was as the feather to the camel's back, and the good old lady nerved herself to do her duty. The constable owned a hardware store, and in the back yard thereof was accustomed to execute his office upon the backs of such dusky offenders as were sent to him with instructions to that effect. Miss Ellen artfully called Malachi, in a voice that gave no hint of trouble, and gave him a note to Mr. Bowie, the constable, leading him to suppose that it was an order, such as she frequently sent, for some article of merchandise. Malachi took the note, but regarded it with suspicion, conscious of his deserts. The more he thought about it, the stronger his misgivings grew, the

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fact that the note was sealed especially exciting his mistrust. Finally his fears, and his spirit of mischief, prompted him to call old Billy, beloved of Miss Ellen, and her gardener and factotum, and to give him the note, telling him to take it to Mr. Bowie and get the things ordered, and be quick about it, as Miss Ellen was in a hurry. Billy trotted down as fast as his ancient legs could carry him, and delivered the note. Mr. Bowie opened it, and looked seriously at Billy.

"Uncle Billy," he said, "I never expected to have this to do."

"What de matter, Marse Peter?" said Billy.

The constable read him the note, which bade him give the bearer a whipping, not too severe, but sufficient to serve him as a lesson for some time to come. In vain Billy protested, and told the story of Malachi's treachery. The constable had heard many such pleas. "Come along, Uncle Billy, and take off your coat, and let 's have it over with." And he proceeded to administer upon the old man, according to his instructions.

Billy put on his coat, and returned in fierce wrath, to avenge himself upon Malachi, but that young scoundrel had run away, and did not come out of the woods till the frosty nights of November drove him in. Mr. Bowie lost a customer, and the story went that Miss Ellen put her faithful old gardener to bed, and kept him there for a week, tending him with her own hands.

The negro, on the whole, was well enough off. He was not allowed to be off his premises after nine o'clock at night without a pass from his master, which was a wholesome restriction. He was not a competent witness against a white man, a rule of law which might have been modified to advantage, and probably would have been later on. His marriage was not recognized by the state, and had no legal standing whatever. This, together with its kindred evil, the occasional and often unavoidable separation of husband and wife, parent and child, was the most evil consequence of the institution of slavery, and the one which most engaged the attention of thoughtful slave-owners as far back as I can remember. A discussion of it would scarcely be within the range of this narrative, but I may say that proprietors naturally, and for their own interest as well, encouraged marriage and decent living among their slaves, and generally did all in their power to make the tie permanent. I have known very many slave couples to live faithfully together till death parted them; and some of the prettiest pictures in my memory are the weddings of female servants of our own, mulattoes and blacks, solemnized in our own parlors by the rector of the parish. My sister took great interest in the dressing of the brides on these occasions. I don't remember whether the rector used the full service, but there was a ring, and my sister used to play the wedding march.

These matrimonial alliances had a humorous side, as well. One Sunday morning a negro from an adjoining plantation called on my father to ask permission to marry one of our girls. The interview took place on our back porch, my father sitting, and the would-be groom standing on the ground outside. The fellow was a preacher. Now my father had a general distrust and dislike of negro preachers, and of this one in particular. Accordingly he squelched the matrimonial proposition with a prompt and decided negative. "No, I don't want you nor any of your blood on my place. You get no wife here. Take yourself off."

The reverend gentleman, a fat, sleek-looking rascal, stood, hat in hand, and looked with solemn sadness at my father. "I dunno as you 've thought of it, Mr. Clayton," he said; "but this will be a great disappintment to the young 'oman."

This unexpected and unique plea, and the perfect seriousness with which the negro offered it, greatly amused my father. He laughed heartily, and so far relented as to say that he would ascertain the girl's feelings in the matter, and talk to her suitor later. It turned out that the

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dusky belle did not take the "disappintment" much to heart, and there was no wedding.

From the beginning, when I undertook the not unwelcome task of writing these disjointed reminiscences, I have foreseen that my retrospect would carry me over a part of the ground which, considering the *raison d'être* of these pages, I have half a mind to pass over and go on my way. But if I did so, it would be at once apparent to the intelligent reader that I was not giving even a fair outline of the relation of the negro to the Southern life of those days. I will, therefore, deal with it as frankly and as briefly as may be.

It may have been noticed that, in my rough sketch of the young negro about town, I used the singular masculine pronoun. The same description might have answered as well for the ordinary negro girl or woman of the plantation, with woolly head, and the other unattractive physical peculiarities of the pure black race. But, unfortunately, there were other female slaves whose presence everywhere in the South gave sorrowful evidence that the "sons of God," the princely race of Adam, though they had not, as the Book of Genesis expresses it, taken unto themselves wives of the daughters of men (the inferior race), had mingled more or less freely with them. We had black and tan, mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons galore. No man can deny the demoralizing influence of this state of things; but, on the other hand, no man who was not reared in the South can have any correct idea of the situation from all its points of view. I have no inclination to dwell upon this unattractive part of my retrospect, and shall content myself with a rough outline of the peculiarities of these people. They present a study for the philosopher.

Some of these women were ugly and slatternly; some were comely and neat; some were handsome and intelligent; and here and there one might have been called beautiful. Many of them, to whose bringing up some care had been given, married men servants of their own set, and lived respectably. Others, again, were of the circumspect and quasi-upright sort; and a numerous class, good-natured, careless, idle, light-hearted, were the easy prey of dissolute white men, of whom we had our full share, possibly more than our share. It must not be forgotten, however, that these men were, as a rule, and, of course, with exceptions, "lewd fellows of the baser sort," the Southern gentleman generally conducting himself toward his slaves as might be expected of a person of his birth and antecedents. There was quite enough that was bad, however, in this apparently unavoidable consequence of the presence of the inferior race, just as there is at this day, although the negro has been free for forty years.

But there was one fact which every man familiar with the life of that day will recognize at once, which it is a great comfort to think of, and which has always seemed to me a special dispensation in behalf of these poor creatures. It was this, and every Southern man of that day will vouch for it: that a lapse of the kind we are considering never seemed to degrade the slave woman, any more than the birth of Ishmael degraded Hagar. It not only did not lower her in the eyes of anybody, white or black, but it had no degrading effect upon her whatever. If she had been gentle and good-tempered, and in general terms "a good servant" before, she continued to be so afterwards. If she had been your nurse, you need not have feared to leave your children with her. They would learn no evil. She was not rendered coarse or obscene. Her womanly instincts remained the same. She was the same kindly body, and went on her cheerful way as if nothing serious had happened. I know a number of them still living, old mulatto women, many of them in the odor of sanctity, and esteemed by white and black neighbors, who in their youth had led lives which I will not here describe more particularly. My own old

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"mammy" had three daughters: the oldest was a bright mulatto, and my own much-loved nurse; the two younger were as black as old Isaac, her husband, who took her to wife years after the birth of her first child. I am sure the good old creature is in the land of the blest. Think for a moment. What would a white woman have been who had passed through experiences like these?

I take it that no philosophical mind will doubt that the existence in any country of an inferior female class, to whom virtue in its ordinary sense is not an essential, will tend to the exaltation of the upper class of women. It will make of them an aristocracy. It will create for them an atmosphere of their own, into which the libertine will not seek to enter. The Southern lady was held as a kind of queen in those *ante bellum* days, and kept her state accordingly. All men did her homage. No man looked upon her but with respect and honor. It followed that scandals and scandalous troubles were much less common than in these days. For this comparative immunity we were indebted, as I think, not alone to the naturally high character of our women, and to their careful training, but also to the peculiar conditions of our society; that is to say, to the institution of slavery.

I willingly return from this sombre byway into the cheerful presence of my friend.

I have said that the town I have described as my home lay near a river. As to the sanitary effect of this situation during the hot months, the people differed. Many, even well-to-do folks, spent their summers in the town, and suffered no ill result. Some went off to the seashore or other resorts. Many families, again, had summer residences in the rolling, sandy country back of the town. My own family was one of these. Our country house, which was a fair example, was an unpretentious frame building, erected upon our own plantation, and consequently having the negro quarters adjacent to it. It was comfortable and commodious enough, according to the simple tastes of those days, which did not approach our own in the luxury of living. It had been intended as a summer home only, but was provided with chimneys and fireplaces in case of need, and I remember that we passed a number of winters there pleasantly enough in our mild climate, renting the town house, partly from considerations of economy, partly to avoid the trouble and inconvenience of moving.

The distance from town was a scant four miles, and the sandy roads were good in winter. The water for drinking was excellent; the climate delightful; a stream ran near by in which homunculus could disport himself and learn to swim. We had grapes and apples and peaches and cherries and melons, and plenty of "little niggers" to play with, under our mother's eye. We had a big cider press of the primitive sort, under a big tree, where a fellow could lie down flat on his little stomach, and suck cider through an oat straw. We roasted sweet potatoes in the ashes, out in the negro cabins, and ears of green corn at their fires. Not that we had not plenty of these on our own table, but we could not have the little niggers there; and then, it was good to cook for ourselves. I remember, when I was very small, begging that I might have one little boy, as black as your hat, to sleep with me, and being much exasperated and distressed at my mother's peremptory refusal. We compromised by her consenting to let the little darky come in and say his prayers (taught by her) at the side of my bed. I had some sort of infantile idea that this was an entering wedge, and that I might, by gradual approaches, accomplish the desire of my heart.

The woods were full of blackhaws and chinquapins and fox-grapes and muscadines, and the air was full of sunshine. I was allowed to go barefoot in the clean white sand, and occasionally was turned loose, clad in one long garment, that being the customary summer costume of the young male African. I thought it was very delightful and becoming, being dis-

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posed to imitate everything the little negroes did. This is a curious childish trait, by the way, and affords occasion for any amount of philosophizing about the tendency of the human race to deteriorate, and the like. All I know about it is that I would at any time leave the fried chicken and rice and okra and egg plant of the home table, to say nothing of the pudding, to eat greens and pot liquor (I wonder if my friend from Massachusetts knows what that is) and corn dumplings in Mammy's cabin.

How far, far, far away it all seems, with the thunder of bloody war, and the black days of "reconstruction" intervening. It is as if one were another person. And indeed, he who was born in the early forties, served four years in the Confederate army, and passed through the never-to-be-forgotten times that immediately followed, has lived three separate existences.

But while homunculus was kicking up his heels and having a good time out of doors in this primitive fashion, the grown folks in the house were, I think, leading a reasonably happy, though quiet life. I have not hesitated to go into these details of my life with which the negro was associated, even at the risk of being a little tedious, because they make up the distinctly Southern views which I think my friend wanted to see. I am not so sure about the home life inside, which may not interest her, not having the charm of novelty; one American home being essentially like another. I shall, therefore, make this part of my sketch brief.

The furnishings of the house were simple and inexpensive, and but little attention was paid to ornamentation of the grounds. A whitewashed paling, with a plain gate, a straight walk leading to the front entrance, with a circular drive for carriages, racks for the hitching of horses outside, a lane leading around to the stables in the rear, — these were typical features. Here and there in front of the house were posts driven into the ground, with a sort of platform of boards nailed on the top, and covered with earth. On each of these, in summer, a quantity of rosin was laid, and set on fire at night, making the darkness bright with its red flame, and filling the air with its wholesome odor. It was thought to be conducive to health. Also it kept insects away, and was useful to any guest driving up in the darkness. It was a turpentine country. My father was interested in some distilleries, and rosin was cheap.

Within, there was an atmosphere of music and books; a fairly good library, and always a good piano; also my father's violin. Besides my father, my mother, and myself, there was my sister, of whom I have spoken, — some fifteen years older than I, there having been two children between us who died early. She was a handsome, graceful, bright woman, had been carefully educated, especially in music, and possessed a noble mezzo soprano voice, inclining to contralto, which, to me, is the sweetest of all voices. She attracted all men toward her, especially all who loved music, and it was my delight to lie on a sofa, in the evenings, and hear them sing. I don't know just how old I was when, one evening, I heard three young men give the fine trio of Sir Henry Bishop: —

"To Greece we give our shining blades;
And our hearts to you, young Zean maids."

I cannot tell how the music affected me, how the mingling of war and knightly love stirred my young heart. It was a new sensation. Perhaps it was prophetic. I suppose I showed it in my face, for my sister came to my sofa and kissed me. "Did you like it, Frank?" she said; "I must teach you to sing." Accordingly she taught me, in an irregular way, and would commend and praise me when I showed some sign of a talent for music. One memorable day, after one of my "lessons," she called to my father, who was passing down the hall: "Come here, father, and hear this boy. He is going to have a voice." My father came to the piano where she sat, a page of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* open before her. "Now,

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then, Frank," she said, striking the chord, "you sing the recitative, and I'll sing the aria;" and I chanted in my childish treble: —

"And they journeyed with companions towards Damascus, having authority and commandment from the High Priest to bring them bound, men and women, unto Jerusalem."

And then her glorious voice in the aria:

"But the Lord is mindful of his own;
He remembereth his children."

She fairly took me in her arms at the close, in her love and delight. "I will make a great tenor of him," she said. "The audience shall rise at him."

How often, in the years that were to follow, lying in my blanket in the rain, in the weariness of the long march, in the dropping fire of the skirmish line, yea, even in the tumult of battle, have the sweet tones come into my mind, —

"But the Lord is mindful of his own,
He remembereth his children."

It did not please Him to remember us, in our sense. I try to think it is for the best.

(To be concluded in June.)

MUSIC IN MOONLIGHT

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Was ever music lovelier than to-night!
'T was Schumann's Song of Moonlight; o'er the vale
The new moon lingered near the western hills;
The hearth-fire glimmered low; but melting tones
Blotted all else from memory and thought,
And all the world was music! Wondrous hour!
Then sank anew into our trancèd hearts
One secret and deep lesson of sweet sound —
The loveliness that from unloveliness
Outsprings, flooding the soul with poignant joy,
As the harmonious chords to harsh succeed,
And the rapt spirit climbs through pain to bliss:
Eternal question, answer infinite;
As day to night replies; as light to shade;
As summer to rough winter; death to life, —
Death not a closing, but an opening door,
A deepened life, a prophecy fulfilled.
Not in the very present comes reply,
But in the flow of time. Should the song cease
Too soon; ere yet the rooted answer blooms,
Lo, — what a pang of loss and dissonance;
But time, with the resolving and intended tone
Heals all, and makes all beautiful and right.
Even so our mortal music-makers frame
Their messages melodious to men;
Even so the Eterne his mighty harmonies
Fashions, supreme, of life, and fate, and time.

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MOORLAND MAGIC

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

"So this is the moor," said Nan. "How wild!"

They had come out of the scrub into an open country, treeless, uplifted in motionless billows beneath an arching immensity of sky.

"So desolate and barren!" shivered Mrs. Monroe.

But Dolly cried, "Not barren! Not desolate! How can you say that?"

"Oh, I've no doubt it looks more attractive when the heather is in bloom," Mrs. Monroe admitted.

"Yes," said Dolly, looking dreamily over the head of her chaperone. "Yes, it is very beautiful when the heather blooms; but it is never anything but beautiful to me."

"You've never seen the heather in bloom," objected Nan.

"Have n't I?" Dolly queried absently.

A soft wind was blowing. It caught the little locks of chestnut hair from behind Dolly's ears, and blew them against her cheeks.

"The wind is like a voice," she said. "There's something of Todhunter's it makes me think of,—something Bob used to say last year when he was doing the Modern Celtic Revival section of his Ph. D. thesis. Do you remember?

"'O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind,
Blow through me, blow!
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind
From long ago.'"

Half chanting, she lifted her head, and wonder dawned in her eyes.

"'Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind
From long ago.'"

She rose gently to her feet.

"Be careful, dear; the road is very rough," cautioned Mrs. Monroe.

"Bob 's daffy over Celtic things," observed Nan.

"Just as it used to look!" said Dolly. "How could I forget?"

"Would you mind sitting down, dear Dolly?" pleaded Mrs. Monroe. "It makes me nervous to have you stand. You might pitch out any minute."

She sat down, but the rapture stayed in her eyes, and Nan leaned over, and gave her a little shake.

"You look like Joan of Arc in the Bastien-Lepage, Dolly. What do you see?"

And Dolly, never turning her head, answered irrelevantly, "I think I will get out and walk."

"Oh, my dear!" expostulated Mrs. Monroe. "In this dreary place?"

"Not dreary," Dolly persisted. "Never dreary." And she opened the carriage door.

The coachman pulled up his horses.

"But think of Bob! We are to meet him at Lynton, and we shall have to stop the carriage and wait till you catch up."

Dolly got out and stood in the road, looking off over the moor.

"Don't wait!" she said, after a moment. "I'll walk the rest of the way."

"To Lynton?"

"'T is no great walk," said the coachman. He had wheeled half round, and was eying Dolly with approval. "You've only to follow the road, and it'll bring you in. Even if you was lame of one leg, you'd make it afore dark this time of year, miss."

"I don't believe I'd walk all that way, Dolly," said Nan.

"And Bob!" wailed Mrs. Monroe. "The least we can do, Nan, when your brother has crossed the ocean, is to be there to meet him. And then the highway robbers!"

"This here shire's as peaceable and honest as you'll find in England," snorted

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the coachman. "Them Doones give it a bad name once't, but 't was never in my day. Do you think I'd leave a lady walk alone if she'd come to harm? I've maids of my own."

"Dear Dolly," begged Mrs. Monroe; "you can't feel as Nan and I do about seeing Bob, of course, but" —

Nan chuckled wickedly, and Dolly turned her eyes approximately in the direction of her chaperone.

"It won't matter if I'm not there at first," she said. "I know you would rather have him to yourselves. I need a walk."

This new aspect of the situation impressed Mrs. Monroe. Bob was her only son, and Bob had eyes for no one but Dolly when Dolly was about.

"It's very sweet of you, my dear," she faltered. "Are you sure" —

"Dolly!" cried Nan. "You know perfectly well Bob will" —

"No, Nan," her mother interrupted; "if Dolly wants to take this simple pleasure, don't tease her. I would n't leave her if there were the slightest danger. You are sure, dear" —

The coachman started his horses, and Mrs. Monroe's sentence remained unfinished.

"Just the same, Bob will be hopping mad," Nan declared emphatically. "Oh, pooh! mother; she did n't hear me; and if she did, she knows it. Bob has n't come all the way across the Atlantic to be with us. What's the use of pretending he has? Look! Her gown just matches the moor. I wish I walked with that happy, tilty step. Bob 's always saying she's Celtic."

"You've only to keep the road in your eye, miss," called the coachman. "She do step off like a moorland maid," he added reflectively. "I'd not know her for American."

She was walking in the heather by the roadside, her head flung up, her eyes wide and smiling. Presently the carriage went in among the gray-green billows of the moor, and was swallowed up, and she was left alone in the trough of a motionless wave, with heather all about her feet, and yellow flower-of-the-broom in her hands, and the summer wind tossing her hair. She did not see the road again that day. She forgot there was a road. She forgot everything except the strange joy of wandering alone on the moor.

Her wandering had many moods. Sometimes she loitered through the heather, a slender, drifting shape, eyes vision-filled. At the edges of her gown twigs dangled. The gorse tore a barn-door half way up her skirt. She stuck a yellow flower in every one of her button-holes, and a bunch of heather at her belt.

"I think I am fey," she said, and laughed.

Sometimes she walked with a long, springing stride, proud laughter in her eyes. Thus was she walking when she climbed the Tor, and suddenly beheld all the wild, rugged glory, league upon league on every side, upheaving to her feet. She sang aloud when she saw it, flinging out her arms, and the music of her song was strange to her, and the words also were strange; they were not English words. Afterwards she could never remember what it was that she had sung when she stood at the top of the Tor.

Sometimes she knelt in the heather, and crushed its scratchy branches between her fingers. In two or three places she found patches of early bloom, and she kissed the little purple bells, and laid her ear close to them.

"I hear them ring," she said. "I hear the little bells in my soul answer them."

In midafternoon she lay down in the shade of a gorse bush, and looked up at the great white clouds, changing subtly-slow their shapes, as they hung in the pale English sky. And out she looked, along the moor, with its blending of bronze and green and gray, its splashes of yellow, its clear serenity of sunlight, its stretches of bluish, slow-moving shadow, its purple distance.

She turned her face so that her cheek pressed the cool earth.

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"O moor!" she said. "There is no longer any thou and I. The bush of gorse I am; the little, stunted, wind-blown hawthorn tree, and the patch of gray, sheep-trodden grass. O moor, I am the Tor uplifted on thy breast. The earth against my cheek is not more thou than I am thou. There is a garden of heather in my heart."

She lay a long time in this place. She had tossed her hat into the gorse, and the wind played havoc with her hair. After awhile a man came riding by. She sat up, startled; but, although the man looked her way, he did not seem to see her. He rode fast, and glanced over his shoulder anxiously, often, as if he feared pursuit. His face was young, but pallid and grief-stricken. He wore high boots, a queer, old-fashioned hat, a long, wind-blown cloak. He carried something very tenderly in his arms, something that wailed in a thin, high, desolate little voice. Even after she could no longer see the rider and his horse, Dolly heard again and again that plaintive sound, and her own cheeks were dabbled wet with tears.

And a second time one came riding by. This was an oldish gentleman, grizzled and ruddy, in a fawn-colored cloak with three little shoulder capes, and a quaint, truncated, cone-shaped beaver with a chased silver buckle on the hatband. He lashed his horse, and drove in the spurs mercilessly. And he also, passing, looked at Dolly, yet did not seem to see her. And suddenly, when he was a little way off, his horse stumbled, and he went over its head, and lay huddled together on the ground. But when Dolly ran to help him, she could not find him. Neither could she see his horse anywhere.

"I may have been asleep," she said; "and that was why he was dressed like Sir Anthony Absolute in Sheridan's *Rivals*."

And now, again, she heard the far, faint cry of a young child. "But did I dream?" she questioned.

At sundown a mist came in from the sea. The edges drifted along the tops of the moorland hills like a frayed curtain. Sometimes the curtain was suddenly rent in twain, and Dolly could see out over the endlessness of the moor. Sometimes the curtain swirled around her, thick and chill, shrouding her from the world. Her hair was damp; she tasted the sea on her lips.

"I am the mist on the moor," she chanted. "I am the salt, fragrant mist. I remember!"

The long twilight had almost faded into night, and the mist had turned from shining white to duller and duller gray, when a grayer shape loomed up ahead of her, and she saw a house. Sheep were bleating, and close at hand there was a man with a pipe in his mouth, leaning over a gate, looking at her.

For a moment her heart beat uncomfortably fast; then she said, "Good evening!"

"Evenin', miss," replied the man, lifting his cap.

"I have been here before," she remarked, looking beyond him at the gray old house.

"Not in my time, miss."

Dolly laughed, and pointed to a window in the thatch: "I have looked out from yonder window."

The man's eyes followed her finger. "When was that, miss?" he queried politely; but his tone was incredulous.

"I don't know."

He bent a keen look upon her. She was hatless, disheveled; the yellow flowers hung limp in her buttonholes.

"Where is it you're thinkin' to pass the night, miss?"

"I had n't thought!" She regarded him with a look half merry, half surprised. "Why, really, I had n't thought. But the moor is a friendly place. I like to lie in the heather."

The man opened the gate with an awkward gesture of invitation: "'T is not so friendly when the mist's abroad," he said. "You'd best come in, and my missus'll make up a bed for you."

Dolly wavered a moment, looking from

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the house to the moor, and back again to the house. "They both call me," she said. "Why is that?" Then, with a lingering, backward look, she came inside the gate.

"You've been a-wanderin' out there a good bit of a while, I'm thinkin'," he remarked. "What do your friends be about not to look out for you?"

"They were in the carriage. I wanted to walk." She turned on the doorstone, and smiled into his face. "I was a long time away, but I have come back!"

They went down a stone passage to a big, old-fashioned kitchen, where a gentle, blue-eyed woman was washing up the tea things.

"Here's a young lady will stay the night," said the man. "She've lost her way a-wanderin' over the moor."

"Oh, no!" interrupted Dolly. "I have n't lost my way."

The contradiction disconcerted her host. He opened his mouth, and shut it again. His wife, however, led their guest to the fire, saying, —

"'T is true, a body is not lost because she happens to be a bit far from home."

Her English was formal and a little prim; she evidently avoided the dialect.

"I don't think I'm far from home," said Dolly.

"It's what I'm thinking, miss," returned the woman. "I seem to know your face; but where it is I've seen you I could n't say."

Dolly gazed into the fire. Presently, as if she had just heard the woman's words, she said, "You could n't have seen me, unless you've lived in America."

The man and his wife stared at her helplessly. "But you've not the voice of Americans, miss," said the woman; "you've the voice of home-folk."

"And the coachman said I walked like a moorland maid," mused Dolly.

"She've lost her way and her wits, both," whispered the man.

"Bring the new milk for the young lady's supper," quoth his wife, ignoring the remark.

The crackle of frying bacon roused Dolly.

"I have n't had anything to eat since breakfast," she announced, with her pretty laugh. "I had forgotten all about it."

"Oh, miss, to think of that!" cried the woman. "Whatever have you been about to forget your victuals?"

"It was the moor," said Dolly. She went to the window and looked out, but a hedge cut off the view. She moved restlessly to the door. "I want to see it," she explained; "I'll go out."

"No, dearie, not to-night," soothed the woman. "Come, now, sit up to table, and eat this good cream."

"It calls me," said Dolly.

"'T is in the blood of some folk," the woman answered.

"It's in my blood," said Dolly.

"It should n't be, if you are from America," objected the woman. "You're mazed, with nothing to eat. A night's sleep will set you up, and to-morrow my man'll take you home."

Dolly ate her supper obediently; but twice she got up from her chair and strayed to the door. The woman coaxed her back again, and each time Dolly said, "It calls me."

When she had eaten eggs and bacon and jam and cream, her hostess took her upstairs to an ancient four-post bed in a dusky bedroom.

"We've little company," said the woman; "but it's a way I have, of keeping the bed ready."

She laid out a coarse, clean nightgown, and bade her guest good-night. But Dolly did not turn her head from the window in the thatch, where she stood looking out on the moor.

The moon had risen, and a fresh wind was blowing the mist away, tearing it into strange shapes that hurried past the house in a wild, uncanny dance. The girl slipped to the floor, and leaned her chin on the window-sill. Presently the wide, dim moor lay revealed in the moonlight, billowed like the sea, but motionless. After a little, Dolly's open-eyed

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dreaming began to be troubled. Sorrow stirred in her heart, vague at first, but taking definite shape until it grew a sharp, conscious grief that brought tears, and blurred the moonlit vision of the moor. She had not given a thought to Bob all afternoon, but now she whispered, —

"Dear Bob, don't ask me to go!"

And, as in all that day's experience, she was aware that this sorrow was no fresh sorrow, but something that she had suffered long ago.

"How can that be, when it must come to-morrow?" she questioned. "To-morrow? — I suppose I ought to go to bed."

When she lay between the sheets, she could still look out across the moor. The grief which had overwhelmed her oppressed her spirit, but now the element of loneliness entered into it. Her lips quivered, and tears splashed on the pillow.

"Why am I so forlorn, when Bob is waiting," she sighed. "Who is it that I want?"

She did not know how long she lay there indulging in little gusts of weeping; but on a sudden, — why, she could not tell, — she was comforted. There was no grief, nor any cause for grief. Her heart brimmed with contentment. She forgot why she had wept. The tears dried on her cheeks. Clear-eyed, she looked around the room, and there was a woman sitting in a chair beside the little table on which the snuffed-out candle stood, — a young woman, with bright chestnut hair like Dolly's own. She wore a flowered Watteau gown, but the colors were paled and silvered by the moonlight. The wistfulness of her lovely face was inexpressibly touching. She was not looking at Dolly. She sat with her head resting against the high back of the chair, her chin a little uplifted, her hands idly lying along the chair-arms. The attitude was one of fatigue, of patience, of hope deferred.

As a child, waking from its nap before its mother is aware, lies quiet for a while with eyes fixed on its mother's unconscious face, so Dolly lay. And when the woman arose and came toward the bed, Dolly's heart gave a glad little leap, as the heart of a child leaps when it sees its mother coming to take it in her arms. The woman came on a step or two, listlessly. Then she saw Dolly, and her eyes changed. The hungry look went out of them, and in its place flashed uncertainty, followed by intense, swift rapture. With arms outstretched she came running. And Dolly, with kindred rapture, looked up wordless into the lovely brooding face, and smiled, — that innocent, wide-eyed way babies smile.

A long time they held communion thus, silently, spirits touching; but at last, with a caress light as the touch of a butterfly's wing, the woman whispered: —

"They have sent you back to me. My baby!"

And Dolly knew, what she had known from the beginning, that in the eyes of the woman whose arms encircled her she was a newborn babe, — the woman's own; and this knowledge, and the nearness of the woman, gave her peace. Need for speech had not awakened within her. The woman bending above her had become all her world, and between her and the woman flowed a voiceless language, from mother-spirit to child-spirit, to and fro. Nevertheless, presently the woman began to sing a song with words to it, softly, in a happy voice: —

"A many summers the sun has shone on the moorland,
Endlessly ripening heather, and gorse, and bracken.
Ghosts are learning patience in the school of eternity.

"Fruitful the moorland, bringing forth blossomy children;
A mother of heather-bells, a nursing-mother of conies and crickets.
Since I became human, nine times I was born a living soul.

"Mingled of many voices the voice of the moorland,
Bird-call, wind-wail, cries of dumb four-footed creatures.

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Very restless are the dead mothers who have never sung a lullaby.

"The moorland holds her children jealously close to her breast;
Their purple, and their gold, and their gnarly twigs belong to her.
When destiny beckons, the soul comes home to its place.

"Heaved up like the tumultuous sea, is the moorland,
But its billows are motionless, they rest uplifted.
I am at peace now; I have sung my baby to sleep."

And Dolly, listening, fell asleep with the mother-face bending above her.

"I see you have a ghost in the house," she remarked casually to her hostess next morning.

"Yes," the woman answered, busy at the stove about Dolly's breakfast. "'T is the poor lady looking for her baby." Then she turned with sudden interest: "But you did n't see her, miss?"

"Yes," said Dolly; "I saw her."

"But it's the children that see her," objected the woman. "I never knew man or woman that did. My man has n't set eyes on her since he was in frocks; and I was going on eight years the last time. You see, miss, I was raised an orphan by his mother. She gave me schooling, and I was a pupil-teacher two years and kept myself. But he missed me."

She flushed shyly: "I think often of the ghost-mother, now that my own little one will so soon be here. 'T is sad for her to see a newborn babe in the house, and not her own."

"Last night she found her own," said Dolly.

"Found her own?" ejaculated the woman.

"I saw her face when she found it," said Dolly. "I saw her take it in her arms. I heard her sing a little lullaby to it."

"You saw the baby?" gasped the woman.

"No," said Dolly, after a pause; "I did n't see the baby."

"But — but"—

"Tell me about her," Dolly begged. "How did she lose her baby? Was she your husband's great-grandmother?"

"Oh, no, miss! She's no ghost of ours; the family have always taken it a bit hard her being here, — not that there was ever any harm in her, poor thing. In my man's great-great-grandsire's day she lived; her father was lord of the manor, and all his hope was in her; he had no other child. She was beautiful, as you'll know, having seen her ghost" —

The woman paused, and amazement swept over her face. "You look like her!" she stammered. "I thought I knew your face! Oh, miss, there's something strange in all this! Don't you feel it?"

"Yes," Dolly assented; "I feel it."

"And you saw her find her baby!"

"Tell me more," said Dolly.

"Her father meant to make a great match for her, but she failed him. She'd an aunt in Wales she visited, — but never for long; she was one that had the moor in her blood, — like you, miss." Again perplexity clouded the woman's brow: "But you're American."

"Yes," said Dolly.

"The family came out of Wales and lived on the moor back behind the time history begins. One of the Conqueror's barons married a wild maid of the moor, long since. The young lady could never bide long away; but 't was time enough for falling in love; and he was in trade, — the son of a tailor. One night he came out over from Abergavenny, and she went with him and was married. But when the child was coming, the longing for the moor took hold of her so that it was a kind of madness, and she would have it she must come back. All her people had been born on the moor. They came secretly, and she lay here a day and a night; the babe was born at midnight, and the mother died at dawn. Then word was brought that the grandfather had got wind of the matter and would take the child, — 't was a maid, — and the hus-

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band, for resentment and grief, fled away with it."

"I know," said Dolly; "I saw him yesterday, and the baby cried."

"You saw him yesterday, miss? But that was more than a hundred years ago!"

"I saw him yesterday, riding across the moor."

"And did you see the old gentleman? Did you see what happened to the old gentleman?"

"I think he broke his neck."

"You've heard the story before."

"No; I saw him thrown from his horse. Where did the husband go?"

"To America!"—the woman took Dolly by the shoulders,—"to America! But you could n't be that baby. You could n't! 'T was more than a hundred years ago."

And then there was a sound of excited talking outside, of hurried steps, and a young man, unkempt and haggard, came running into the room. When he saw Dolly, he said: "Thank God!" in a loud, shaky voice; and again, "Thank God!" He held Dolly's hat in his hand, the hat she had left in the gorse bush.

For a moment Dolly looked as if she had never seen this young man before; and then she said, "Bob!" And then she put out her hands to push him off, and said, "Don't ask me to go!"

"Dolly!" cried the young man, "I've been looking for you all night long. We did n't get worried till nearly dark, and then I started out of Lynton to meet you. I walked all the way to Porlock, thinking every imaginable horror. They gave me a pony and a guide there, and we've chased all over this infernal moor till we —oh, Dolly, suppose"—

His voice broke, and he held out his hands.

"You can't take me," she repeated, backing away from him. "I was enchanted a hundred years. But the moor has set me free."

His hands fell to his sides, and he, too, stepped back.

"To-morrow I'll try to make a joke of it, if you want to, Dolly; but now,—when I've just found you,"—

"You have n't found me," said Dolly; and she laughed.

"Hush!" he cried. "I thought of death. I thought of worse than death, out there among those hidden valleys, in the middle of the night. You shall not laugh!"

"Why do you try to find me?" said Dolly piteously. "Please go away, Bob!"

Something a little alien and unreal in her face arrested him. He turned questioning eyes upon the farmer's wife.

She answered with a slight warning shake of the head, and added in a soothing tone, meant evidently for Dolly's ear: "She's a bit upset, sir; what with the long day on the moor, and last night seeing our ghost."

Dolly had turned to the window, and was standing on tiptoe, trying to see beyond the hedge. Pity, contrition, shocked uncertainty, crowded into Bob's face. He gathered himself together and spoke to her gently, humbly, not venturing to move nearer.

"Tell me about it, dear! Let me understand."

She came to him then, and laid her hand upon his arm, looking up into his face with sweet eyes a little wild, and a whimsical, elfish smile on her lips.

"We thought it was Dolly, did n't we, Bob? American, and twentieth century, and all that. We thought father was the president of a bank and mother believed in woman's suffrage. We thought I was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, and went to school in Farmington." She laughed, her eyes danced, but without merriment. She lifted her face a little nearer to his. "We were mistaken, Bob. I have remembered the forgotten things, from long ago. When I lie on the heather I am invisible. Yesterday two ghosts passed by, and never saw me. I am the moorland. I am not different from it at all. They could n't see me. And I am some of the ghosts."

He had been watching her gravely,

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intent upon her words, and now an amazed comprehension began to dawn in his face. He was a healthy young man, but he was also a student, and he had just received his Ph.D. in Celtic research. His studies had taught him, among other things, that there are times when common sense should be held in abeyance. Dolly, instinctively aware of his change from passive to active sympathy, nestled closer.

"The ghost-mother has been waiting so long for me, and I never loved any one as I love her," she whispered. "You won't take me away, Bob?"

He curbed a very natural desire to explain to her the absurdity of her request. He choked back the bitter words of wounded love that rose to his lips. His restraint was the more heroic in that he had not breakfasted.

"I will be content with what you think you ought to do," he said. "Who is the ghost-mother?"

"Tell him!" she bade the farmer's wife, who was laying a second plate on the table. And, while Bob fortified his unselfish impulses with jam and cream, the woman told again the ghost story.

"And she sang me to sleep, Bob; listen!" Dolly crooned the strange lullaby.

"Why should she sing in Welsh triads, if she was an eighteenth-century ghost?" mused Bob.

"She did n't make the song," Dolly murmured. "The moor made it; the moor that mothered her and me, and sings in my blood. You cannot take me away. The moor will call me back. And I shall remember how the ghost-mother waits to sing me to sleep."

"Asking your pardon, miss," interrupted the farmer's wife; "but she won't sing again. You've laid her for good and all. It's a saying in our family that when the baby comes back to the moorland and its mother's arms, the poor lady will cease to walk. You're not a baby, of course, miss; but it's plain she thought you were, and if she's satisfied, you can go your way with nothing on your conscience."

"Yes," said Bob, casting a grateful glance at the woman, and endeavoring to disguise his eagerness. "You have brought her peace. Don't you see, dear? And now you can come home with me."

"But the moor?" said Dolly. "No! No!" And she got up, and would have run out of the room, but he was at the door before her, and took her hands.

"Dolly, you and I will go out on the moor together, and you shall choose between us."

She looked up at him like a tormented, reproachful child, and tried to draw her hands away. "But there won't be any choice," she said with gentle obstinacy; "I belong to the moor."

"You shall not say" — he began; but the wildness came into her eyes, and recalled him to himself. "You said the moor had set you free," he ended, with forced gentleness.

"Yes, free! You cannot take me away!"

"Free to choose. It is between me and the moor, Dolly."

"This happened a long time ago," said she, "when I was another ghost. Why must I have that heartbreak again? He was the son of a tailor, — but I listened to him."

"And you will listen to me."

"Out on the moor, — you said, — not here."

"Yes; on the moor."

He left her with the farmer's wife while he despatched his guide a-horseback to Lynton to relieve the minds of Mrs. Monroe and Nan. From the farmer he learned that he might strike the road two miles from Lynton, by following a little track the farmer's donkey had worn across the moor. Whereupon Bob had a happy thought, and hired the donkey. And when Dolly was set upon its back, they three went out over the wavering trail.

But after a while Bob grew desperate. Dolly seemed almost oblivious of his

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presence. She did not hear him when he spoke to her; she sat like one dazed. Sometimes her lips moved, but he could not hear what she said. Sometimes she laughed. Twice she slipped off Neddie's back, and went down on her knees, plucking heather, kissing it, talking to it, until Bob lifted her up and set her again on the donkey.

At last the young man came to the end of his patience. He gave Dolly a little shake, and deliberately turned her face to his.

"Now it is my turn," he said. "You must listen to me."

"The moor will not let me." Her eyes were rapt and shining.

"I am going to blindfold you, Dolly; perhaps you can listen then. Let us see which voice is clearer when you cannot see, — mine, or the voice of the moor."

Reluctantly she let him tie her handkerchief over her eyes; and when he had adjusted the knot and made sure that she could not see, he took her in his arms, and whispered, —

"Now do you hear me, sweetheart?"

"I hear the voice of the tailor's son," she sighed. And under his breath Bob said, "Damn!"

"Ah, do not ask me to choose."

"She went away with the tailor's son," Bob persisted, keeping her in his arms as he walked beside the donkey. "She went away with him, and he made her very happy."

"But he had to bring her back," said Dolly. "She came back to the moor."

"I'll bring you back, — I promise."

"From America?"

"Yes, — when you want to come."

"I think the tailor's son must have made that promise. She never would have gone with him else."

Bob's heart lightened. She had spoken of those dead-and-gone people as if they were outside herself.

The donkey had turned into the high-road now; the gorse no longer plucked at their garments; Bob's feet no longer crisped the heather.

"We'll come back and collect folk-tales and traditions," he said cheerily.

"Can we — on the moor?"

"I should think we could," he laughed. "You've collected several centuries of them since yesterday."

"I did?" The handkerchief moved as she wrinkled her brows, and he quickly pressed it against her eyes. The girl turned and clung to him.

"Nan did n't feel that way when she saw the moor; and your mother hated it. And even you walk on the outside, though somehow you understand. But I was one with it, Bob. I was the blossoms and the little pools, the Tor and the ancient peoples. I was a wild thing. I was women and men, and mist, and purple distance. I was the mother who bore me, and I was my own great-great-grandfather riding a breakneck race after the baby that was myself newborn." She waited a moment, and then slipped one arm gropingly around his neck, and laid her cheek against his: "You don't say it is nonsense, Bob."

After a moment he chanted these words softly: —

"I have been in a multitude of shapes,
Before I assumed a consistent form.

. . . . . .

"I have been the dullest of stars.
I have been a word among letters.

. . . . . .

"I have been a drop in a shower.

. . . . . .

"I have been a string in a harp."

"The words are not mine, but it belongs to me!" she cried. "It sounds like a song."

"A poet sang it, dearest, centuries ago, in Wales and hereabout. His name was Taliessin, and men said he had drunk of the Cup of the Grail, and knew all wisdom."

Again there was silence; but Dolly still kept her arm around Bob's neck.

"You are too good to me," she said at last, with a little sob. "I forgot all about you yesterday. I did not even remember there was a you, — until night; and then I only wished you were not. I've hurt

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you so! I've been cruel and horrid. You must n't want to marry me, Bob; I belong to the moor, and you are not a part of that life. I might forget you again."

"Not again, beloved. I am one of the hidden memories now. I have wrestled with the magic. You could not shut me out if you would."

"I would not," she whispered.

He bent his face to hers. The donkey stood still.

"Are we still on the moor?" she asked presently.

For answer he untied the bandage. They stood on the great foreland above Lynton, facing the blue, sun-sparkling summer sea.

She gave an ecstatic gasp, then turned to look back; but Bob took her face between his hands, and she had to look into his eyes instead.

"What is it?" he asked, after a while, for her eyes were troubled.

"I am trying to remember whether I was happier than this when the ghost-mother sang me to sleep."

"And?"

"I — I am afraid not."

He laughed victoriously, and kissed her eyes.

"If she has gone to her rest at last, I shall never hear her sing the lullaby again," she said. "I had not thought of that. It grieves me."

"But you can sing it yourself — to — to" — said Bob.

THE CRITIC AND THE LAW

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

A RECENT prosecution by the People of New York, represented by Mr. Jerome, of a suit for criminal libel, attracted the attention of the entire nation. The alleged libel set forth in the complaint had appeared in *Collier's Weekly*, stating the connection of a certain judge with a certain unwholesome publication. The defense to this action was that the statement was true; and, somewhat to the joy of all concerned, excepting the judge, the unwholesome publication, and those who were exposed in the course of trial, as being its creatures, the jury were obliged to find that this defense was sound. From a lawyer's point of view it was surprising to find that even professional critics and editorial writers looked upon this case as involving that part of the Common Law which prescribes the limits of criticism. It only needs to be pointed out that the statement relied upon as defamation was a statement of fact, to show that the case against the Collier editors involved no question of a critic's right to criticise or an editor's right to express his opinion. If the suit had been founded on the criticism of the contents of the unwholesome publication which had been offered to the public for those to read who would, then the law of fair comment would have controlled. No doubt, however, even the trained guides to the public taste seldom realize the presence of a law governing their freedom of comment. Such law is in force none the less, and, though the instinct to express only fair and honest opinion will generally suffice to prevent a breach of legal limits, it is ventured that the consideration of the law upon the subject is important not only to the professional critic, but to any man who has enough opinion on matters of public interest to be worth an expression.

It is public policy that the free expression of opinion on matters of public interest should be as little hampered as possible. Fair comment, says the law, is the

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preventive of affectation and folly, the educator of the public taste and ethics, and the incentive to progress in the arts. Often fair comment is spoken of as privileged. But privilege in legal sense means that some statement is allowed to some particular person on some particular occasion, — a statement that would be libel or slander unless it came within the realm of privilege. On the other hand, fair comment is not the right of any particular person or class, or the privilege of any particular occasion; it is not exclusively the right of the press or of one who is a critic in the sense that he is an expert. Doubtless the newspaper or professional critic is given a greater latitude by juries, who share the prevalent and not ill-advised view that opinion expressed by the public press is usually more sound than private comment. The law, however, recognizes no such distinction. Any one may be a critic.

In civil actions of defamation, truth in a general way is always a defense; whether the person against whom the suit is brought has made a statement of fact or opinion, if he can prove his words to be true, he is safe from liability. Such was the defense of the Collier editors in the criminal case mentioned above Fair comment, however, does not need to be true to be defended, for it is, if we may use the phrase, its own defense. Then what is fair comment?

The right to comment is confined to matters which are of interest to the public. To endeavor to give a list of matters answering this requirement would be an endless task; even the courts of England and this country have passed only upon a few. Instances when the attention, judgment, and taste of the public are called upon are, however, most frequent in the fields of politics and of the arts. Such are the acts of those entrusted with functions of government, the direction of public institutions and possibly church matters, published books, pictures which have been exhibited, architecture, theatres, concerts, and public entertainments. Two reasons prohibit comment upon that which has not become the affair of the public nor has been offered to the attention of the public: — the public is not benefited by the criticism of that which it does not know, and about which it has no concern, and the act of the doer or the work of the artist against which the comment is directed cannot be said to have been submitted to open criticism. The requirement which seems right in principle, and has been laid down many times in the remarks of English judges, was perhaps overlooked in Battersby *vs.* Collier, a New York case. Colonel Battersby, it appeared, was a veteran of the Civil War, and for six years had been engaged in painting a picture representing the dramatic meeting of General Lee and General Grant, at which Colonel Battersby was present. This painting was intended for exhibition at the Columbian Exposition. Unfortunately, a few days before Christmas, a young woman of a literary turn of mind had an opportunity to view this immense canvas, and was less favorably impressed with the painting than with the pathos surrounding its inception and development. Accordingly she wrote a story headed by that handiest of handy titles, *The Colonel's Christmas*, but she did not sufficiently conceal the identity of her principal character. Colonel Battersby sued the publishers, and for damages relied upon the aspersions cast upon his picture, which in the story was called a "daub." More than that, there occurred in the narrative these words: "What matters it if the Colonel's ideas of color, light, and shade were a trifle hazy, if his perspective was a something extraordinary, his 'breadth' and 'treatment' and 'tone' truly marvelous, the Surrender was a great, vast picture, and it was the Colonel's life." The court held that this was a fair criticism; but it does not plainly appear that Colonel Battersby had yet submitted his six-year painting to the attention of the public, or that it had at the time become an object of general public interest; and if it had

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not, the decision would seem doubtful in principle.

On the other hand, in Gott *vs.* Pulsifer there was involved the "Cardiff Giant," whom all remember as the merriest of practical jokes in rock, who made Harvard scientists rub their eyes, and called forth from one Yale professor a magazine article to prove that the man of stone was the god Baal brought to New York State by the Phœnicians. The court said that all manner of abuse might be heaped on the Giant's adamant head. "Anything made subject of public exhibition," said they, "is open to fair and reasonable comment, no matter how severe." So you might with impunity call the Cardiff Giant, or Barnum's famous long-haired horse, a hoax; they were objects of general public interest, and any one might have passed judgment upon them.

Letters written to a newspaper may be criticised most severely, as often happens when Constant Reader enters into a warfare of communication with Old Subscriber, and so long as the contention is free from actionable personalities, and remains within the bounds of fair comment, neither will find himself in trouble. Nor is the commercial advertisement immune from caustic comment, if the comment is sincere. The rhymes in the street cars, the posters on the fences, the handbill that is thrust over the domestic threshold, and the signboard, that has now become a factor in every rural sunset or urban sunrise, must bear the comment upon their taste, their efficiency, and their ingenuity, which by their very nature they invite. In England a writer was sued by the maker of a commodity for travelers advertised as the "Bag of Bags." The writer thought the commercial catch-name was silly, vulgar, and ill-conceived, and he said so. The manufacturer in court urged that the comment injured his trade; but the judges were inclined to think that an advertisement appealing to the public was subject to the public opinion and its fair expression. What is of interest to the general public, so that comment thereon will be a right of the public, may, however, in certain cases trouble the jury. A volume of love sonnets printed and circulated privately, and the architecture of a person's private dwelling, might furnish very delicate cases.

In a time when those who desire to be conspicuous succeed so well in becoming so, it is rather amusing to wonder just what may be the difference between the right to comment on the dancer on the stage, and on the lady who, if she has her way, will sit in a box. Both court public notice, — the dancer by her penciled eyebrows, her tinted cheeks, her jewelry, her gown, and her grace, the lady in the box, perhaps, by all these things except the last; both wish favorable comment, and perhaps ought to bear ridicule, if their cheeks are too tinted, their eyebrows too penciled, their jewelry too generous, and their gowns too ornate. A more sober view, however, will show that the matter is one of proof. The dancer who exhibits herself and her dance for a consideration necessarily invites expressions of opinion, but it would be difficult to show in a court of law that the gala lady in the box meant to seek either commendation, — or disapproval.

A vastly more important and interesting query, and one which must arise from the present state and tendency of industrial conditions, is whether the acts of men in commercial activity may ever become so prominent, and so far-reaching in their effect, that it can well be said that they compel a universal public interest, and that public comment is impliedly invited by reason of their conspicuous and semi-public nature. It is ventured that at no time have private industries become of such startling interest to the community at large as at present in the United States. At least a few have had an effect more vital to citizens, perhaps, than the activities of some classes of public officials which are open to fair comment, and certainly more vital than the management of some semi-public institutions, which are also open to honest criticism.

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As to corporations, it would seem that, as the public, through the chartering power of legislation, gives them a right to exist and act, an argument that the public retains the right to comment upon their management must have some force; in the case of other forms of commercial activity, whose powers are inherent and not delegated, the question must rest on the determination of the best public policy, — a determination which in all classes of cases decides, and ought to decide, the right of fair comment.

When once the comment is decided to be upon a matter of public interest, there arises the consideration whether or not the comment is fair. The requirement of the law in regard to fairness is not based, as might be supposed, upon the consideration whether comment is mild or severe, serious or ridiculing, temperate or exaggerated; the critic is not hampered in the free play of his honest opinions; he is not prohibited from using the most stinging satire, the most extravagant burlesque, or the most lacerating invective. In 1808, Lord Ellenborough, in Carr *vs.* Hood, stated the length of leash given to the critic, and the law has not since been changed. Sir John Carr, Knight, was the author of several volumes, entitled *A Stranger in France*, *A Northern Summer*, *A Stranger in Ireland*, and other titles of equal connotation. Thomas Hood was rather more deserving of a lasting place in literature than his victim, because of his sense of humor, and his well-known rapid-fire satire. According to the declaration of Sir John Carr, the plaintiff, Hood had published a book of burlesque in which there was a frontispiece entitled "The Knight leaving Ireland with Regret," and "containing and representing in the said print, a certain false, scandalous, malicious and defamatory and ridiculous representation of said Sir John in the form of a man of ludicrous and ridiculous appearance holding a pocket handkerchief to his face, and appearing to be weeping," and also representing "a malicious and ridiculous man of ludicrous and ridiculous appearance following the said Sir John," and bending under the weight of several books, and carrying a tied-up pocket handkerchief with "Wardrobe" printed thereon, "thereby falsely scandalously and maliciously meaning and intending to represent, for the purpose of rendering the said Sir John ridiculous and exposing him to laughter, ridicule and contempt," that the books of the said Sir John "were so heavy as to cause a man to bend under the weight thereof, and that his the said Sir John's wardrobe was very small and capable of being contained in a pocket handkerchief." And at the end of this declaration Sir John alleged that he was damaged because of the consequent decline in his literary reputation, and, it may be supposed, because thereafter his books did not appear in the list of the "six best-selling" in the Kingdom.

But no recovery was allowed him, for it was laid down that if a comment, in whatever form, only ridiculed the plaintiff as an author, there was no ground for action. Said the eminent justice, "One writer, in exposing the follies and errors of another, may make use of ridicule, however poignant. Ridicule is often the fittest weapon for such a purpose. . . . Perhaps the plaintiff's works are now unsalable, but is he to be indemnified by receiving a compensation from the person who has opened the eyes of the public to the bad taste and inanity of his compositions? . . . We must not cramp observations on authors and their works. . . . The critic does a great service to the public who writes down any vapid or useless publication, such as ought never to have appeared. He checks the dissemination of bad taste, and prevents people from wasting both their time and money upon trash. Fair and candid criticism every one has a right to publish, although the author may suffer a loss from it. Such a loss the law does not consider an injury; because it is a loss which the party ought to sustain. It is, in short, the loss of fame

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and profits to which he was never entitled."

Criticism need not be fair and just, in the sense that it conforms to the judgment of the majority of the public, or the ideas of a judge, or the estimate of a jury; but it must remain within certain bounds circumscribed by the law.

In the first place, comment must be made honestly; in recent cases much more stress has been laid upon this point than formerly. It is urged that if criticism is not sincere, it is not valuable to the public, and the ground of public policy, upon which the doctrine of fair criticism is built, fails to give support to comment which is born of improper motives or begotten from personal hatred or malice. Yet he who seeks for cases of criticism which have been decided against the critic solely on the ground that the critic was malicious must look far. The requirement in practice seems difficult of application, since, if the critic does not depart from the work that he is criticising, to strike at the author thereof as a private individual, and does not mix into his comment false statements or imputations of bad motives, there is nothing to show legal malice, and it is almost impossible to prove actual malice. If you should conclude that your neighbor's painting which has been on exhibition is a beautiful marine, but if, because you do not like your neighbor, you pronounce it to be a dreadful mire of blue paint, it would be very hard for any other person to prove that at the moment you spoke you were not speaking honestly. Again, if the comment is within the other restrictions put by the law upon criticism, it would seem that to open the question whether or not the comment was malicious is in effect very nearly submitting to the jury the question whether or not they disagree with the critic, since the jury have no other method of reaching a conclusion that the critic was or was not impelled by malice.

Malice, in fact, is a bugaboo in the law, — and the law, especially the civil law, avoids dealing with him whenever it can. Yet it is quite certain that malice must be a consideration in determining what is fair comment; an opinion which is not honest is of no help to the public in its striving to attain high morals and unerring discernment. All the reasons of public policy that give criticism its rights fly out of the window when malice walks in at the door.

Some decisions of the courts seem to set the standard of fair comment even higher. They not only demand that the critic speak with an honest belief in his opinion, but insist also that a person taking upon himself to criticise must exercise a reasonable degree of judgment. As one English judge expressed it in charging the jury: "You must determine whether any fair man, however exaggerated or obstinate his views, would have said what this criticism has said." It would seem, however, that in many cases this would result in putting the judgment of the jury against that of the critic. To ask the jury whether this comment is such as would be made by a fair man is not distinguishable from asking them whether the comment is fair, and it sometimes happens that, in spite of the opinion of the jury, — in fact, the opinion of all the world, — the single critic is right, and the rest of the community all wrong. Does any one doubt that the comment of Columbus upon the views of those who opposed him would have been considered unfair by a jury of his time, until this doughty navigator proved his judgment correct? What would have happened in a court of law to the man who first said that those who wrote that the earth was flat were stupidly ignorant? Often the opinion or criticism which is the most valuable to the community as a contribution to truth is the very opinion which the community as a body would call a wild inference by an unfair man; to hold the critic up to the standard of a "fair man" is to deprive the public of the benefit of the most powerful influences against the perpetuity of error.

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No better illustration could be found than the case of Merrivale and Wife *vs.* Carson, in which a dramatic critic said of a play: "*The Whip Hand* . . . gives us nothing but a hash-up of ingredients which have been used *ad nauseam*, until one rises in protestation against the loving, confiding, fatuous husband with the naughty wife, and her double existence, the good male genius, the limp aristocrat, and the villainous foreigner. And why dramatic authors will insist that in modern society comedies the villain must be a foreigner, and the foreigner must be a villain, is only explicable on the ground that there is more or less romance about such gentry. It is more in consonance with accepted notions that your continental croupier would make a much better fictitious prince, marquis, or count, than would, say, an English billiard-maker or stable lout. And so the Marquis Colonna in *The Whip Hand* is offered up by the authors upon the altar of tradition, and sacrificed in the usual manner when he gets too troublesome to permit of the reconciliation of husband and wife and lover and maiden, and is proved, also much as usual, to be nothing more than a kicked-out croupier." The jury found that this amounted to falsely setting out the drama as adulterous and immoral, and was not the criticism of a fair man. Granting that there was the general imputation of immorality, it seems, justly considered, a matter of the critic's opinion. Is not the critic in effect saying, "To my mind the play is adulterous,— no matter what any one else may think, the play suggests immorality to me?" And if this is the honest opinion of the critic, no matter how much juries may differ from him, it would seem that to stifle this individual expression was against public policy, the very ground on which fair criticism becomes a universal right. It does not very clearly appear that the case of Merrivale and Wife *vs.* Carson was decided exclusively on the question whether the criticism was that of a fair man, but this was the leading point of the case. The decision and the doctrine it sets forth seem open to much doubt.

Criticism must never depart from a consideration of the work of the artist or artisan, or the public acts of a person, to attack the individual himself, apart from his connection with the particular work or act which is being criticised. The critic is forbidden to touch upon the domestic or private life of the individual, or upon such matters concerning the individual as are not of general public interest, at the peril of exceeding his right. Whereas, in Fry *vs.* Bennett, an article in a newspaper purported to criticise the management of a theatrical troupe, it was held to contain a libel, since it went beyond matters which concerned the public, and branded the conduct of the manager toward his singers as unjust and oppressive. J. Fenimore Cooper was the plaintiff in another suit which illustrates the same rule of law. This author had many a gallant engagement with his critics, and, though it has been said that a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client, Mr. Cooper, conducting his own actions, won from many publishers, including Mr. Horace Greeley and Mr. Webb. In Cooper *vs.* Stone the facts reveal that the author, having completed a voluminous *Naval History of the United States*, in which he had given the lion's share of credit for the Battle of Lake Erie, not to the commanding officer, Oliver H. Perry, but to Jesse D. Elliot, who was a subordinate, was attacked by the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, which imputed to the author "a disregard of justice and propriety as a man," represented him as infatuated with vanity, mad with passion, and publishing as true statements and evidence which had been falsified and encomiums which had been retracted. This was held to exceed the limits of fair criticism, since it attacked the character of the author as well as the book itself. The line, however, is not very finely drawn, as may be seen by a comparison of the above case with Browning *vs.* Van Rensselaer, in which the

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plaintiff was the author of a genealogical treatise entitled *Americans of Royal Descent*. A young woman, who was interested in founding a society to be called the "Order of the Crown," wrote to the defendant, inviting her to join and recommending to her the book. The latter answered this letter with a polite refusal, saying that she thought such a society was un-American and pretentious, and that the book gave no authority for its statements. The court said that this, even though it imputed that the author was at fault, was not a personal attack on his private character.

An intimate relationship almost always exists between the doer of an act which interests the public and the act itself; the architect is closely associated with his building, the painter with his picture, the author with his works, the inventor with his patent, the tradesman with his advertisement, and the singer with his song; and the critic will find it impossible not to encroach to some extent upon the personality of the individual. It seems, however, that the privilege of comment extends to the individual only so far as is necessary to intelligent criticism of his particular work under discussion. To write that Mr. Palet's latest picture shows that some artists are only fit to paint signs is a comment on the picture, but to write, apart from comment upon the particular work, that Mr. Palet is only fit to paint signs is an attack upon the artist, and if it is untrue, it is libel for which the law allows recovery.

No case presents a more complete confusion of the individual and his work than that of an actor. His physical characteristics, as well as his personality, may always be said to be presented to general public interest along with the words and movements which constitute his acting. The critic can hardly speak of the performance without speaking of the actor himself, who, it can be argued, presents to a certain extent his own bodily and mental characteristics to the judgment of the public, almost as much as do the ossified man, and the fat lady of the side show.

The case of Cherry *vs.* the *Des Moines Leader* will serve to illustrate how far the critic who is not actuated by malice may comment upon the actors as well as the performance, and still be held to have remained within the limits of fair criticism. The three Cherry sisters were performers in a variety act, which consisted in part of a burlesque on *Trilby*, and a more serious presentation entitled, *The Gypsy's Warning*. The judge stated that in his opinion the evidence showed that the performance was ridiculous. The testimony of Miss Cherry included a statement that one of the songs was a "sort of eulogy on ourselves," and that the refrain consisted of these words: —

> "Cherries ripe and cherries red;
> The Cherry Sisters are still ahead."

She also stated that in *The Gypsy's Warning*, she had taken the part of a Spaniard or a cavalier, and that she always supposed a Spaniard and a cavalier were one and the same thing. The defendant published the following comment on the performance: "Effie is an old jade of fifty summers, Jessie a frisky filly of forty, and Addie, the flower of the family, a capering monstrosity of thirty-five. Their long, skinny arms, equipped with talons at the extremities, swung mechanically, and anon waved frantically at the suffering audience. The mouths of their rancid features opened like caverns, and sounds like the wailings of damned souls issued therefrom. They pranced around the stage with a motion that suggested a cross between the *danse du ventre* and fox-trot, — strange creatures with painted faces and hideous mien." This was held to be fair criticism and not libelous; for the Misses Cherry to a certain extent presented their personal appearance as a part of their performance.

The critic must not mix with his comment statement of facts which are not true, since the statement of facts is not criticism at all. In Tabbart *vs.* Tipper, the earliest case on the subject, the de-

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fendant, in order to ridicule a book published for children, printed a verse which purported to be an extract from the book, and it was held that this amounted to a false accusation that the author had published something which in fact he had never published; it was not comment, but an untrue statement of fact. So when, as in Davis *vs.* Shepstone, the critic, in commenting upon the acts of a government official in Zululand, falsely stated that the officer had been guilty of an assault upon a native chief, the critic went far beyond comment, and was liable for defamation. Not unlike Tabbart *vs.* Tipper is a recent case, Belknap *vs.* Ball. The defendant, during a political campaign, printed in his newspaper a coarsely executed imitation of the handwriting of a political candidate of the opposing party, and an imitation of his signature appeared beneath. The writing contained this misspelled, unrhetorical sentence: "I don't propose to go into debate on the tarriff differences on wool, quinine, and such, because I aint built that way." Readers were led to believe that this was a signed statement by the candidate, and the newspaper was barred from setting up the plea that the writing was only fair criticism made through the means of a burlesque; it was held that imputing to the plaintiff something he had never written amounted to a false statement of fact, and was not within fair comment.

The dividing line between opinion and statement of fact is, however, most troublesome. Mr. Odgers, in his excellent work on *Libel and Slander*, remarks that the rule for the distinction between the two should be that "if facts are known to hearers or readers or made known by the writer, and their opinion or criticism refers to these true facts, even if it is a statement in form, it is no less an opinion. But if the statement simply stands alone it is not defended." Applying this rule, what if a critic makes this simple statement: "The latest book of Mr. Anonymous is of interest to no intelligent man"? According to the opinion of Mr. Odgers, it would seem that such a sentence standing alone was a statement of fact, whereas it is ventured that no one can think that the critic meant to say more than that in his opinion the book was not interesting. In Merrivale and Wife *vs.* Carson, the jury found that the words used by the critic described the play as adulterous, and the court said that this was a misdescription of the play, — a false statement of fact; but an adulterous play may be one which is only suggestive of adultery; and even if the critic had baldly said that the play was adulterous, many of us would think that he was only expressing his opinion.

Since the test of whether the statement is of opinion or of fact lies, not in what the critic secretly intended, but rather in what the hearer or reader understood, the question is for the jury, and, it seems, should be presented to them by the court in the form: "Would a reasonable man under the circumstances have understood this to be a statement of opinion or of fact?"

One other care remains for the critic: he must not falsely impute a bad motive to the individual when commenting upon his work. No less a critic than Ruskin was held to have made this mistake in the instance of his criticism of one of Mr. Whistler's pictures. This well-known libel case may be found reported in the *Times* for November 26 and 27, 1878. "The mannerisms and errors of these pictures," wrote Mr. Ruskin, alluding to the pictures of Mr. Burne-Jones, "whatever may be their extent, are never affected or indolent. The work is natural to the painter, however strange to us, and is wrought with utmost care, however far, to his own, or our desire, the result may yet be incomplete. Scarcely as much can be said for any other picture in the modern school; their eccentricities are almost always in some degree forced, and their imperfections gratuitously if not impertinently indulged. For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works

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into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

Out of all this, stinging as it must have been to Mr. Whistler, unless, since he loved enemies and hated friends, he therefore found pleasure in the metaphorical thrashings he received, the jury could only find one phrase, "wilful imposture," which, because it imputed bad motives, overstepped the bounds of fair criticism.

Mr. Odgers's treatise states the rule to be that "when no ground is assigned for an inference of bad motives, or when the writer states the imputation of bad motives as a fact within his knowledge, then he is only protected if the imputation is true. But when the facts are set forth, together with the inference, and the reader may judge of the right or wrong of the opinion or inference, then if the facts are true, the writer is protected." It is, however, difficult to see why the imputation of bad motives in the doer of an act or the creator of a work of art should in any case come under the right of fair comment, for, no matter how bad the motives of the individual may be, they are of no consequence to the public. If a book is immoral, it is immaterial to a fair criticism whether or not the author meant it to have an immoral effect; the public is not helped to a proper judgment of the book by any one's opinion of the motives of the author, and if the book is bad in its effect, it makes it no better that the author was impelled by the best of intentions, or makes it no worse that the author was acting with the most evil designs. And if, as in most of the cases that have arisen, the imputation is one of insincerity, fraud, or deception practiced upon the public, — where, for example, the critic, in commenting upon a medical treatise, about which he had made known all the facts, said that he thought the author wrote the book, not in the interest of scientific truth, but rather to draw trade by exploiting theories which he did not believe himself, — it would seem that this charge of fraud or deception should not be protected as a piece of fair comment, but that it should be put upon an equality with all other imputations against an individual, which if untrue and damaging would be held to be libel or slander. Under Mr. Odgers's rule, in making a comment upon the acts of a public officer, one could say, "In pardoning six criminals last week the governor of the province, we think, has shown that he wishes to encourage criminality." No court would, we think, hold this to be within the right of fair comment upon public matters. If the critic had said, however, "We think that the governor of the province, in pardoning six criminals, encouraged criminality," all the true value of criticism remains, and the imputation that the public officer acted from an evil motive is stripped away. The best view seems to be that the right of fair comment will not shield the false imputations of bad motive.

Whether or not the critic may impute to the individual certain opinions does not seem to be settled, but logically this would be quite as much a statement of fact, or a criticism directed at the individual, as an imputation of bad motives. A few courts in this country have expressed a leaning to the opposite view, but the ground upon which they place their opinion does not appear.

From the legal point of view, then, we as critics are all held to a high standard of fairness. We must not comment upon any but matters of public interest. We must be honest and sincere, but we may express any view, no matter how prejudiced or exaggerated it may be, so long as it does not exceed the limits to which a reasonably fair man would go; we must not attack the individual any more than is consistent with a criticism of that which he makes or does, and we must not expect that we are within our right of

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comment when we make statements of fact or impute to the individual evil motives.

All the world asks the critic to be honest, careful, above spite and personalities, and polite enough not to thrust upon us a consideration in which we have no interest. The law demands no more.

LIFE INSURANCE AND SPECULATION

BY CHARLES J. BULLOCK

I

THREE years ago, the author called the attention of the *Atlantic's* readers to the remarkable concentration of banking interests in the city of New York.[1] It was even then apparent that the larger life insurance companies were an important factor in the financial world, and that the money under their control was being freely utilized in the speculative enterprises of the time. The possible dangers of such relations were so manifest that the author was constrained to refer to them in his account of the general banking situation. But at that time, although rumors were abundant, evidence of actual wrong-doing was difficult to obtain; and the most that could be said was that it was unfortunate "to have life insurance and trust companies drawn so largely into the domain of speculative finance."

The shocking disclosures of the past year have proved that the alliance of insurance with speculative finance was not only improper, upon its very face, but actually productive of such abuses as the slightest knowledge of human nature should have led one to expect. Yet the conditions had existed for many years without arousing serious criticism, and there is reason to think that even now their full significance is not generally understood. The present article, therefore, is devoted to this single phase of the life insurance situation. It proposes to show that the participation of the larger companies in Wall Street speculation explains no small part of the evils that have existed in the past, and points clearly to dangers that will be encountered in the future. It may indicate, also, some of the fundamental conditions which must be met by any plans for genuine reform.

Why the great insurance companies entered the domain of speculation is not hard to understand. For the better part of a generation, they have engaged in a mad race for business, which has been so far successful as to increase enormously the size and scope of their operations. The rapid growth of the funds which they were obliged to hold as a reserve against future liabilities, and the accumulation of large surpluses over and above reserve requirements,[2] placed in their hands an enormous amount of capital for which they were obliged to find some kind of investment. At the present time the gross assets of legal-reserve companies of the United States exceed two and one half billion dollars; and of this amount, something less than one half belongs to the New York Life, the Equitable, and the Mutual Life of New York, — the "Big Three" of the insurance world. How to invest, safely and profitably, such pro-

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1903.

[2] These surpluses, which were supposed to be held for the benefit of holders of "deferred-dividend" policies, were probably the strongest single force making for demoralized, speculative management. Practically, the companies were not accountable for the use made of such funds; and could therefore waste millions, or lose millions in speculative enterprises, without serious danger of discovery.

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digious sums became many years ago a problem of no little difficulty. Real estate and mortgages in New York City and adjacent districts would not have provided a sufficient outlet without forcing the rate of interest down to unremunerative figures; Western investments would involve Eastern companies in considerable expense, care, and risk; and therefore the insurance millions overflowed into the general security market, — Wall Street.

If the officers of the companies had been content to play the part of disinterested investors, sifting the securities offered and purchasing the best, they would have served their policy-holders well, and their relations with Wall Street would have furnished no ground for just criticism. Indeed, by maintaining the highest standards and avoiding all entangling alliances they might have exerted a wholesome influence in behalf of conservative and honest finance. But conservatism and absolute honesty are virtues hard to cultivate in the face of such temptations as Wall Street offers, and the insurance magnates yielded to the seductions there encountered.

In the first place, they were the masters of hundreds of millions of capital, which must be invested and constantly reinvested. It was free capital, not specialized in buildings or machinery or stocks of goods, but free to find investment in any class of securities; from the very nature of the case, therefore, its managers wielded tremendous power in the security market. Their favor was sought by bankers and others who had securities to sell; and they, in turn, thought to extend their influence, and the field for favorable investment, by making alliances with the leaders of the world of finance. Little by little they forgot that their sole function should be the conservative investment of trust funds, and began to participate in active operations of a speculative character, — operations legitimate enough for one who plays with his own money, but grossly improper for those who act as trustees. And then opportunities came to make personal gains from enterprises in which insurance moneys were invested, often without loss to the companies in their charge. Thus nice moral distinctions were blurred; imperceptibly the ordinary obligations of trusteeship were ignored; and gradually life insurance drifted into the devious mazes of Wall Street finance.

But this was not the view of Wall Street, which was well content to have the insurance millions remain within easy reach, and laughed to scorn the suggestion that there was anything dangerous or improper in the situation. "Of course the funds of the insurance companies are in Wall Street," was the universal reply to foolish and inconvenient questions; "where else should they be? Do you think it possible to find investment for so much money in Boston — or Cambridge?" The alliances with other institutions and interests were declared to be highly advantageous to the companies; and the private speculations of officers and trustees could be criticised only by persons of a suspicious turn of mind. Elsewhere it might be difficult to serve two masters; in a small place like Boston it might be unfashionable to combine private business and the management of trust funds; but in Wall Street both things were carried on together with safety and propriety every day in the year. And the doubting Thomas was invited to contemplate the size of the great insurance companies. "Could such magnificent institutions have been built up in a country village, where the officers would have been hampered by old-fashioned business methods and 'paternal' legislation?"

II

Thanks to recent revelations, we can now construct a circumstantial account of the alliance of insurance with high finance. The first stage in the descent to Avernus was the acquisition of large or controlling interests in banks, trust com-

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panies, and other financial institutions. The insurance companies had much business for banks or trust companies to do; why not, then, concentrate it in institutions under their own control, and secure the profits which some one must derive from it? So, too, in the making of real estate and mortgage investments, the services of title-insurance and mortgage companies could be utilized; and here, apparently, lay another opportunity for entering subsidiary enterprises. Then, safe-deposit companies would make good tenants for the basements of the buildings erected with insurance money, and by organizing such concerns the insurance companies could profit both as landlords and stockholders. In all these ways the large companies came to participate more or less actively in outside enterprises. The New York Life, for instance, controlled the New York Security and Trust Company; the Equitable was heavily interested in the National Bank of Commerce, the Mercantile and the Equitable Trust Companies, the Lawyers' Title Insurance Company, and similar concerns in New York and other cities; while the Mutual had large holdings in the Bank of Commerce, the Guaranty, and the Morton Trust Companies, the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, and various other institutions.

At first sight the argument by which these investments were justified — and are still defended — did not lack plausibility. The insurance companies need banking facilities and other services of the sort just described, and it would seem advantageous to handle such matters through their own agents, and thus participate in the profits legitimately accruing therefrom. As a matter of fact, the stocks of allied institutions now owned by the Equitable and the Mutual are valued at much more than the prices originally paid for them; so that these transactions have apparently shown handsome profits. But this view of the case overlooks several important considerations. First and foremost, by the control of these subsidiary enterprises, the insurance managers were carried into a field they ought never to have entered. As powerful bankers and financiers, they almost inevitably became active in Wall Street operations, and lost the independence and conservatism that should have guided all their actions as trustees of insurance funds. It is impossible to gainsay the conclusion reached by the Armstrong Committee, that these investments virtually made the companies partners in enterprises they were never intended to conduct.

And in the next place, the profits realized from the allied institutions were largely illusory. In order to facilitate the operations of the banks and trust companies, enormous sums of insurance money were kept upon deposit with them, usually at two per cent interest. The annual reports of the three big companies at the end of 1902 showed that no less than $62,300,000 of their resources consisted of cash on deposit with banks and trust companies, — an amount which, judging by the experience of other companies, was from two to three times as large as was necessary for any legitimate purpose. And these figures, moreover, show nothing but what the insurance managers, after doctoring their reports or shifting their assets as much as was considered necessary, were willing to report to the insurance department at Albany. We now know that the Equitable Society was in the habit of reducing these balances at the close of the year considerably below their amount at other times. In 1903, for instance, the company had $37,029,000 upon deposit in November; and then reduced the amount to $24,240,000 at the end of December; only to increase it to $39,677,000 by January 31, 1904, after the annual report had been made. There is little doubt that the Mutual and the New York Life were guilty of similar practices; so that it is probable that the three big companies placed eighty or one hundred millions of money in various banking institutions whenever it was needed for Wall Street operations. Upon

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every dollar of these excessive balances the policy-holder lost the difference between the usual two per cent interest allowed by the banks, and the four or four and one half per cent which ought to have been secured. Moreover, it has been proved that at least one of the companies carried excessive balances in the favored banks at times when especially good opportunities were offered for making permanent investments. In August, 1903, when the Equitable Society had $36,399,000 of cash on deposit, President Alexander expressed regret that he was unable to take advantage of unusually favorable conditions in the security market. "We should be buying a good many such things," he wrote to one of his subordinates, "were it not that we are so strapped for money by *engagements already made*. . . . All this is very annoying, because if we had five or ten millions of dollars to invest now, we could make a great deal of money."[1]

And in the second place, some of the allied institutions paid absurdly low rents for the offices they occupied in buildings belonging to the insurance companies, so that the dividends upon their stocks represented, in no small part, rents that were withheld from the rightful recipient. The Equitable Society was probably the worst, but by no means the only, sufferer from such practices.[2] For accommodations in the home office of the Equitable Society, at 120 Broadway, the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company paid an aggregate rental of $483,000 between September 17, 1890, and December 31, 1904; while during the same period the lessor expended no less than $479,000 for alterations, repairs, and similar outlays upon the premises occupied by the lessee. This left the lessor the handsome sum of $4000 to meet the current expenses for heat, light, and service, — to say nothing of a profit upon its investment; and meanwhile the lessee was paying 29 per cent dividends. A similar arrangement with the Equitable Safe Deposit Company of Boston, and its successor, the Security Safe Deposit Company, brought the insurance company a total rental of $168,000 from 1878 to 1904; while alterations and additions to the premises involved an outlay of $162,000 between 1891 and 1904. By this transaction and others, the Equitable Society netted an income of only 1.58 per cent upon its building in Boston, while the Security Safe Deposit Company was enabled to pay 18 per cent dividends. Equally remunerative contracts were made in St. Louis, and probably elsewhere.

Inevitably the development of allied and subsidiary institutions opened the door for corruption. If the insurance companies had owned all the stock of these enterprises, they might have recovered, as stockholders, all they lost as landlords or depositors. But since they owned only a part of it, the other stockholders must share in the pickings; and these others were, of course, the managers of the insurance companies. The late Henry B. Hyde and his friends and successors were stockholders in the concerns that paid infinitesimal rents and declared handsome dividends. They were interested also in the banks or trust companies that held the excessive cash balances at low rates of interest. The managers of the New York Life were interested in the New York Security and Trust Company, and the great men of the Mutual had large

[1] The Armstrong Committee ascertained that, when conditions were favorable, the New York Life kept large deposits with the New York Security and Trust Company at one and one half per cent less than the current rate of interest, in order to provide the Trust Company with resources for making loans. The Mutual Life purchased $6,000,000 of the four per cent bonds of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, while the Trust Company received four and one half per cent on the underlying mortgages by which the bonds were secured.

[1] The Mutual Life probably suffered heavily in this manner, but its affairs have not been probed sufficiently to disclose the true situation. It is reported that leases in the Mutual Life building were overhauled on Oct. 1, 1905, at the time of the Armstrong investigation.

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holdings in a number of institutions. The philanthropic McCurdy, with others of the Clan McCurdy, organized at his home the Morristown Trust Company, in which the Mutual Life held part of the stock and supplied much of the business. Not only did the managers profit at the expense of policy-holders in the ordinary transactions of the parasitic concerns, but they secured illicit gains in the extraordinary operations that were sometimes undertaken. When the Equitable Trust Company increased its stock, the Equitable Life Insurance Society kindly refrained from taking its full allotment at $150 per share, in order that its officers might enlarge their holdings upon these favorable terms. The society was content to provide for its own needs by purchasing subsequently the same stock at $500 per share.[1] When the Western National Bank was merged with the Bank of Commerce, the Equitable Society exchanged its stock in the former institution for stock in the new bank at the rate of $140 of new for $100 of old, with a cash bonus of $70, — a total of $210; while stockholders who did not join in the consolidation were offered $600 in cash. At the time, the book value of Western National shares was $245, and the price which the Equitable received was $35 less. Mr. Snyder, a director of the Equitable and the President of the Bank of Commerce, when asked what the Equitable Society had really gained by the merger, was obliged to say, "Nothing but promises and prospects." [2]

"But anyway," it is argued, "whatever the hypercritical may say, the companies have actually made large profits from ownership of stock in these allied institutions." It should not be forgotten, however, that the market values now assigned the shares in banking institutions are not wholly real. Those values represent, to some extent at least, capitalized insurance plunder; and if the fostering care of the insurance companies should be withdrawn, the market quotations of the stock of various banks and trust companies would be materially reduced. The Frick Committee, which investigated the Equitable's affairs a year ago, was undoubtedly right in declaring: —

"Profit through the increase in market value of a stock can be made only through the actual sale of the stock. A stock is worth no more than it can be liquidated for; and a pertinent question in this connection would be, could the society withdraw its protecting support from these auxiliary concerns and dispose of its stock holdings at present market rates? If it could not, its profit through the appreciation in stock values is at least partly fictitious."

Control of financial institutions was the first step into Wall Street speculation; alliances with the great banking houses and various powerful corporations were the second. It was proper for the companies to call bankers and other men of affairs into their directorates, where they could act in a general advisory capacity; but it was highly improper for such directors to make the companies generally useful to themselves in the corporate or private enterprises with which they were connected. Especially unfortunate was it for some of these gentlemen to serve on important committees that had to deal with investments and other matters in

[1] Then, too, the Equitable in 1903 and 1904 made frequent purchases of Equitable Trust stock at from $640 to $750 per share, and sold various amounts of this stock at about $500 per share. It also bought Mercantile Trust stock at $800 to $1,000, and sold it to Mr. Gould and Mr. Harriman at $500. These sales, it appears, generally had the approval of the finance committee.

[2] The facts here presented concern chiefly the Equitable Society because its affairs have been most fully investigated. A careful private investigation of the Mutual Life's affairs seems to show that, as stock of subsidiary institutions became increasingly valuable, ownership of shares shifted as peculiarly as in the Equitable. The terms of such sales are not yet known; but it seems certain that the company's holdings tended to decrease while those of directors belonging to the inner circle increased.

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which they were personally interested. Corporation ethics are still in a rudimentary stage of development in the United States, and the duties and responsibilities of directors are but dimly apprehended; yet we already had enough dearly-bought experience to warn us of the dangers of the situation.

From the New York Life Insurance Company, President McCall became a director of the First National Bank, and Vice-President Perkins entered the banking house of J. Pierpont Morgan and Co. Then Mr. Stillman, President of the National City Bank, was made a director of the New York Life; and Messrs. McCall and Perkins were added to the directorate of the City Bank. Thus the insurance company was tied up to two of the three largest banks, and the most prominent banking house, in the city of New York. In the Equitable, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., occupied a position on the finance committee; and Mr. Edward H. Harriman, the head of what are coming to be known as the "Standard Oil" railroad interests, became an influential director. In the Mutual Life, Mr. George F. Baker, President of the First National Bank, entered the directorate and was made chairman of the finance committee; Mr. Henry H. Rogers, manager of the speculation side of the Standard Oil interests, became chairman of the agency committee; and Mr. William Rockefeller also entered the board. Other bankers and railroad or financial magnates were among the directors of the three companies, but were not, in most cases, actively concerned in the conduct of affairs. It is sufficient for our present purpose to point out the principal connections established between Wall Street and the business of life insurance. When we recall that the Bank of Commerce, with its $25,000,000 of capital, was under the control of the Equitable and the Mutual, as well as a large number of smaller financial institutions, as described above, it will be seen that the big companies were intimately associated with the three largest banks, two or more of the leading banking houses, numerous chains of banks and trust companies, and the powerful group of Standard Oil capitalists. In 1903 these alliances controlled nearly half of the banking capital of New York, and, in all probability, secured a like proportion of the business transacted; since that time there has been no material change in the tendency toward financial consolidation.

Thus the management of insurance money drifted more and more into the control of persons who were issuing the securities in which the companies invested. The majority of the insurance directors knew little concerning the manner in which affairs were conducted, and the officers, with the support of the executive or finance or agency committees, ran matters to suit themselves. A few men, therefore, began to wield financial power such as the country had never before known, and Wall Street entered upon what it was pleased to call a new era of finance. If a new company was to be launched, an old one supplied with additional capital, or a block of government securities floated, the bankers having the enterprise in charge could safely count upon the aid of the great financial alliances; such support usually secured the success of the undertaking, and the largest operations were put through with the utmost dexterity and despatch. The process dazzled the business world for a time; we now know that the brilliancy of the transactions was due very largely to the fact that the same men were acting as both buyers and sellers.

Precisely how far insurance money figured in these operations we do not know. Mr. Perkins and Mr. Schiff have presented figures showing that the New York Life and the Equitable Society, respectively, purchased but a comparatively small part of the securities which their banking houses placed upon the market during the period in question; but this is not the whole of the matter. In the first

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place, when two of the big companies, or even all three of them, coöperated, the amount of securities thus disposed of was by no means inconsiderable.[1] Then, behind them were ranged the numerous subsidiary institutions which held the cash balances of the insurance companies, balances which, upon occasion, probably ranged from eighty to one hundred million dollars, and could be loaned to persons who were in position to claim a share of the profits that were being distributed to the members of the ring. Moreover, the insurance companies made loans upon collateral security, loans which, as reported to the insurance department, aggregated thirty or forty millions, and were probably larger at times when great projects were under way, and the annual reports were not in process of compilation. The fact is that the direct investments of the large companies, their collateral loans, their deposits with allied institutions, and the loans which those institutions were able to make, have been one of the controlling factors in the money and security market for the last six or eight years. Even before the late disclosures, thoughtful observers were beginning to be alarmed at the concentration of such immense power in a few hands, and were dreading the further growth of a financial oligarchy based partly upon the control of insurance capital. Indeed, the rapid increase in the assets of the big companies seemed to foreshadow conditions in which the insurance magnates would dominate the world of finance.

III

Some of the results of combining life insurance with speculation are now matters of record, but it must not be supposed that we yet know all, or, possibly, the worst of the facts. Even Mr. Hughes, through the shortness of the time at his disposal, was unable to do more than wring from unwilling witnesses sufficient evidence to show the kind of things that had been going on. He discovered enough to serve as a basis for remedial legislation, but had to leave many things untouched. He was obliged, also, to confine his attention chiefly to New York companies; and therefore could not do justice to some others, such as the Prudential Life, of Newark, the close ally of the Mutual and Equitable, which is now trying to prevent an investigation of its affairs by the legislature of New Jersey. The truth is that, whenever and wherever the inquisitor's probe has been inserted into insurance companies having Wall Street connections, a festering mass of corruption has been brought to light. Almost every week that passes discloses new details hitherto unsuspected, and we can only imagine the discoveries that would be made if an honest and independent man like Mr. Hughes, as president of the Equitable, Mutual, or New York Life, were allowed to conduct an investigation from within. It must be remembered, furthermore, that many of the evils, and those the most dangerous, were in their infancy; so that, even if the whole truth were known, we should see but the mere beginning, and not the inevitable end, of organized corruption.

But the facts now at hand are grave indeed. Wall Street magnates constantly borrowed money of insurance companies of which they were trustees, — a practice which seems to have been taken as a mere matter of course. Sometimes they received peculiar favors from companies in which they were not trustees.[2] Mr. Edward H. Harriman, for instance, obtained a loan of $500,000 from the New York Life, which was extended for a very

[1] It was stated, for instance, that with two Japanese loans, amounting to $55,000,000, the insurance subscriptions called for nearly one third of the offering.

[2] In such matters there seems to have been a certain amount of reciprocity between the companies. Thus President McCall of the New York Life borrowed $75,000 from the Metropolitan Life at the very moderate rate of one and one half per cent, while President Hegeman of the Metropolitan Life borrowed $50,000 from President McCall's company at the same reasonable rate.

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long period, and then repaid, in June, 1905, *without interest*. This little oversight was not corrected until after the opening of the present year. The same company showed a disposition to be helpful to the First National Bank, of which President John A. McCall was a director. In 1902 it loaned the bank $5,000,000 of bonds to be used as security for government deposits which were supposed to be secured by bonds owned by the bank. Then, when the bank negotiated a loan of $6,000,000 to Senator W. A. Clark, secured by bonds of an unfinished railroad, the insurance company became a participant in the transaction, lending $500,000 without other security than a letter from the vice-president of the bank, stating that the bank had collateral for the company. It would be interesting, in this connection, to have the loans of the Mutual Life examined, in order to ascertain whether Mr. George F. Baker, president of the bank and trustee of the Mutual, placed a part of this loan with any other company than the New York Life, and if so, upon what collateral. The incident, in any event, illustrates the possible uses which large banks have for insurance companies, and the possible disadvantages of keeping policy-holders' money too near Wall Street.

The relations of the companies to private bankers have occupied an important place in the discussion of the past year, and are probably understood by most readers of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Perkins, a partner in a prominent banking house, was vice-president and a member of the finance committee of the New York Life. In this dual capacity he participated in transactions in which he inevitably figured as buyer and seller of certain securities brought out by the banking house and purchased by the company. An inconvenient statute of New York provides that no officer or director of an insurance company shall "receive any money or valuable thing" for "selling or aiding in the sale of any stock or securities to or by such corporation;" and, accordingly, Mr. Perkins turned over to the company his share in the profits realized by the banking house upon such sales. He has testified that he endeavored to serve both masters well, and was confident that he had done his full duty by both; but the net result of his activity seems to have been that the insurance company furnished a reliable market for "Morgan securities," — digestible and indigestible. Particularly open to criticism were the participation in underwriting the unfortunate International Mercantile Marine Company, and the purchase of collateral trust bonds secured only by the deposit of stock taken at a high valuation.[1] On the board of the Equitable Society, Mr. Schiff refused a position upon the committee analogous to that on which Mr. Perkins served in the New York Life; but so far overcame his scruples as to accept a place upon another committee that was entrusted with the duty of inspecting all investments which the executive committee made for the society. His position, therefore, was not free from serious embarrassment. In 1904, the Equitable Society bought from Kuhn, Loeb and Co. a block of Japanese bonds at 93½, which it *resold to the bankers* a few months later at about 91, a loss of 2½ points on the transaction. From the same firm the Equitable bought Metropolitan Street Railway refunding bonds, not underlying securities, and paying but four per cent, at about 97. These bonds are now selling at 90 or 91, and are an interesting illustration of the fact that it is sometimes better to buy in the open market than to have close relations with a banking house. Then, too, the Equitable bought certain collateral trust bonds, a kind of investment which, as Mr. Schiff

[1] When, for instance, Mr. Morgan acquired a controlling interest in the Louisville and Nashville, buying at a very high figure, the stock was saddled upon the Atlantic Coast Line, which issued collateral trust bonds secured by the stock. The New York Life Insurance Company promptly invested in $5,000,000 of these bonds, the book value of which it stated at $5,000,000 on December 31, 1902. To-day the bonds sell for less than 95.

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has since admitted, an insurance company "on principle" would better avoid. His experience, therefore, in supervising the Equitable's investments may well deter others from entering into relations of such delicacy.

Not content with serving in his dual capacity, Mr. Perkins undertook even a third rôle, and became a trustee of "Nylic," a parasitic association of highly-paid agents of the New York Life. This made his part in the game extremely complex, as the following incident will show. Upon one occasion Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Co. were invited to coöperate in the purchase of a block of Mexican Central bonds, and the matter was referred to partner Perkins, who decided that "business reasons" made it undesirable for the firm to accept the proposal. The project seemed an attractive one, however, and he agreed forthwith to take $1,000,000 of the bonds for "Nylic." But "Nylic" did not have the needed cash in its treasury, so that it was necessary to borrow; and, accordingly, Mr. Perkins secured from the New York Life Insurance Company, at five per cent interest, a loan by means of which the transaction was carried through. Here we have Perkins, the partner, rejecting a business proposition; and then, after a "constructive recess," Perkins, the "Nylic" trustee, accepting the offer, upon confidential information that Perkins, the New York Life Director, would consent to finance the undertaking. There were probably good business reasons why the banking house should not accept the bonds; but it is not so easy to see why the insurance company, which furnished all the money, should not have received all the profits. As it was, Mr. Perkins allowed the New York Life five per cent interest for supplying the money; and allotted the profits, amounting to $40,000, to "Nylic," which contributed to the venture nothing but the services of a trustee. He found difficulty in explaining the affair to Mr. Hughes, and might find it still harder to explain to Mr. Jerome why the payment of $40,000 to "Nylic" was not an unlawful diversion of insurance funds.

In late years, participation in "underwriting" enterprises has been a favorite method of combining life insurance and speculation. When a banker undertakes to bring out large issues of securities for which he guarantees the issuer a certain price, he invites the coöperation of financial institutions and private capitalists in order to divide the risk attending the operation. If the banker underwrites securities at 91, he may form a syndicate to take up a large part of the securities at 91½, thus allowing himself an initial commission of one half of one per cent. If he then succeeds in selling the securities in the market at an average price of 96, there will be a handsome profit to be divided among the members of the syndicate. If, however, it proves impossible to sell the securities at 91½, the members will have to pay the full amount of their subscriptions; and will lose the difference between the price they pay and the price the securities ultimately command. Where an issue finds a ready market at a high price, the syndicate is called upon for little or no cash, but reaps large profits; and this, in prosperous times, is all that underwriting is thought to involve. But in such a project as the flotation of the International Mercantile Marine Company, the underwriters have to pay their subscriptions in full, and the syndicate receives a batch of indigestible securities which cannot be unloaded upon the market without great loss. Underwriting, therefore, is a speculative enterprise, in which success or failure depends upon the future prices of particular stocks or bonds, frequently those of new and untried companies. For a person who invests his own money, it may be both pleasant and profitable; for one who handles trust funds, it is no more and no less objectionable than any other speculation in securities.

But it has been argued that the large insurance companies were justified in joining underwriting syndicates, because in this way they were enabled to "get in on the ground floor," and obtained

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desirable investments at less than the subsequent market prices. This argument would apply, in any case, only to syndicates in which the companies underwrite securities which they desire to hold as permanent investments, and are allowed to withdraw the bonds or stocks for which they subscribe. If this is done, the companies may obtain investments a little under the market price;[1] yet not in all cases, since securities sometimes sell at a lower price than that at which they were underwritten. But in most syndicates the members were not allowed to withdraw in this manner; and if they desired permanent investments, were obliged to go into the open market and purchase at the regular price. The syndicate transactions, therefore, were purely speculative; and in many instances dealt with securities that the companies would not have thought of holding as regular investments. Nevertheless, for fully a decade, life insurance funds were freely used in most of the important underwriting ventures in New York.

The matter was made worse by speculating directors, who, while contributing to the success of a project by committing their company to it, proceeded to enter the speculation upon their own account. At first, insurance directors would slink into the offices of bankers, and beg for a small personal participation in the syndicate; later, they demanded it as a condition precedent to favorable action by their companies; and at last they formed syndicates among themselves, and reduced the practice to a science, making little attempt at concealment. Wall Street, of course, knew what was going on, and considered it the most natural thing in the world. When they appeared before the Armstrong Committee, the offenders pleaded that they did not allow their personal interest in the speculations to affect their judgment as directors, and protested that it would be impossible to find officers for corporations if private investments were to be restricted by puritanical notions about the obligations of trustees. Yet when Mr. Hughes confronted them with the plain question, "Do you think it proper that you should make money out of purchases of securities by your company?" they could only say they had never looked at the matter in that way. In point of fact, they had usually sent their companies into the open market to support by purchases the prices of the securities upon which their personal gains from the syndicate transactions depended.

In some of the underwriting projects the insurance companies made considerable money; but in a few, they met with losses. The first United States Steel syndicate conducted a very successful speculation; the Mercantile Marine underwriting proved an unsuccessful venture. In most cases the gains were moderate, since the lion's share of the profit was diverted into other hands. Directors had to get part of the underwriting; subsidiary banks or trust companies must be allowed to participate;[2] and occasionally the profits were expended for political and other purposes that would not look well if recorded upon an insurance company's

[1] It was argued also that the bankers held the key to the situation, and that the companies must "stand in" with them in order to obtain the best terms. It is now generally conceded that the big companies were such large customers that they, and not the bankers, occupied the position of advantage. If they had maintained a perfectly independent position, and made alliances with no particular bankers, they would have had a free hand in purchasing the best the market afforded.

[2] One such case should be described here. In the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy syndicate, the Equitable was allotted a participation of $1,500,000. Of this amount two thirds was given by the Equitable to allied financial institutions and speculating directors. All of the money, however, was supplied by the insurance company, the other parties paying nothing. When the profits were received, the Equitable retained but one third, and distributed the remainder among the associated speculators. All this time, moreover, the insurance company was in the market purchasing the bonds, and thereby contributing to the syndicate's profits.

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books. Then by opening "joint accounts" with some favored banker, the company would receive but half the profits from deals in which it supplied all the cash; the banker, who received the other half of the profits, supplying nothing but "facilities." Of this class were the celebrated transactions of the New York Life, which Mr. Perkins negotiated with the firm of Fanshawe and Co. The most interesting, perhaps, of all these speculative deals was the $50,000,000 pool in Union Pacific preferred stock, engineered for Mr. Harriman by Kuhn, Loeb and Co. As a favor to Mr. Hyde, Mr. Harriman allowed the Equitable Society to purchase some $1,900,000 of the stock under an agreement that the securities should not be sold, but should be held as long as the operations of the pool continued. Even if the profits from such ventures had been uniformly large, they would have been all too dearly bought by insurance companies; for if speculative deals undertaken at the behest of bankers and railroad magnates had continued, ultimate disaster would have been almost certain.

With the other abuses disclosed during the past year this article is not concerned, except in so far as they bear upon the alliance of insurance and speculative finance. Control of the mutual companies, like the New York and Mutual Life, had fallen absolutely into the hands of the managers through their power to obtain proxies. In sole possession of the names and addresses of policy-holders, and with the aid of the agents in the field, the officers could bid defiance to any one who attempted to organize an opposition. With the directors divided into classes, of which only one class could be displaced in any year, the task of a policy-holders' committee, under any ordinary conditions, would have been simply overwhelming. The directors, as a rule, "did not direct," and knew comparatively little about their companies; while the few who were active in the management were usually gentlemen who had ulterior objects in view. And then of legal interference there was slight danger, since the notorious Section 56 of the New York insurance law made it impossible for policy-holders to bring suits against a company without the consent of the attorney-general;[1] and with that official the companies expected to have the last word. Finally, political influence, at Albany and elsewhere, made legislative interference unlikely. Irresponsible control, by executive officers and a coterie of speculating directors, seemed to be impregnably defended by the firmest ramparts ever erected for entrenched rascality. Thus ideal conditions were assured for operations in "high finance," which, whatever its form, always means irresponsible control of other persons' money.

The various states, of course, had provided insurance departments to supervise the companies and protect the interests of the policy-holders. In Massachusetts an able and honest official a few years ago brought the Prudential Life to book for its proposed merger, upon scandalous terms, with the Fidelity Trust Company. But such cases were not common, and the average state commissioner was inefficient or corrupt, — or both. The annual reports of the insurance companies were systematically manipulated in order to conceal the true condition of their affairs, and the complaisant officials at Albany conducted but perfunctory examinations. Campaign contributions were not properly recorded, although the law provided that falsifying books should be punished as forgery in the third degree. The New York Life availed itself of its intimate relations with the New York Trust Company, successor to the New York Security and Trust Company, to conceal the fact that it owned

[1] By a recent opinion of Judge Kellogg, in a suit brought against the Equitable Society by a policy-holder, this section has been given an interpretation which opens the door for suits brought against directors to secure an accounting for funds which have been mismanaged or misapplied.

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corporation stocks, a kind of investment which the company announced in annual reports and public statements that it did not hold. Then Mr. Perkins's connection with a banking house enabled the company, between December 31, 1903, and January 2, 1904, to juggle investments in such a way as to conceal its participation in $800,000 of Mercantile Marine underwriting, and to falsify its sworn report to the insurance department. The Equitable Society utilized similarly its connection with Kuhn, Loeb and Co. by arranging year's-end loans to office boys and clerks of the banking house, in order to facilitate the doctoring of its sworn reports. In these and some other transactions the insurance magnates probably laid themselves open to criminal prosecution, — even in New York, "the city of refuge for the criminal rich." Yet so firmly were they entrenched — financially, legally, and politically — that they would probably be in full control to-day, if internal dissensions had not revealed enough of their wrong-doing to make public investigation inevitable.

IV

For several months the large companies, with singular obtuseness, showed no appreciation of the situation. They had weathered other storms, and believed that this one would soon blow over and be forgotten. With effrontery that now seems incredible, the Mutual and the New York Life sought to utilize the early disclosures concerning the Equitable for the purpose of making a raid upon the business of that company. Even within the Equitable Society, the most dangerous of the Wall Street directors hoped to oust the Alexander management, and bring the organization under their absolute control. Only when startling revelations had raised popular indignation to a pitch that made further trifling dangerous, did the offenders begin to see the error of their ways. And then, of course, they professed complete change of heart, and assured the public that all abuses would be speedily righted. The matter, they said, was one which called for little or no legislative interference; life insurance, like trusts or the tariff, should be reformed by its friends.

The advertised process of reform began in the Equitable Society. Realizing that his position was no longer tenable, Mr. James H. Hyde sold his controlling interest in the stock ($51,000 out of $100,000) to Mr. Thomas F. Ryan for the sum of $2,500,000. At the same time, and virtually as a part of the transaction, Mr. Paul Morton was made president of the society. Mr. Ryan then placed his stock for a period of five years in the control of three trustees who are empowered to select directors, twenty-four according to their own views, and twenty-eight after ascertaining the wishes of policy-holders. Under this arrangement some good men have been placed upon the board of directors; but the plan is hardly more than a makeshift, and cannot be considered a permanent solution of the difficulties attending stock ownership of insurance companies. It is stated that Mr. Ryan has agreed to sell his stock to the society for the price which he paid plus interest at four per cent, but no movement has yet been made in this direction. Meanwhile, under the new management, various economies have been effected, and certain abuses have come to an end, — at least, for the present. Among other things, the cash balances kept with subsidiary banks and trust companies have been greatly reduced. With these changes the process of reform is now declared to be complete.

Unfortunately there are the best of reasons for believing that the present position of the Equitable Society is far from satisfactory. The first of these is found in the history and present affiliations of Mr. Ryan himself. He has testified that in his purchase of the Equitable stock he was actuated by purely altruistic motives; but his past record in American Tobacco, in New York traction enterprises, in Con-

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solidated Gas, and in city and state politics, proves that he is not in the habit of combining altruism with business. It so happens, moreover, that in his relation to the Washington Life Insurance Company he has demonstrated precisely what his notions of philanthropy are, at least as applied to the business of life insurance. That company having become embarrassed, Mr. Ryan acquired one third of its stock in 1904, and was made a member of the executive committee. Prior to that time the company had invested mainly in real estate and mortgages; but under its new management large purchases of securities were begun, and, curiously enough, forty per cent of them were made through the brokerage firm of which Mr. Ryan's sons were members. Then, too, by a similar coincidence, many of the securities bought were those of the American Tobacco Company and other concerns in which Mr. Ryan and his associates were interested. Finally, the insurance company transferred its bank accounts to institutions controlled by Mr. Ryan and his friends. On December 21, 1902, it had but $232,000 in office and in banks; but in January, 1905, its deposits in the Morton Trust Company, controlled by the new managers, amounted to $1,157,000. These performances are enough to show that, whatever his success in other lines of philanthropy, Mr. Ryan is almost the last man whom one would entrust with the control of an insurance company, large or small.

Although opposition may yet develop among some of the new members of the board of directors, Mr. Ryan is now supreme in the affairs of the Equitable Society. In the president's chair he has placed a man who knew nothing about the business of life insurance, and came to New York wearing several ineffectual coats of whitewash, which failed to conceal his previous record as a violator of the Interstate Commerce Act. Conspicuous among the offenses of his railroad had been the granting of rebates to his own brothers, a fact that would indicate that Mr. Morton's ideas upon the application of altruism to the transportation industry exactly coincide with Mr. Ryan's notions about the relation of philanthropy to life insurance. Mr. Morton has made no radical change in the all-important executive committee of the Equitable Society, upon which he is content to sit with several of the directors who belonged to the notorious underwriting syndicates, which, more than anything else, led to the retirement of Messrs. Alexander and Hyde. He has not taken the first step to sever the Equitable's relations with the financial institutions which connected the society with Wall Street; but, on the contrary, has accepted positions on the boards of the Bank of Commerce and the Equitable Trust Company. Prominent on the executive committee of the Equitable Society are the presidents of these allied institutions; and over all hovers Mr. Paul Cravath, Mr. Ryan's personal counsel.

As this is written, Mr. Morton has appeared before a committee of the New York Legislature to protest against the passage of a bill prohibiting insurance companies from investing in corporation stocks or collateral trust bonds secured mainly by hypothecated stock. He stated that he accepted the conclusion of the Armstrong Committee that it is undesirable for insurance companies to "control or dominate" financial institutions, but pleaded that they be allowed to own stock in banks and trust companies up to the limit of twenty per cent of the total capital. Since the Equitable Society and the Mutual Life are heavily interested in the Bank of Commerce and some other financial institutions, Mr. Morton's proposal would hardly disturb existing conditions; and a little judicious redistribution of present holdings would be all that would be needed to keep the control of other concerns well in hand.[1] In similar

[1] In considering this point it is necessary to remember that the directors and officers of the companies also hold stock in the subsidiary concerns. Mr. Ryan, too, is interested in the Bank of Commerce.

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vein, he urged that, under some restrictions, insurance companies should be permitted to purchase collateral trust bonds, the favorite device by which magnates obtain irresponsible control of railway properties,[1] and should not be forbidden to participate in underwriting syndicates. If his views should be accepted by the legislature, the proposed reform of the insurance laws would impair the usefulness of the Equitable Society to Mr. Ryan as little as the alleged reform of its management has done.

It is true, indeed, that the past year has seen the end of certain abuses and the introduction of important economies in administration; but, so far as Wall Street affiliations are concerned, the position of the Equitable Society is distinctly worse than before the late upheaval. President Alexander, whatever his faults, was the creature of no financial magnate; and, when compelled to choose, finally placed himself squarely between the society's millions and the speculative clique which sought to control them for personal ends. No similar obstacle stands in Mr. Ryan's way, unless, perchance, some of the new directors prove refractory. It is true that "mutualization" is contemplated, but this will merely eliminate stock control. The policy-holders may receive the right to elect directors, but the machinery of the company is now in Mr. Ryan's hands, and his influence will not necessarily be shaken. In the past, the mutual companies have been controlled absolutely by their officers; and the Equitable's present owner is perfectly aware of that fact. Mutualization, he doubtless expects, will simply relieve him of the necessity of keeping $2,500,000 tied up in $51,000 of securities that yield but $3,570 per year. Nothing but a radical change in the law relating to the election of directors in mutual companies, supplemented by a general uprising of policy-holders, is likely to upset his plans.

So long as the insurance disclosures were confined to the Equitable Society, the Mutual and the New York Life maintained an attitude of conscious virtue, and endeavored to draw business away from their rival. Last fall, when their managers were obliged to go before the Armstrong Committee, they set their publicity bureaus working over time in order to enlighten the public, and filled the newspapers with interesting reading matter, inserted at one dollar per line, assuring us that their records were beyond reproach. It took Mr. Hughes but a short time to expose the secrets of these whited sepulchres, and blast the reputations of their principal officers. The necessity of radical changes soon became evident; but the companies displayed no indecent haste in undertaking the work of reform. At length, however, Messrs. McCall and McCurdy resigned, and committees were appointed to clean and disinfect the premises.

The Mutual Life set its "housecleaners" at work late in October. Mr. W. H. Truesdale was chairman of the committee, and Mr. J. W. Auchincloss and Mr. Stuyvesant Fish were the other members. None of them had been identified actively with the previous management, but Mr. Fish was the only one who possessed the courage and independence needed for the task ahead of them.[2] Plans were made for a thorough investigation of the company from top to bottom, an investigation that must necessarily have laid bare the shortcomings of the Wall Street directors under the old régime. Immediately a movement was started by Mr. George F. Baker and Henry H. Rogers, chairmen, respectively, of the finance and agency committees, to secure a new president for the company. The better ele-

[1] When stock is purchased by an issue of collateral trust bonds, the magnates obtain the voting power which the stock confers upon its owner, in exchange for bonds which confer no voting power upon their holders.

[2] It should be pointed out in this connection that Mr. Truesdale is president of a railroad which numbers among its directors Mr. G. F. Baker, Mr. William Rockefeller, and Mr. James Stillman. Like the other anthracite coal roads, it is under very close Wall Street control.

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ment in the directorate opposed precipitate action, but, through the methods of persuasion of which Mr. Rogers is a past master, were finally induced to give their consent. The choice fell upon Mr. Charles A. Peabody, law partner of the brother of Mr. G. F. Baker, counsel of the First National Bank, and director in various corporations. Without considering what other qualifications he may have possessed, it is evident that Mr. Peabody was utterly disqualified for the main work before him, — investigating the very men who had placed him in office, and taking the Mutual Life Insurance Company out of Wall Street.

Before long it was apparent that some mysterious influence was interfering with the investigation by the "housecleaning" committee. Rumors were rife for a time; then Mr. Fish resigned from the committee, and, soon after, from the directorate of the company. Authenticated documents, now matters of record, enable us to determine the material facts in the episode.

Upon the basis of evidence easily obtainable, the Truesdale Committee recommended that suits be brought against various members of the Clan McCurdy to recover excessive salaries and commissions paid them without proper authority. But many dark places remained unexplored, some of the books and records had been destroyed, employees had been spirited out of the state, and the committee was obliged to ask the president to institute inquiries concerning various acts of officers, employees, and *trustees*, including particularly their relations with allied and subsidiary companies. Such information, it stated, would be absolutely necessary for the preparation of further suits that might need to be instituted. This was carrying the war into Africa, into the very heart of the Dark Continent; but it was the least that honest investigators could do.

The institution of suits against the McCurdys would have been a simple matter, except for the fact that such litigation might bring out unpleasant information about men still on the board of directors. Mr. Rogers, for instance, was chairman of the agency committee which was supposed to supervise the scandalous contracts made with Robert H. McCurdy, Raymond and Co., and other agents. Mr. George F. Baker was chairman of the subcommittee which fixed the excessive salaries to which some of the suits would relate; and other directors might be involved in the illegal campaign contributions and even more serious matters. Accordingly Mr. Julian T. Davies, the Mutual's legal adviser, had from the start urged the Truesdale Committee to effect some compromise with the McCurdys, and thereby avoid litigation. After long delay, the board of directors decided to begin legal proceedings. If the suits are not compromised in the meantime, they may, in the congested New York courts, be brought to a conclusion in three or four years.

But far more important than the prosecution of a few scapegoats was the demand of the investigators that the searchlight be turned upon persons still connected with the company, as officers, employees, or trustees.[1] This brought from President Peabody the suggestion that, while it was practicable for him to investigate all the employees, he believed that this course would accomplish "no good purpose," and might disturb or disorganize the force. Although he knew that the records and vouchers of the supply department were destroyed, that former employees had taken to flight,[2] and that he was in charge of a concern generally

[1] The propriety both of the form and scope of this requisition is shown by the fact that it was substantially the same as the one used in the Equitable Society with apparent success.

[2] It is now known that Andrew C. Fields, the chief of the fugitives, has been for some time in Texas, near the office of the general agent of the Mutual Life in that state. The present management, therefore, is fairly chargeable with the absence of this important witness needed by the investigating committee.

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supposed to be honeycombed with the meanest kind of dishonesty, he declined to proceed unless the committee would bring specific charges against particular persons, — a thing which could be done only after, and not before, such a general house-cleaning as it was proposed to begin. Then, so far as the trustees were concerned, Mr. Peabody flatly refused to make any inquiries, but suggested that the committee might do so.

Meanwhile, Mr. Peabody was conferring with the chairman of the committee, who, without authority, informed him that he need not comply with the committee's request for information. Mr. Truesdale also gave out to the press a clearly inspired statement that the officers of the company had done everything in their power to facilitate the work of the investigators. Moreover, the management began to solicit proxies from policy-holders for use at the approaching annual meeting of the company, and persuaded Mr. Auchincloss to become a member of the committee of three to hold the proxies as they might come in. From this arrangement the policy-holders and the public naturally inferred that the Mutual's management and the house-cleaning committee were working in perfect accord. To make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Peabody himself told the newspapers that he knew of no dissensions among the investigators, and that a complete examination was certain to be made.

Everything depended upon the action of Mr. Fish, and tremendous pressure was exerted to compel him to accede to a policy of masterly inaction. Tactics such as the Standard Oil magnates usually employ were brought to bear; and Mr. Harriman, their railroad manager, started a campaign to secure immediate control of the Illinois Central Railroad and oust Mr. Fish from its presidency. When the right moment came, Mr. Fish forced the hands of Messrs. Truesdale and Auchincloss. At a final meeting he proposed that, inasmuch as Mr. Peabody had refused to investigate the conduct of the trustees, the committee should take him at his word and institute such an inquiry. When this motion was promptly negatived, he then proposed that the committee renew its original requisition upon the president, with which Mr. Peabody had been informed by Mr. Truesdale that he need not comply. Again Messrs. Truesdale and Auchincloss voted no; and Mr. Fish then tendered his resignation. Within an hour, in order to encourage other investigators of the Mutual Life's affairs, Mr. Peabody, as director of the Illinois Central, made a personal demand, supported by a written memorandum, for an investigation of President Fish's administration.

Subsequent events have merely made the situation clearer. Messrs. Truesdale and Auchincloss at once modified the requests made of President Peabody, eliminating all inconvenient questions about directors. Reform in the Mutual Life, according to Mr. Peabody's notions, is not going to begin at the top, but must be confined to clerks, janitors, and scrubwomen. These persons must remember that they are in charge of funds destined for widows and orphans, and need no longer expect to be furnished with wine, Persian rugs, and free telephone service at the expense of the company. Meanwhile, policy-holders are requested to send in proxies, valid for five years, to be voted by the present management in furtherance of insurance reform.

Following Mr. Fish's resignation, a number of the other directors, Mr. Morris of Philadelphia, Mr. Olcott of Albany, and Mr. Speyer of New York, severed their connection with the board, where it was evident that they could no longer be of service to the policy-holders, and their positions might be misunderstood. Some of the remaining directors are contemplating similar action, but the usual pressure is being exerted to keep them where they are. The Wall Street directors, of course, retain their posts upon the important committees, and seem convinced that the company cannot dispense with

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their services. Some of them are the men of whom the Armstrong Committee said: "In these syndicates officers and members of the finance committee have in many cases participated, with the result that not only has the company joined in underwritings foreign to the purpose of its organization, but through its purchases of securities its officers and those controlling its investments have largely profited." Naturally enough, they are enthusiastic supporters of President Peabody's administration. Reorganized upon the same conservative lines followed in the Equitable Society, and with its honest directors resigning to save their reputations, the Mutual Life is the victim of a reform that makes its last state decidedly worse than its first. Unless an internal explosion or an uprising of policy-holders occurs, the company will fall under the absolute control of a Wall Street clique in which Standard Oil influence is at present the dominating factor.[1]

In the New York Life, President McCall was finally induced to resign; yet Mr. Perkins was allowed to remain a member of the board, relinquishing his post as vice-president, but adhering tenaciously to a position on the finance committee. In December a committee was appointed to undertake the Augean task of cleaning the company's house; and then, for the formidable task of rehabilitating the discredited corporation, the trustees chose a new president seventy-five years old, and already burdened with the chairmanship of the New York Rapid Transit Commission.

At the time of writing, the house-cleaners have gone no farther than to recommend that suits be instituted to recover from Andrew Hamilton and the McCall estate money illegally disbursed for political and legal expenses. They have not yet taken up such subjects as joint accounts, crooked bookkeeping, and underwriting enterprises. So far as now appears, the disposition of the board is to lay all blame upon a couple of scapegoats, and then await developments. It is not probable, however, that matters can rest there; for it is incredible that all of the trustees should have been ignorant of the irregular and dishonest transactions that have been brought to light.[2] Already the insurance commissioners of five Western states, after completing a joint examination and disclosing new abuses, have declared: "If our criticisms are just, as we

[1] As the proofsheets are returned to the printer, the surviving members of the Truesdale Committee have instituted an inquiry concerning trustees, and brought suit against ex-President McCurdy. This is a tardy acknowledgment of the justice of Mr. Fish's position at every point; it does not, however, restore confidence in the men who, as long as they dared, endeavored to strangle the investigation and mislead the public. The events narrated above have discredited hopelessly the present administration of the company. Upon March 24, the New York *Evening Post* reported that it is generally acknowledged in the financial district "that there is a storm gathering over the Mutual Life Insurance Company, the magnitude of which may make the Equitable trouble of a year ago appear insignificant by comparison." How soon the storm will break cannot be foretold; but the resignations of vice-presidents Gillette and Grannis were announced on March 26, and other changes were then rumored. Credit for whatever may be accomplished belongs primarily to Mr. Fish, whose resolute stand forced the impending crisis.

[2] The latest developments place the trustees in a still more unenviable position. The outcast Hamilton has returned to denounce them as "curs" for trying to make a scapegoat of President McCall, and asserts that many of them knew of all the questionable transactions. So far as the political contributions are concerned, the trustees promptly acknowledged the truth of Hamilton's charges by announcing that the suits to recover these sums from the McCall estate would be discontinued, and that they would themselves reimburse the company. The board is now fighting to prevent itself from being legislated out of office, and in this effort seems to have the support of such ardent reformers as Senators McCarren, Raines, and Grady. The present management, in fact, has left undone nothing that would be calculated to bring it into general distrust and contempt. Andrew Hamilton is almost a respectable figure beside the men who cowered under his recent attacks.

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believe them to be, many of them must be directed against the entire board of trustees." In the case of Mr. Perkins, at least, there can be no shadow of doubt that he has outlived his usefulness as an insurance trustee; and so long as the other members of the board are content to have him as a colleague, they must not wonder if the man in the street doubts their zeal as reformers. Moreover, the extraordinary measures recently adopted in order to obtain proxies are suggestive of the worst traditions of the old régime. Like the Equitable and the Mutual, the New York Life has not yet brought forth fruits meet for repentance.

V

A candid survey of the present condition of the three largest companies yields no evidence that their managers have the slightest intention of divorcing life insurance from Wall Street control. On the contrary, the Equitable and the Mutual are under more dangerous influence than ever before; while the New York Life has thus far followed a temporizing policy, waiting, apparently, for the incidents of the last year to be forgotten. Though caught red-handed but a few months ago, they now reappear at Albany as the natural guardians of the widow and orphan, to protest against the enactment of the only legislation that can put an end to the speculative control of insurance funds. Amazingly indifferent to awakened public opinion, and unabashed by their recent experience in the pillory and stocks, they patronizingly admit the good intentions of the Armstrong Committee, and then attack the most essential reforms that the Committee has proposed. Under these conditions there can be no doubt concerning the sort of action to be taken.

In the first place, the size of insurance companies must be restricted, — un-American as the proposal may sound. Already a company of the largest size holds assets of four hundred millions, or more; to-morrow, if nothing is done, billion-dollar companies will be the order of the day. The difficulty experienced by a single management in finding safe investment for so much capital, and the temptation offered designing men to control such resources for purposes of their own, make the further concentration of financial power in a few hands a public danger of the first magnitude. In New York city a moneyed oligarchy is now in course of formation, which has sought to dispose of the insurance millions at its pleasure; enforced decentralization has become an absolute necessity. Either by limiting the aggregate amount of insurance that a single company may write, or by restricting the amount to be written in any year, — which, of course, will ultimately limit the total insurance in force, — the race for mere bigness must be brought to an end.

In the next place, as the Armstrong Report recommends, forms of policies must be standardized, and measures adopted to enforce an annual accounting with the policy-holders and abolish the deferred dividend, tontine, *et id genus omne*. It is perfectly clear that the growth of huge surpluses for which the companies were compelled to render no account produced both extravagance and dishonesty, and made it possible to take speculative risks without danger of exposure in case the ventures proved unsuccessful. Conservative and non-speculative management will not be had until the companies are obliged to make an annual accounting for their stewardships.

Then, investment in stocks and collateral trust bonds secured by stock must be restrained. Mr. Paul Morton's plea that the companies be allowed to retain bank stock up to twenty per cent of the outstanding capital, hold collateral trust bonds, buy railroad stock, and participate in underwriting syndicates, is merely evidence of singular obtuseness as to the conditions under which life insurance is hereafter to be conducted. Investment in financial institutions has had a fair

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trial, and has proved too dangerous a thing to tolerate in any degree whatever. The ownership of other stocks may be less objectionable, but must be restricted to an insignificant proportion — as one or two per cent — of any issue, if life insurance companies are to be removed from active participation in industrial and financial affairs. Perhaps an absolute prohibition, as recommended by the Armstrong Committee, will prove ultimately to be the only practicable course. And as for syndicate transactions, — these are now part of a dead past which insurance managers would best leave undisturbed. Further attempts to resuscitate that issue may end Mr. Morton's usefulness, even to his present employer.

Finally, our insurance laws must hereafter extend to policy-holders in a mutual company a reasonable opportunity to make effective the control they are supposed to possess over its affairs. Hitherto the officers of the companies, having sole access to the names of policy-holders, forcing the insured to execute proxies, and making judicious use of the agents in the field, have been practically undisturbed in their positions. Hereafter the names of policy-holders should be disclosed, and satisfactory machinery devised for securing a full vote and an honest count. Upon this point, as upon most of the others, the recommendations of the Armstrong Committee blaze the path for future reforms. Whether stock control of life insurance companies can be long permitted is too large a question to discuss here. But when we reflect that, unlike a fire-insurance contract, a contract for life insurance binds the insured to a particular company for life, or for such periods as twenty or thirty years, it may be doubted whether the stock company can offer the security afforded by companies that are mutual in fact as well as in name.

These suggestions, while far from covering the whole field of reform, may point the way to the divorce of life insurance from speculation, — at least so far as legislation can effect the separation. But no changes in statutes will dispense with the need of intelligent and persistent action on the part of policy-holders, present and prospective. The law can enfranchise, but must then leave the responsibility with the enfranchised; it can organize life insurance upon the right basis, but the working of the machinery will depend largely upon the men who are placed in control. The insurance business needs better laws; but it stands in far greater need of better men in positions of trust and power, and such men can be had only if the policy-holders exercise intelligent discrimination in eliminating the unfit. If directors of New York mutual companies are legislated out of office, as is now proposed, there will be a fine opportunity to start anew with a clean slate. The names of the faithless directors and trustees of the old régime are on record, and these gentlemen can be invited to devote their talents to other fields. The officers of such speculative concerns as the Amalgamated Copper Company, and of oppressive trusts, like the Standard Oil Company, are well known, and need not be continued in charge of money destined for widows and orphans. These gentlemen are conspicuous in the professions of speculative finance and commercial piracy; they are not well qualified to care for the pittances that men of modest means set aside to provide for their families. Then, partners in banking houses and officers in great banks that have many uses for insurance companies should not be deemed eligible, if they have manifested in the past a desire to "dominate" all corporations within their reach; in the future the business of life insurance should not be "dominated" by great men of the world of finance. Some directors will be found upon the boards of the three big companies who fall within two or more of these classes, and in such cases one who desires to make life insurance protection and not speculation need have no difficulty in determining his vote.

And similar discrimination must be

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practiced in subsequent years, until the large companies have severed their last connections with Wall Street, and have had time to recreate their traditions. This will not be the work of a day, for the spirit of speculation and theft will not be readily exorcised; "this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Legislation, after all, while it must create some needed safeguards, and abolish certain forms of temptation, cannot go to the root of the difficulty. Unless we are ready to turn the business over entirely to the government, the elimination of speculation from life insurance will rest ultimately with the policy-holder.

BAEDEKER IN THE MAKING

BY JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

It would be interesting, but undoubtedly difficult, to trace the stream of guidebooks to its original source. Such slight researches as I have made seem to indicate that possibly Baedeker, like so many other good things, may have had a Semitic origin. At any rate, the Prophet Isaiah (xxxv, 8) wrote of something the object of which, to use his own words as given in the Authorized Version, was to insure that "wayfaring men, though fools, should not err therein." If this was not a guidebook, I do not know what it was. It is not stated that a system of starring entered into the Prophet's plan; but we have good evidence that stars were used for guidance in very early times. *Sic itur ad astra* has always been regarded as a respectable motto; and there are more ways than one of hitching one's wagon to a star. Omitting Herodotus, who would probably be voted as altogether too entertaining to pass as a progenitor of Baedeker, we come to Pausanias, who, in the second century of our era, wrote a careful itinerary of Greece, still sometimes used as a guide by Harvard professors and other learned travelers. Some might assert that the description given of his work by one authority might have been penned of Baedeker himself. "His style is unpretentious and easy, although devoid of any literary grace, but his Itinerary possesses the rare merit of being the work of an honest and accurate eyewitness. . . . His observations seldom rise out of the prosaic atmosphere proper to the catalogue." Later, and especially after the invention of printing, numerous books were published under such titles as *Viatorium* or *Itinerarium;* but few, if any, of these could be called guidebooks in the modern sense. Coryat's *Crudities Hastily Gobbled up in Five Months Travels in France, Italy, etc.*, is a curious account of a walking tour made about 1610; but its title alone is, I hope, enough to show that it was not conceived in the spirit of Baedeker. Coryat was, however, ahead of his time in considering travel "the sweetest and most delightful of all the pleasures in the world;" and he also deserves credit for withstanding the ridicule to which he was exposed on his return to England for using a new-fangled and finicking implement called a fork, which he had picked up in Italy. The *Itinerary* of Fynes Moryson (1617), though it undertakes to give "each daies expences for diet, horsemeat, and the like," can hardly be regarded as a practical guidebook. It was first written in Latin, and then translated into English. Howell's *Instructions for Forreine Travel*, published in 1642, was "intended as a cautionary guide to young English gentlemen who went abroad to complete their education and to make their first

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acquaintance with foreign manners." When I say, however, that it includes an apology for episcopacy, a survey of foreign politics, and "a large discourse of the strange difference 'twixt the disposition of the French and Spaniard," it will be evident that it is not laid down exactly on Baedekerian lines. J. G. Ebel's *Anleitung*, for Switzerland, published in 1793, makes an approach to modern methods by including one or two small maps, but is for the rest an alphabetical gazetteer in four volumes, prefixed by sundry edifying moral essays. About the beginning of the nineteenth century various works were published by Mrs. Mariane Starke, William Boyce, and others, all having many features of the guidebook.

To John Murray of London, however, belongs the honor of publishing the first true guidebook in the modern sense. On this point I cannot do better than quote from a letter written by Herr Fritz Baedeker to the London *Times* in 1889:

"I wish to acknowledge, in the frankest manner, that Mr. Murray was the first publisher of guidebooks on a large scale. After the terrible wars which devastated the Continent at the beginning of this century, Great Britain was, indeed, the only country in Europe where wealth enough remained to allow of any large section of the public indulging freely in foreign travel.

"My father, Karl Baedeker (born 1801, died 1859), had, it is true, on his settlement at Coblenz in 1827, purchased and published a handbook to the Rhine in German and French (*Rheinreise von Mainz bis Koln*, von Professor S. A. Klein, Coblenz, 1828, and *Voyage du Rhin, de Mayence à Cologne*, Coblenz, 1829) which possessed many of the features of a modern guidebook; but it was the sight of the numerous English travellers following the footsteps of Childe Harold, with Murray's handbook under their arms, that suggested to him the desirability of providing his German countrymen with similar books for other parts of Europe. The German handbooks which he then successively published (*Belgien und Holland*, *Deutschland*, *Schweiz*) certainly owed a great deal to Mr. Murray's books, but included many descriptions of his own, and in the important practical points (recommendations of hotels, information as to means of communication, etc.) were completely independent. . . .

"The later handbooks published by my father and those published by my elder brothers and myself are perfectly independent works, produced with the aid of able helpers, many of whom are eminent scholars and specialists."

Murray's *Handbook for Holland, Belgium, and N. Germany* appeared in 1836. Herr Baedeker's first English handbook was that to *The Rhine*, published in 1861, and based on the eleventh German edition. The early English issues of Baedeker's handbooks were edited by Mr. John Kirkpatrick, long Professor of Constitutional Law and History at the University of Edinburgh.

Before passing on to notice Baedeker more particularly, I may remind the reader that the roll of writers of avowed guidebooks includes such distinguished names as William Wordsworth and Harriet Martineau, each of whom wrote a guidebook for the English Lake District. James Ford's *Handbook to Spain*, written for Murray in 1845, has, perhaps, won for itself a higher reputation than any other single work published under the rubric of guidebooks, and has often been referred to as a classic of its kind. My criticism on this would be that, though a charming book to read, this is not an absolutely ideal *guidebook*, properly so-called; and, if you will substitute the word "practical" for the word "ideal" in this phrase, you will, strangely enough, get almost exactly the same meaning. That this opinion is probably correct is borne out by the fact that Ford's book, originally published in two volumes, was very soon reduced to one, while a delightful little book of travel-impressions, entitled *Gatherings from Spain*, was made

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out of the matter eliminated from the guidebook. This reflection brings me to what may, perhaps, be considered the distinguishing characteristic of Baedeker, namely, that he was probably the first to formulate to himself, fully and clearly, the fundamental difference between a book of travels and a guidebook. The former is meant for the delectation of the stay-at-home, who wants a picturesque and moderately true account of places he may never set eyes upon. The guidebook, on the other hand, is for use on the spot, and does not need to tell the traveler what he will see for himself. Hence its descriptions are often, of good right, less logically complete than those of the book of travels, and it would be simply impertinence for it to indulge in the enthusiasm which is welcome enough in a Stanley or a Sven Hedin. Baedeker shows that he thinks a place worth mentioning because he tells you how to get there; he will even, if he loses his head a little, give it a star; but the rest he leaves to the idiosyncrasy of the beholder. This self-imposed limitation has sometimes — wrongly, as I think — been made a reproach to Baedeker, and his text has been unfavorably compared with the quotable anecdotes and glowing descriptions of a Martineau or a Ford; but it should at least be put on record that he feels his withers quite unwrung by any such strictures, and has no envy of prize-winners in a competition he has never entered.

Perhaps another discovery of Baedeker's was that it is not the man of wealth alone who likes to travel. Previous guidebooks all assumed, more or less, the paraphernalia of a coach-and-four, couriers, and ministerial introductions. Baedeker recognized the right of "the merry heart" to "go all the day," however slender its wallet. Hence his desire to "render the traveller as nearly as possible independent of hotel keepers, commissionaires, and guides;" hence his long array of "unpretending" inns; hence his references to the "faulty mental arithmetic of waiters;" hence his innumerable hints to help the tourist to "husband his resources," and his repeated warnings that "prices generally have an upward tendency." He has not, however, with all his pains, succeeded in making his calculations for the economical traveler with such praiseworthy exactitude as Mr. James Flint, a thrifty Scot, who visited the United States about 1820, and set down in his journal: "For some days past I have found the expense of travelling to be uniformly three shillings eleven pence and one farthing per day."[1]

A third important, characteristic, and (I think) generally recognized new feature in Baedeker was the number and excellence of his maps and plans. A good map or plan, prepared with real Teutonic thoroughness, saves many a line of description; and in criticising Baedeker's written style, it should be remembered that his maps should often be regarded as an integral part of his text. No doubt Baedeker is no longer alone in this department of guidebook making, but I think it is undeniable that he was a pioneer in it, and it may not be too much to assert that the equipment of his books in this respect has seldom been equaled, and never excelled.

Among the minor features that distinguished Baedeker from previous guidebooks may be mentioned his use of varying types to indicate the relative importance of the points treated, his uniform segregation of practical information about hotels and so forth at the beginning of his description of a place, and his employment of asterisks as "marks of commendation." A good deal of fun — seldom of the most expensive variety — has been poked at the Baedekerian stars, and it has often been alleged that in questions of art they are concerned with merely obvious and commonplace merit. Even if this were true, — which I am far from admitting, for it seems to me that the man whose artistic taste was accurately gauged by the stars of Baedeker might hold his head fairly high among

[1] *Early Western Travels*, vol. 9.

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connoisseurs of art, — the real educational value of the stars would still be considerable. If the simple "star-gazer" is at first impelled solely by submission to authority, he may yet, by much familiarity with what is generally recognized as good of its kind, attain a fair measure of real taste and discrimination. The stars ought at any rate to wean the traveler from chromos, and undermine his faith in the supreme value of Rogers's domestic statuary.

Some one has asserted that Baedeker is the most widely read of living authors; and perhaps this is not so far from the truth when we reflect that he has issued upwards of seventy handbooks, all of which are in constant use. Of these twenty-seven are in German, twenty-four in English, and twenty-two in French. The earliest, as already noted, was the *Rheinreise*, published in 1828; the very latest is the *Handbook to Constantinople and Asia Minor*, issued just the other day, and not yet translated into English. The task attempted in these seventy volumes is somewhat formidable. Francis Bacon mentions three essentials for a young man who desires "to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much." "First, he must have some entrance to the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country." Third, "let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his enquiry." Baedeker essays all three of these functions. Indeed, if you will rightly consider it, you will easily see that few men are called upon for a more varied equipment than the Ideal Baedeker, who has practically to take all knowledge for his province, or to whom, to put it more mildly, no knowledge can come amiss. Not for him, alas, is the dear luxury of saying, "I know nothing about it, and care less;" he dare not be happy in the general ignorance which forms so comfortable a wrappage for the special knowledge of other men. Willy-nilly, he must take omniscience for his foible. Of many a row of serried facts would he gladly say with Goethe, "Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren;" but when it comes to the pinch of selection, there is hardly one of them but shows the ear-mark of some conceivable tourist, and Baedeker, "dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing," can but address himself to the task of bearing each parcel to its destination.

Among the most obvious, the most elementary requirements for the equipment of an ideal editor of guidebooks are a knowledge of geography, history, mythology, botany, geology, languages (ancient and modern), painting, sculpture, art, architecture, and archæology; an acute and discriminating taste; a clear head in foreseeing and explaining the complications of travel; and a sympathetic insight into the needs and desires of the average tourist. The mere enumeration shows how impossible it is for one small head to carry all this load; but it is almost necessary to have at least so much knowledge in all these branches as will insure sound discrimination among competing authorities.

Baedeker *has* to know, and know well, the kind of geography that we all learn more or less in our classrooms. It is, however, highly desirable that he should also be familiar with the geography of the world of poesy and romance in which most of us spend so much of our time long after classroom days are over. To many travelers the scene of Poor Jo's death is at least as real as the place where the Little Princes were smothered; and it would be a bold as well as a bad Baedeker who should conduct us through the Trossachs of Scotland without calling up the shades of Ellen and of Roderick Dhu. There are, I verily believe, many travelers to whom Lyme Regis is simply the place where Louisa Elliot sprained her ankle, and not at all the place where the Duke of Monmouth landed before Sedgemoor. The Wessex of Thomas Hardy, the Barchester and Allington of Anthony Trollope, have their devout pilgrims. He

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who could pilot us safely from point to point in Rosalind's Forest of Arden would probably be hailed with at least as much enthusiasm as he who guides us through the Ardennes of the seven-day tripper from London; and there ought to be no forgiveness for the guidebook that allows us to pass through Verona without reminding us that it possessed a balcony as well as an amphitheatre. For the maker of guidebooks the opportunity of thus bringing the actual and the fancied worlds into contact is one of the most grateful parts of his task; it affords even him the chance of a glimpse through

"Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

In strong distinction to this imaginative realm is the mass of dry practical details about hotels and railways, health and passports, currency and bicycling, that the head of a really adequate Baedeker is bound to contain. He must be familiar with the comparative merits of inns over a great part of the known world. Statistics should be as play to him, and the mysteries of agio and exchange should be as clear to him as day. He must be able to discriminate at a glance "between those trains in Bradshaw which start somewhere and get nowhere and those which start nowhere and get somewhere." He must know to a hair's breadth the distance from a German or Russian fortress within which the use of a kodak is as dangerous as a boomerang. He must be able to say whether or no a clinker-paved road is good for cycling, and that the Swiss passes are closed to automobiles. But it is unnecessary to multiply instances of this kind, which every traveler can supply for himself.

The demands made on the moral side of the ideal Baedeker are no less stringent than those on the intellectual. That a guidebook-writer should hold the scales with absolute evenness between his patron, the tourist, on the one side, and the hosts of landlords, guides, and hirers on the other may be assumed as obvious. That the actual Baedeker has attained a fair measure of impartiality may be inferred from the witness of generations of tourists, and from such epithets as "abnormally neutral," "bloodless," "wooden," and "stony" flung at him by the rising gorge of the partial natural man. Baedeker stands before the footlights not to express emotions, but to chronicle facts; the fierce light that beats upon his head would soon shrivel any tendency to favoritism. It is possible, however, that even Baedeker might enjoy a fuller expression of his own personality, and that, if he has had success in attaining a somewhat colorless catholicity of taste and interest, it has been the result of carefully disciplined effort toward a judicially selected goal.

Herbert Spencer relates in his *Autobiography* how near he came to serious disaster on a long and solitary walk in the Scottish Highlands, owing to the imperfection of the map to which he trusted for guidance. He then opines, with characteristic love of generalization, "that from time to time lives are lost, and every year many illnesses caused by the misdirection" of guidebooks. While hoping that Spencer took a needlessly gloomy view, we must admit that a profound sense of responsibility is another essential of the guidebook-maker as he should be. I have no hesitation in claiming this quality for Baedeker. He is, for example, keenly aware of the difference between feats that may fairly be attempted with a good guidebook, good health, and good weather, and those which cry imperatively for local knowledge and a living guide. If the carriers of the little red-garbed books ever come to grief on the mountains, it is probably because they have neglected, if not the Baedekerian shout of "guide indispensable," then at least the Baedekerian whisper of "guide desirable." Indeed, in the sphere of responsibility, Baedeker is possibly open to the charge of taking himself almost too seriously, and of assuming that every traveler will do exactly as he is told. Even in the matter of sea-bathing, he is careful to impose

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on his Teutonic reader the rule of "three dips and out," though this somewhat grandmotherly attitude is not always extended to his British and American clients. Baedeker's sense of responsibility is, of course, manifest in the mass of small details he offers for the traveler's use in every imaginable contingency; and for those behind the scenes it is visible in the mountain of at least equal bulk heaped up of siftings and rejections. Another manifestation of the seriousness with which Baedeker faces his task is his liberal recourse to weighty authorities in the preparation of his handbooks. He does not venture to impose his own tastes in art, his own rules of health, his own ideas of science on the unsuspecting traveler; but tries to secure in each case the coöperation of leading specialists and recognized authorities.

Those who insist so glibly on the "dry-as-dust" quality of Baedeker probably forget too much the character of the reader for whom he caters. The novelist, the poet, or the essayist has before his mind's eye as he writes the ideal sympathetic reader to whom he can pour out his soul without fear of misunderstanding. Hence it is that some men write so much better than they talk; the visionary reader is so much less paralyzing than any incarnation of him. But the self-denying ordinance of a Baedeker couples idealism of effort with renunciation of an ideal type of reader; he has, for the most part, to cater for the *average tourist*, and even, at times, for the wayfaring man as characterized by Isaiah. Though he shares the privilege, enjoyed by the author over the painter or actor, of not coming into direct personal contact with any particular Brown, Jones, or Robinson, he is yet debarred from ascribing exceptional qualities to the general form of his client. His eye must tend, on the whole, to fix itself on the weaker links of the touristic chain. His sympathy may not rest with the man who seeks the bubble of statistics even amid the majesty of St. Peter's, but he has to satisfy his cravings all the same. His educational influence would be lost if his guns were trained too high; he must bear in mind that practically every innocent demand of the traveler deserves attention. The man who thinks that Pallas and Athena are entirely different personages is not a wholly negligible quantity; it may even be that a truer sense of the beautiful lurks in his breast than in that of many a learned pedant. Montaigne scoffed at those travelers who are "disconcerted by forms unlike their own," and "travel shut up and locked up, with a taciturn and unsocial prudence, defending themselves from the contagion of an unknown atmosphere;" but it is just such men as this that Baedeker has often to consider and if possible help to acquire Montaigne's own attitude of always "thrusting himself in at the tables thickest with strangers."[1]

Baedeker must be at once scholar and sportsman, bon-vivant and botanist, archæologist and theatre-goer. He must at one time shiver with the novice on the brink of the most insignificant precipice; at another he must stand steady-headed on the loftiest peaks along with the fearsome race of "adepts" who stalk through his *Switzerland* and *Eastern Alps*. In a book intended for the seafaring Briton he must not be overawed by the fact that there are sixty-eight steamers in the merchant fleet of Belgium, nor must he expect a resident of the Rocky Mountains to grow dizzy at sight of the sand-hills of Vrouwenheide, the highest point in Holland. The German professor must not be allowed to stumble on a sentence mentioning Noah Porter of Yale in the same breath with Kant or Hegel; and a chastening memory of Lincoln and Chartres must control the description of the cathedral of Albany, New York. The ideal Baedeker must never mistake geese — scenic, historical, literary, or otherwise — for swans. He must be at once a student of nature, of art, and of man.

[1] Compare Miss Grace Norton's *Early Writings of Montaigne*.

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His sense of proportion should amount to an artistic gift.

In going on now to give a few lines about the actual *modus operandi* in the production of a guidebook, it is, perhaps, not letting too large a cat out of the bag to say that each successive head of the multiple personality known as Baedeker has regarded himself as an author as well as a publisher, and has looked for his reward in reputation as much as in pelf. To be styled the "King of Guidebook Makers" by an important authority excites, perhaps, as pleasant a throb as an increasing sale; and certain volumes have been issued rather from a desire of rounding out the series than from any hope of gain. It is highly probable that no other firm could show so inverted a ratio of reputation and revenue as that of Karl Baedeker. Few books, other than elaborate *éditions de luxe*, can be so expensive to produce as the modest little red handbooks of Baedeker. To begin with, they are not stereotyped, but are kept permanently standing in type, — a locking up of capital of which every expert will recognize the significance. The object of this is to reduce to a minimum the temptation of letting a thing stand "because it is there." Practically the smallest shadow of an excuse for a change is seized upon. If it has been ascertained since the last edition that ten per cent more tourists now travel from B to A instead of from A to B, this is enough to make the almost quixotic Baedekerian pen turn the route round and rewrite it from beginning to end. Baedeker's rule of refusing all advertisements is well known. The object of this is not only to avoid any suspicion of partiality — conscious or unconscious — to the hotel that pays for a long advertisement, but also to insure that the book will always depend for its profits on its freshness and other merits, and not in any degree on the returns of advertisements. Another reason is to diminish the bulk of the volume, and so avoid the course which makes the ordinary American magazine a weariness of the flesh, whatever it may be to the spirit. The maps and plans are another source of expense, as are likewise the monographs by special writers and the traveling expenses of the editors. The short life of each new edition also differentiates the Baedekers from other successful books, where the rate of profit increases with the increase of sale. This is true of the Baedekers to a limited extent only. After a few years at most each handbook is so thoroughly overhauled as to be practically a new book both in form and cost of production. I should gladly give any one a dollar for every unaltered page in a new edition of Baedeker who would give me a cent for each page containing a change. A guidebook is a book that, from the necessity of the case, is always in the making, and never made. It can never be laid aside as done, with nothing more to do but to sell. Hence small impressions, constant corrections, and fast-following new editions are indispensable for worthy achievement.

It is, of course, well known that the term Baedeker, as generally used, covers the work of a number of different editors and contributors, whose names are not always mentioned. That this is an inevitable and perfectly just arrangement — a fair application of the dictum "qui facit per alium facit per se" — seems clear to me, mainly on these grounds: (1) the whole scheme of the books, the framework which the various editors have to fill in, was the invention and device of the elder Baedeker; (2) the head of the firm continues to take a personal and intelligent interest in the preparation of every handbook in the series; and (3) the share played by the publishers' capital, in facilitating travel and investigation, furnishes the actual writer with a large proportion of his material. Half the work is really done before the editors touch their pens. The various individual editors have a chance to exercise a good deal of art in conforming to the uniform style of the handbooks; and that this is not, perhaps, so easy as it looks has been

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borne witness to by the perennial difficulty of getting usable matter from outsiders, even of wide cultivation and considerable literary gift. I do not believe any editor has more trouble in recasting his "copy" than the editor of a really carefully prepared guidebook. There is no field in which the need of *le mot juste* is more imperatively indicated.

The composite photograph labeled Baedeker, however, takes in more than the editorial staff, — it also includes many of the travelers who use the handbooks; the reader of to-day becomes one of the authors of to-morrow. A good guidebook does not spring, like Minerva, fully grown from the head of its parent. Unlike a poet, it is not born, but "becomes;" like a snow-ball, *crescit eundo*. It is open to question whether a combination of the largest capital and the most brilliant genius could produce, at the first go-off, so good a guidebook for any country as one backed by much more slender resources, which has yet enjoyed the voluntary coöperation of travelers through various successive editions. The data sent to Baedeker vary from recommendations of some particularly plump headwaiter up to corrections on important points of scholarship and fact, and highly valuable suggestions for improvement. One laborious gentleman, I remember, not content with our already voluminous index of four or five thousand entries, sent us a complete new index with more than twice as many. On the whole, however, the help offered by travelers is as satisfactory in quality as it is bulky in quantity; and almost the first thing to be done in preparing a new edition is a careful examination of the letters in the pigeon-hole of the particular handbook under treatment. Actual cases of misinformation from this source are rare; but the editor must be on his guard against the unintentional bias of letters due to the exceptionally good or bad treatment of the writer, and he must be still more careful to detect bogus or interested letters, and to discount the self-praise of hotel-keepers and the like. The pessimist should take note that we receive at least as many letters of praise as of blame; the chronic grumbler is not more in evidence than the traveler of content. After the letters of travelers comes an equally careful study of newspaper cuttings, census bulletins, railway literature, annual reports of all kinds, magazine articles, and topographical works that have appeared since the last edition of the handbook. This done, the editor is ready to take to the road and collect his own material on the spot. It is, of course, impracticable for him to travel over a whole country for each new issue, though this is indispensable in preparing a first edition; but he can at least visit that section which seems to have undergone most change, and so manage to go over the whole ground again in the course of a few years. For the parts he does not visit he receives his information by deputy or from local residents; and it is an unusually easy job that does not involve in this way the writing of hundreds of letters, and the asking of thousands of questions.

All the mechanical work of the Baedeker handbooks, including the printing, map-making, and binding, is done in Germany, most of it in Leipsic, where the firm has been established since 1872. Before that its seat was at Coblenz. The connection of the Baedeker family with the book-trade goes back to Diederich Baedeker, who died at Bielefeld in 1716 as *königlich-preussicher priviligierter Buchdrucker*. Since his day there has been an unbroken line of printing or publishing Baedekers, forming a good example of that honorable commercial heredity so difficult to parallel out of Germany.

The acute reader will have noticed long ere this that the term Baedeker is used in these pages, not only as the name of a personality or system, but often as equivalent to guidebook, — perhaps, at times (with some natural and possibly excusable partiality) as synonymous with "good guidebook." There is legal

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warrant for this identification. Some years ago a sapient tribunal in Berlin decided that "Baedeker" meant guidebook, and that consequently we had no redress against a rival publisher who annually issued what he chose to call a *Berliner Baedeker*. This robbery of one's good name was the more vexatious inasmuch as it also involved a considerable encroachment on what the high-minded dramatist dismissed as "trash." Some years ago, too, the German visitor to New York could buy a *New York Baedeker* which had nothing to do with the Leipsic house of that name; and the Spaniard may visit the Argentine to-day under the ægis of a "*Baedeker de la Republica Argentina*, por Alberto B. Martinez." More exalted regions than any the real owner of the name has presumed to tackle have been treated in a work entitled *Der Himmels-Baedeker;* but this, if my memory serves, is a kind of satirico-sociological drama, owing its inspiration at least as much to *Faust* as to Baedeker. *Baedeker* has also been used as the title of a German farce, the plot of which rests on the wiles of an impecunious traveler who succeeds in living at hack and manger by passing himself off as an agent of the "Brick-red Incorruptible," a feat which, it may be hoped, many generations of warning prefaces have now made impossible. This drawing of Baedeker into the realm of humor seems at first sight just a little incongruous; and doubtless most of the humor of his guidebooks is of the unintentional order. Thus one reviewer congratulated us on our felicity of phrase in describing a statue of Venus as consisting of "undressed stone." The laughable element in the description of the American chicken as a fowl of any age was also, I fear, entirely unpremeditated, as the reference was mainly to such terms as chicken-coop and chicken-farm, where the English say hen-coop and poultry-farm, and was in no degree intended as a slur on the table qualities of the youthful American hen. I notice that the anonymous author of *Le Guide Français aux Etats Unis* also considers it necessary to explain that "chicken" in America is used "au lieu de *fowl*, en Angleterre." Since the preparation of the glossary in which this word occurs, I have found that another American equivalent for rooster is "he-bird;" this is a point where Baedeker has missed a chance of being funny. Many commentators find food for merriment in the absolute confidence shown by certain travelers in Baedeker's guidance, and in their refusal to admire anything unmarked by a Baedekerian asterisk. The *Münchener Fliegende Blätter* represents an English paterfamilias as exclaiming to his flock, "This scenery is all wrong" ("Diese Gegend ist falsch"), when he finds the picturesque castle to the right and the foaming waterfall to the left, instead of *vice versâ*, as asserted by his infallible guide. A writer has hazarded the theory that the average German's love for nature is explained by the fact that it contains so many restaurants; and the frequent collocation of "beer and fine view" in the German editions of Baedeker might seem to lend color to the hypothesis. The unconscious humors of the English editions of Baedeker are often due to the vagaries of an inexperienced translator or the struggles of a German compositor with a manuscript in an unknown tongue. Fortunately most of this humor is reserved for the editorial eye alone; and if any of it has managed to escape into the published volumes, wild horses would not extort from me a confession of the fact. I once found myself wondering whether the most converted of Benedicts would be willing to face the creature strangely described in my proof as a "five-arched bride." On another occasion I wrote of a "room full of plaster casts," which was returned to me in proof as a "room full of blasted cats!" These casts seem predestined as a Baedekerian stumbling-block, for one lady, trying to help us at a pinch, translated the French word *moulages* as "mill-machinery:" and when the same phrase recurred a little

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lower down translated it as "more mill-machinery," in mild and helpless wonderment over the eccentricity of the directors of French *musées*, who mingled Millets and machinery in the same room. It was reserved for the same gifted lady to discover what had for years mysteriously escaped our notice: namely, that *Une Marine* was obviously the feminine of *un marin*, and was consequently to be translated as "a seafaring woman." In the proof of the recent French edition of *Baedeker's United States*, a small part of which was tentatively translated by a novice, I found the Newport reading-room masquerading as the *Hippodrome* (that is, riding-room) *de Newport*, and had to check the curiously perverted ingenuity which translated "Newsboys' Lodging House" as *Crêche des enfants trouvés*, apparently intended as a free and idiomatic rendering of "*new* boys." A man who has written more than one work of his own on a certain country was once called in to help us with one of our handbooks. His vein of originality was, however, so marked that we felt it would unduly overshadow the prosaic truthfulness of our other handbooks, and we had consequently to consign his manuscript — regretfully — to the waste-paper basket. Dozens of his improvements on the German text he was asked to translate might be given; but one will suffice. The contents of a certain glass case in a museum were described as *interessante Zeugproben*, that is, samples of stuff or textiles; this appeared in his manuscript as "interesting trials by witness." I think Baedeker would have shown even more than his usual sobriety of tone if he had confined himself to the epithet "interesting" for a trial carried on in so limited and stuffy a courtroom. Miss A. Goodrich-Freer, in her recent charming book on *Inner Jerusalem*, writes "that an early edition of Murray's *Guide* appeared with the motto, 'The Bible is the best guidebook to Palestine,' and that the ensuing Baedeker retorted with, 'Palestine is the best guidebook to the Bible.'" This instance of voluntary humor must, for the present, be left to rest on Miss Freer's authority.

The late Lord Chief Justice Russell of England once delivered a judicial ruling to the effect that it was not enough for a publisher of guidebooks to give a mere list of hotels, but that it was also his duty to make such discrimination as would aid the traveler in his selection. Baedeker's loyal attempts to identify himself in this way with the interests of the users of his handbooks has sometimes exposed him to attacks of a more formidable kind than letters of correction and complaint. At one time his books were kept out of France until he had paid a considerable sum as a solatium to a hotel-keeper in Nancy, who felt aggrieved by the words "complained of" (*on s'en plaint*) attached to the name of his hotels. A similar suit, which was ultimately won by Baedeker, was recently brought against him by another hotel-keeper in Naples. The gravamen in this case was that the hotel was described as *pour hommes seuls*, which was, curiously enough, regarded as a slur on its character. Our *avvocato* on that occasion, in the peroration of his eloquent, not to say flowery, address to the court, applied to Baedeker's "persecuted guidebook" the lines applied by Dante to Fortune: "This is she who is so set upon the cross, even by those who ought to give her praise, giving her blame amiss and ill report." The Neapolitan Chamber of Commerce protested angrily against such "lies, insults, and defamations" in Baedeker as the statements that begging is rather common in Italy, that the rifling of trunks in the baggage-car is not wholly unknown on that classic soil, that the heat of Naples is oppressive in September, and that the popular idea of cleanliness in South Italy is still sadly to seek. Recent newspaper reports assert that the native druggists of Rome have formed a combination to take legal proceedings against the infamous foreigner who has dared to recommend his readers to prefer the stores kept by British or American chemists. A

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native of Malta, of Syrian parentage and swarthy skin, considered himself injured by the statements that he was an Arab, that his real name was Awwad and not Howard, and that bargaining was advisable at his, as at all the other hotels in Joppa. Posing as a British subject unrighteously assailed by the objectionable Teuton, this gentleman succeeded in winning a verdict from a patriotic and impressionable British jury, in spite of the fact that the judge's summing up pointed the other way, and included an enunciation of the principle referred to at the beginning of this paragraph. It is, however, satisfactory to add that, very soon after the verdict, the plaintiff in the case offered to forego his damages if Baedeker would reinstate his hotels in the guidebook; while it takes an almost more Christian spirit than I can boast to refrain from rejoicing that the hotels thus retired from Baedeker had also in two or three years to retire from business altogether. An experience like this makes Baedeker feel that he has not shed his blood in vain, and that even a wrong-headed British jury cannot prevent him from offering some degree of protection to his clients.

Attacks of a somewhat different kind occasionally, also, leave a taste that is not wholly of bitterness. Some time ago a distinguished art critic — for whom, in his chosen sphere, I have nothing but bated breath and bended knee — wrote to Baedeker to complain that the ascription (in our *Handbook to Italy*) of certain paintings to certain masters had been borrowed without acknowledgment from a recently published work of his own. The matter was referred to me, and I had the pleasure of finding out that the indicted sentence had first appeared in an edition of Baedeker published when the distinguished critic was of an age when he could not have known the difference between a Botticelli and a Bouguereau. I confess it was with a good deal of what the Germans untranslatably call *Schadenfreude*, that I informed our assailant that "if there had been any borrowing in the case — which I was far from asserting — it was not Baedeker who was the borrower."

To the two main distinguishing features of Baedeker mentioned at the beginning of this paper, it seems to me that a third might be added in the form of a claim that he was the first writer of guidebooks to discover that not every English-speaking tourist is born in the British Isles. He takes care to mention points of special interest to Americans, such as the original home of the Washingtons, the Mayflower tablet at Plymouth, and Benjamin Franklin's London lodgings. He realizes that the American has as much right to be interested in the exploits of Paul Jones as the Englishman in those of Blake; and he tries to remember that a too insular enthusiasm over a British victory will not specially appeal to a transatlantic reader. More than that, he realizes that English and American are rather sister-dialects than identical tongues, and not only explains English phrases that might puzzle the American, but even adopts American expressions which seem to him desirable. The American tourist whom the ordinary English guidebook conducts through Europe must perforce ascend in "lifts," travel in "tramways," "book" his "luggage," "post" his letters, and skirt the "spurs" of a mountain range; but the Baedeker-led traveler has, occasionally at least, the option of taking an "elevator," "riding" in an "electric car," or even a "trolley," "checking" his "baggage," "mailing" his correspondence, and lifting his eyes to the "foothills." The American will sometimes find "sidewalks" in Baedeker, and even "furnace-heating."

The most signal instance, however, of Baedeker's recognition of the un-English English-speaking traveler is the existence of his handbooks to the United States and Canada. Some people seem to imagine that a man hardly requires a guidebook for a country in which his own language is spoken. Nothing could be

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farther from the truth. I question whether *Baedeker's United States* is not fully as useful to the British traveler as *Baedeker's Palestine* or *Egypt* is. The European tourist in the East is prepared for the strangest and most upside-down conditions, and realizes at once that his own knowledge is not enough for his guidance. The caution thus inspired prevents him in most cases from doing anything very far wrong. When, however, the essential differences lie hidden under superficial similarity, instead of being proclaimed aloud by turban and burnous, he is much more likely to go wrong and get into trouble. The German tourist, who expects a self-important railway official to put him into his proper railway carriage, has very soon to find out that in America he is not regarded merely as a piece of animated baggage, but as a being able to fend for himself, and intelligent enough to read signs and name-boards. The Briton has to learn that when he is one of fifty passengers in the same car he cannot consult his individual caprice so freely as when snugly ensconced in the "corner facing the engine." He has also to appreciate that what he at first sight may take for culpable eccentricity or negligence in dress is merely due to extremes of climate, — a motive at least as powerful in smothering the æsthetic sense as riding in an automobile. The Frenchman has to be informed that there are no cafés in the United States, in spite of the free, and characteristically loose, use of the word; and that though he may obtain such unexpected articles as paper waistcoats at a drug store, he need not try to buy stamps from a tobacconist. Baedeker has to be ready to explain these and a thousand similar minutiæ. He has to teach the German to be independent, the Briton to avoid "side," the Frenchman not to doff his hat too exuberantly, and all three that in America temper never is, and never should be, lost.

Some may think it odd to say anything about the great American language in a book intended for people who speak English; but there is good reason to believe that the much-roasted glossary in *Baedeker's United States* has been of real service to many a benighted Briton. It counts for something not to mistake the police station for the depot; to repress the natural inclination to shudder at the word bug; to realize that there is no danger of contagion when a fellow-traveler brings his "grip" along with him, and that he is not a candidate for a lunatic asylum every time he gets "mad." It is desirable to know that, whereas in England one man requires two spats, it proverbially takes two persons to make one "spat" in the United States. It is well to be warned that a considerable "check" in the course of one's business is as much to be desired in America as it is to be avoided in the Old Country. It is an etymological revelation to a Briton that he can obtain a "lunch" in America at any hour of the day or night, and that he can get something to drink in an "exchange." With Baedeker's help, the Englishman will be able so to frame his request as not to get something to chew when he wants mucilage; and will find that sophomorical eloquence, despite its awesome name, is not unfamiliar to him, even on his native shores.

The guidebook is sometimes classed, like time-tables and directories, among what Charles Lamb called the βιβλία ἀβίβλια, or books which are no books. The sacred name of author is but grudgingly allowed to its writer, who is looked upon as naught but the compiler of dry facts. Many would deny that there is anything even approaching scholarship in his multifarious information, and sciolism is the kindest term they have for his science. Personally I am ready to own that I find myself in a perennial condition of knowing a good deal about one country, — the last for which I have edited a guidebook, — and very little about anything else. No enlightened monarch or university has ever honored the editor of a guidebook with a title or a degree, though possibly Baedeker has

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deserved better of the republic than many a one who can write himself down Sir John or Wirklicher Geheimrath. And yet, pariahs of literature as we are, — mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, — we sometimes gild our task for ourselves by trying to dwell on its ideal side. We try to believe that we are not mere signposts pointing to good beer and comfortable beds, but that we also bear a banner marked "excelsior," and are really inviting men to turn to better things. By tempting to the visitation of foreign lands, we trust we are ministering to liberality and expansion of view; and that by helping to make the different nations of the earth know each other, we are contributing, not (it is to be hoped) to the familiarity that breeds contempt, but to that fuller knowledge that brings fuller sympathy. The "blasted foreigner" is apt to become less "blasted" when we have partaken of his bread and salt, and seen him at play with his children. "Things that from a distance seem preposterous or even revolting will often assume a very different guise when seen in their native environment and judged by their inevitable conditions."

We all of us need to idealize our life-work, if we are to do any good at it; and in ending this little paper may I "specially let this be its prayere," that the cynic will not disturb the fond hope, or illusion, — if illusion it be, — that the epithet of "Star-y-Pointing Baedeker," once used by a student of Milton, may possibly involve something more than a mere facetious allusion to asterisks.

"HANTU"

BY HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

THE schooner Fulmar lay in a cove on the coast of Banda. Her sails, half hoisted, dripped still from an equatorial shower, but aloft were already steaming in the afternoon glare. Dr. Forsythe, captain and owner, lay curled round his teacup on the cabin roof, watching the horizon thoughtfully, with eyes like points of glass set in the puckered bronze of his face. The "Seventh Officer," his only white companion, watched him respectfully. All the Malays were asleep, stretched prone or supine under the forward awning. Only Wing Kat stirred in the smother of his galley below, rattling tin dishes, and repeating, in endless falsetto singsong, the Hankow ditty which begins, —

"'Yaou-yaou!' remarked the grasshoppers."

Ashore, the coolies on the nutmeg plantations had already brought out their mace to dry, and the baskets lay in vermilion patches on the sun-smitten green, like gouts of arterial blood. White vapors round the mountain peaks rose tortuously toward the blue; while seaward, rain still filled the air as with black sand drifting down aslant, through gaps in which we could descry far off a steel-bright strip of fair weather that joined sea and sky, cutting under a fairy island so that it seemed suspended in the air.

"That's a pretty bit of land," said the doctor lazily. "'Jam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos.' It might be, eh? — Humph! — Virgil and Shakespeare are the only ones who sometimes make poetry endurable. All the others are just little swollen Egos."

This was an unusual excursion, and he quickly returned to practical matters.

"There's a better anchorage over there," he drawled, waving the milk-tin toward Zacynthos. "And less danger of our being caught than here. But no use;

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we've got to humor the crew, of course. When they say '*pulo burrantu*,' that settles it. Haunted islands — ghosts — fatal to discipline. I used to have cruises spoiled by that sort of thing. We must stay here and chance being found."

He shot a stream of Java sugar into the tea, and, staring at the sleepers, rubbed his shaven head thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes, 'superstition,' all very easy to say," he muttered, half to himself. "But who *knows*, eh? Must be something in it, at times."

His mood this afternoon was new and surprising. Nor was it likely to occur often in such a man. He had brought the Fulmar round the south of Celebes, making for Ceram; but as the Dutch had forbidden him to travel in the interior, saying that the natives were too dangerous just then; and as Sidin, the mate, had sighted the Dutch tricolor flying above drab hulls that came nosing southward from Amboina way, we had dodged behind the Bandas till nightfall. The crew laughed at the *babi blanda* — Dutch pigs; but every man of them would have fled ashore had they known that among the hampers and bundled spears in our hold lay the dried head of a little girl, a human sacrifice from Engano. If we got into Ceram (and got out again), the doctor would reduce the whole affair to a few tables of anthropological measurements, a few more hampers of birds, beasts, and native rubbish in the hold, and a score of paragraphs couched in the evaporated, millimetric terms of science. There would be a few duplicates for Raffles, some tin-lined cases, including the clotted head of the little girl, for the British Museum; the total upshot would attract much less public notice than the invention of a new "part" for a motor car; and the august structure of science, like a coral tree, would increase by another atom. In the meantime, we lay anchored, avoiding ironclads and ghosts.

Dinner we ate below, with seaward portholes blinded, and sweat dripping from our chins. Then we lay on the cabin roof again, in breech-clouts, waiting for a breeze, and showing no light except the red coals of two Burmah cheroots.

For long spaces we said nothing. Trilling of crickets ashore, sleepy cooing of nutmeg-pigeons, chatter of monkeys, hiccough of tree lizards, were as nothing in the immense, starlit silence of the night, heavily sweet with cassia and mace. Forward, the Malays murmured now and then, in sentences of monotonous cadence.

"No, you can't blame them," said the captain abruptly, with decision. "Considering the unholy strangeness of the world we live in" — He puffed twice, the palm of his hand glowing. "Things you can't explain," he continued vaguely. "Now this, — I thought of it to-day, speaking of *hantu*. Perhaps you can explain it, being a youngster without theories. The point is, of what follows, how much, if any, was a dream? Where were the partition lines between sleep and waking, — between what we call Certainty, and — the other thing? Or else, by a freak of nature, might a man live so long — Nonsense! — Never mind: here are the facts."

Eleven years ago, I had the Fulmar a ten-months' cruise out of Singapore, and was finally coming down along Celebes, intending to go over to Batavia. We anchored on just such a day as this has been, off a little old river-mouth, so badly silted that she had to lie well out. A chief in a *campong* half a day inland had promised to send some specimens down that evening, — armor, harps, stone Priapuses, and birds of paradise. The men were to come overland, and would have no boats. So I went ashore with three or four Malays, and the Old Boy's time we had poking in and out over the silt to find fairway, even for the gig. At last we could make round toward a little clearing in the bamboos, with a big canary tree in the middle. All was going well, when suddenly the mate grunted, pointing dead ahead. That man Sidin

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has the most magnificent eyes: we were steering straight into a dazzling glare. I could n't see anything, neither could the crew, for some time.

"*Tuggur!*" cried the mate. He was getting nervous. Then all of a sudden — "*Brenti!*"

The crew stopped like a shot. Then they saw, too, and began to back water and turn, all pulling different ways and yelling: "*Prau hantu! . . . sampar! . . . Sakit lepra! Kolera! . . . hantu!*"

As we swung, I saw what it was, — a little carved prau like a child's toy boat, perhaps four feet long, with red fibre sails and red and gilt flags from stem to stern. It was rocking there in our swell, innocently, but the crew were pulling for the schooner like crazy men.

I was griffin enough at the time, but I knew what it meant, of course, — it was an enchanted boat, that the priests in some village — perhaps clear over in New Guinea — had charmed the cholera or the plague on board of. Same idea as the Hebrew scapegoat.

"*Brenti!*" I shouted. The Malays stopped rowing, but let her run. Nothing would have tempted them within oar's-length of that prau.

"See here, Sidin," I protested, "I go ashore to meet the Kapala's men."

"We do not go," the fellow said. "If you go, Tuan, you die: the priest has laid the cholera on board that prau. It has come to this shore. Do not go, Tuan."

"She has n't touched the land yet," I said.

This seemed to have effect.

"Row me round to that point and land me," I ordered. "*Hantu* does not come to white men. You go out to the ship; when I have met the soldier-messengers, row back, and take me on board with the gifts."

The mate persuaded them, and they landed me on the point, half a mile away, with a box of cheroots, and a roll of matting to take my nap on. I walked round to the clearing, and spread my mat under the canary tree, close to the shore. All that blessed afternoon I waited, and smoked, and killed a snake, and made notes in a pocket Virgil, and slept, and smoked again; but no sign of the bearers from the *campong*. I made signals to the schooner, — she was too far out to hail, — but the crew took no notice. It was plain they meant to wait and see whether the *hantu* prau went out with the ebb or not; and as it was then flood, and dusk, they could n't see before morning. So I picked some bananas and chicos, and made a dinner of them; then I lighted a fire under the tree, to smoke and read Virgil by, — in fact, spent the evening over my notes. That editor was a *pukkah* ass! It must have been pretty late before I stretched out on my matting.

I was a long time going to sleep, — if I went to sleep at all. I lay and watched the firelight and shadows in the *lianas*, the bats fluttering in and out across my patch of stars, and an ape that stole down from time to time and peered at me, sticking his blue face out from among the creepers. At one time a shower fell in the clearing, but only pattered on my ceiling of broad leaves.

After a period of drowsiness, something moved and glittered on the water, close to the bank; and there bobbed the ghost prau, the gilt and vermilion flags shining in the firelight. She had come clear in on the flood, — a piece of luck. I got up, cut a withe of bamboo, and made her fast to a root. Then I fed the fire, lay down again, and watched her back and fill on her tether, — all clear and ruddy in the flame, even the carvings, and the little wooden figures of wizards on her deck. And while I looked, I grew drowsier and drowsier; my eyes would close, then half open, and there would be the *hantu* sails and the fire for company, growing more and more indistinct.

So much for Certainty; now begins the Other. Did I fall asleep at all? If so, was my first waking a dream-waking, and the real one only when the thing was gone? I'm not an imaginative man;

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my mind, at home, usually worked with some precision; but this, — there seems to be, you might say, a blur, a — film over my mental retina. You see, I'm not a psychologist, and therefore can't use the big, foggy terms of man's conceit to explain what he never can explain, — himself, and Life.

The captain tossed his cheroot overboard, and was silent for a space.

"The psychologists forget Æsop's frog story," he said at last. "Little swollen Egos, again."

Then his voice flowed on, slowly, in the dark.

I ask you just to believe this much: that I for my part feel sure (except sometimes by daylight) that I was not more than half asleep when a footfall seemed to come in the path, and waked me entirely. It did n't sound, — only seemed to come. I believe, then, that I woke, roused up on my elbow, and stared over at the opening among the bamboos where the path came into the clearing. Some one moved down the bank, and drew slowly forward to the edge of the firelight. A strange, whispering, uncertain kind of voice said something, — something in Dutch.

I did n't catch the words, and it spoke again: —

"What night of the month is this night?"

If awake, I was just enough so to think this a natural question to be asked first off, out here in the wilds.

"It's the 6th," I answered in Dutch. "Come down to the fire, Mynheer."

You know how bleary and sightless your eyes are for a moment, waking, after the glare of these days. The figure seemed to come a little nearer, but I could only see that it was a man dressed in black. Even that did n't seem odd.

"Of what month?" the stranger said. The voice was what the French call "veiled."

"June," I answered.

"And what year?" he asked.

I told him — or It.

"He is very late," said the voice, like a sigh. "He should have sent long ago."

Only at this point did the whole thing begin to seem queer. As evidence that I must have been awake, I recalled afterwards that my arm had been made numb by the pressure of my head upon it while lying down, and now began to tingle.

"It is very late," the voice repeated. "Perhaps too late" —

The fire settled, flared up fresh, and lighted the man's face dimly, — a long, pale face with gray mustache and pointed beard. He was all in black, so that his outline was lost in darkness; but I saw that round his neck was a short white ruff, and that heavy leather boots hung in folds, cavalier-fashion, from his knees. He wavered there in the dark, against the flicker of the bamboo shadows, like a picture by that Dutch fellow — What's-his-name-again — a very dim, shaky, misty Rembrandt.

"And you, Mynheer," he went on, in the same toneless voice, "from where do you come to this shore?"

"From Singapore," I managed to reply.

"From Singapura," he murmured. "And so white men live there now? — *Ja*, *ja*, time has passed."

Up till now I may have only been startled, but this set me in a blue funk. It struck me all at once that this shaky old whisper of a voice was not speaking the Dutch of nowadays. I never before knew the depths, the essence, of that uncertainty which we call fear. In the silence, I thought a drum was beating, — it was the pulse in my ears. The fire close by was suddenly cold.

"And now you go whither?" it said.

"To Batavia," I must have answered, for it went on: —

"Then you may do a great service to me and to another. Go to Jacatra in Batavia, and ask for Pieter Erberveld. Hendrik van der Have tells him to cease — before it is too late, before the thing

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becomes accursed. Tell him this. You will have done well, and I — shall sleep again. Give him the message" —

The voice did not stop, so much as fade away unfinished. And the man, the appearance, the eyes, moved away further into the dark, dissolving, retreating. A shock like waking came over me — a rush of clear consciousness —

Humph! Yes, been too long away from home; for I know (mind you, *know*) that I saw the white of that ruff, the shadowy sweep of a cloak, as something turned its back and moved up the path under the pointed arch of bamboos, and was gone slowly in the blackness. I'm as sure of this as I am that the fire gave no heat. But whether the time of it all had been seconds or hours, I can't tell you.

What? Yes, naturally. I jumped and ran up the path after it. Nothing there but starlight. I must have gone on for half a mile. Nothing: only ahead of me, along the path, the monkeys would chatter and break into an uproar, and then stop short — every treetop silent, as they do when a python comes along. I went back to the clearing, sat down on the mat, stayed there by clinching my will power, so to speak, — and watched myself for other symptoms, till morning. None came. The fire, when I heaped it, was as hot as any could be. By dawn I had persuaded myself that it was a dream. No footprints in the path, though I mentioned a shower before.

At sunrise, the *kapala's* men came down the path, little chaps in black mediæval armor made of petroleum tins, and coolies carrying piculs of stuff that I wanted. So I was busy, — but managed to dismast the *hantu* prau and wrap it up in matting, so that it went aboard with the plunder.

Yet this other thing bothered me so that I held the schooner over, and made pretexts to stay ashore two more nights. Nothing happened. Then I called myself a grandmother, and sailed for Batavia.

Two nights later, a very singular thing happened. The mate — this one with the sharp eyes — is a quiet chap; seldom speaks to me except on business. He was standing aft that evening, and suddenly, without any preliminaries, said:

"Tuan was not alone the other night."

"What's that, Sidin?" I spoke sharply, for it made me feel quite angry and upset, of a sudden. He laughed a little, softly.

"I saw that the fire was a cold fire," he said. That was all he would say, and we've never referred to it again.

You may guess the rest, if you know your history of Java. I did n't then, and did n't even know Batavia, — had been ashore often, but only for a *toelatingskaart* and some good Dutch chow. Well, one afternoon, I was loafing down a street, and suddenly noticed that the signboard said "Jacatra-weg." The word made me jump, and brought the whole affair on Celebes back like a shot, — and not as a dream. It became a live question; I determined to treat it as one, and settle it.

I stopped a fat Dutchman who was paddling down the middle of the street in his pyjamas, smoking a cigar.

"Pardon, Mynheer," I said. "Does a man live here in Jacatra-weg named Erberveld?"

"*Nej*," he shook his big shaved head. "*Nej*, Mynheer, I do not know."

"Pieter Erberveld," I suggested.

The man broke into a horse-laugh.

"*Ja, ja*," he said, and laughed still. "I did not think of him. *Ja*, on this way, opposite the timber yard, you will find his house." And he went off, bowing and grinning hugely.

The nature of the joke appeared later, but I was n't inclined to laugh. You've seen the place. No? Right opposite a timber yard in a cocoanut grove: it was a heavy, whitewashed wall, as high as a man, and perhaps two perches long. Where the gate should have been, a big tablet was set in, and over that, on a spike,

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a skull, grinning through a coat of cement. The tablet ran in eighteenth-century Dutch, about like this: —

By reason of the detestable memory of the convicted traitor, Pieter Erberveld, no one shall be permitted to build in wood or stone or to plant anything upon this ground, from now till Judgment Day. Batavia, April 14, *Anno* 1772.

You'll find the story in any book: the chap was a half-caste Guy Fawkes who conspired to deliver Batavia to the King of Bantam, was caught, tried, and torn asunder by horses. I nosed about and went through a hole in a side wall: nothing in the compound but green mould, dried stalks, dead leaves, and blighted banana trees. The inside of the gate was blocked with five to eight feet of cement. The Dutch hate solidly.

But Hendrik van der Have? No, I never found the name in any of the books. So there you are. Well? Can a man dream of a thing before he knows that thing, or —

The captain's voice, which had flowed on in slow and dispassionate soliloquy, became half audible, and ceased. As we gave ear to the silence, we became aware that a cool stir in the darkness was growing into a breeze. After a time, the thin crowing of game-cocks in distant villages, the first twitter of birds among the highest branches, told us that night had turned to morning. A soft patter of bare feet came along the deck, a shadow stood above us, and the low voice of the mate said,

"*Ada kapal api disitu, Tuan — saiah kirah — ada kapal prrang.*"

"Gunboat, eh?" Captain Forsythe was on his feet, and speaking briskly. "*Bai, tarek jangcar.* Breeze comes just in time."

We peered seaward from the rail; far out, two pale lights, between a red coal and a green, shone against the long, glimmering strip of dawn.

"Heading this way, but there's plenty of time," the captain said cheerfully. "Take the wheel a minute, youngster — that's it, — keep her in, — they can't see us against shore where it's still night."

As the schooner swung slowly under way, his voice rose, gay as a boy's: —

"Come on, you rice-fed admirals!" He made an improper gesture, his profile and outspread fingers showing in the glow-worm light of the binnacle. "If they follow us through by the Verdronken Rozengain, we'll show them one piecee navigation. Can do, eh? These old ironclad junks are something a man knows how to deal with."

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HOLIDAYS AND HISTORY

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

WHO does not recall that burst of noble invective in which Gambetta, at the trial of Delescluze, arraigned Napoleon III and the Empire? "Here for seventeen years," he said, "you have been absolute masters — 'masters at discretion,' it is your phrase — of France. Well, you have never dared to say, 'We will celebrate — we will include among the solemn festivals of France — the Second of December as a national anniversary.' And yet all the governments which have succeeded one another in the land have honored the day of their birth. There are but two anniversaries — the Eighteenth of Brumaire and the Second of December — which have never been put among the solemnities of origin; because you know that, if you dared to put these, the universal conscience would disavow them!" Gambetta's taunt proved prophetic: within less than two years the Empire of Louis Napoleon, which dared not celebrate its birthday, plunged headlong to destruction.

The conscience of France refused to join in jubilation over the Napoleonic *coups d'état*, — a healthy sign, which indicates that, although popular judgment cannot always be relied on to discern correctly the critical stages in a nation's growth, it can still be trusted in the long run to repudiate the wicked and the unworthy. It can be trusted not to make a festival to commend deeds of which it is ashamed. So we Americans have never tried to whitewash the Mexican War. In most European countries, to be sure, national holidays have sprung up without much regard to historical significance. The birthday of the reigning sovereign, of course, is kept; but, as this varies with each new sovereign, no particular date comes to be fixed in the popular mind. The birthday of a dynasty, or of the existing form of government — except in cases like those which Gambetta assailed — naturally becomes the chief political event to be glorified year by year, — witness the Fourth of July in the United States, the Fourteenth of July in France, the Festival of the Statuto in Italy. Occasionally, through a lack of historical perspective, some occurrence of sensational emphasis at the moment, but without structural value, — the Gunpowder Plot in England, for instance, — appeals to the popular imagination, and is unduly perpetuated.

In general, the importance of holidays as a means of keeping fresh in the memory of a people the great stages of its Past, the vital principles which have brought it to the Present, the ideals to which it must be true if it would prosper in the Future, — this immense educative importance of holidays cannot be overestimated. And yet it has been too much neglected.

The deepening of the historic sense unquestionably marks, in nations as in men, the coming of maturity. For history embodies the collective experience of a nation, and it should serve, as memory serves each of us individually, to warn, or guide, or inspire. A people which has grown up cannot know too thoroughly the few transcendent or typical facts in the period of its childhood and adolescence. The outlines, at least, we expect every child to learn at school; and by statues and monuments we record great men and special occasions: but it is in our holidays that we can best set forth the few and simple, but indispensable, elements of our national being.

The calendar of every religion, with its fasts and festivals, proves the great

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value, as a stimulus to worship, of an ordered system of celebrations. Each significant event in the career of the founder of a religion has its special day; each saint, whose life exemplified some shining virtue, has his special remembrance; and these festivals, continually recurring, enable the members of that religion to keep always before them the concrete evidences of their faith. We cannot doubt that our national holidays might serve in similar fashion as a stimulus to enlightened patriotism.

The time has come, indeed, when the elements in our national growth stand out perfectly plain. What are they? They are Liberty, Independence, Union. Our ancestors, who first protested against George III's unjust taxation, and then resisted it, and finally, in 1775, took up arms, had in view one great object, — Liberty. If that had been granted them, it is unlikely that they would have asked for more. But, after the struggle began, they realized that Liberty involved Independence, and so they pressed on and won both. The Revolutionary War left the Thirteen Colonies free and independent, but confronted by the problem of their future mutual relations. Should they form a federation, an alliance, a league, or should each try to go it alone? After much discussion they agreed to be bound together in a union. But from the start, the nature of this compact was disputed: one party held that the Union was indissoluble, the other that its constituent members might secede at pleasure; and only after two generations of debate, and four years of civil war, were the partisans of secession defeated. Since 1865, Union has been recognized as the third vital element in the growth of the United States.

Liberty, Independence, Union, — we ought to honor these three cardinal principles by yearly commemoration. In fact, however, only Independence has its special festival, although Independence is intrinsically not more important than either of the others. But in some parts of the country, two days are already observed as holidays which might most appropriately and without any wrench be dedicated to Liberty and Union.

Massachusetts now celebrates the Nineteenth of April, the anniversary of the battle at Lexington and Concord, as Patriots' Day. Up to a dozen years ago, the first Thursday in April had been set apart in that state as a day of fasting and prayer. But in the course of time its religious character faded out, and Fast Day became a very secular feast, on which the first outdoor sports were played, and house-hunters scoured the suburbs for summer cottages. So the pretense of solemnity was abandoned, and the Nineteenth of April was pitched upon as the date of the regular spring holiday. Who dubbed it "Patriots' Day," a title without historic patness, does not appear. Any date on which a battle was fought, Bennington, Lundy's Lane, Antietam, Chickamauga, or a hundred others, might presumably, with equal reason, be called "Patriots' Day." In strict truth, the men who resisted the British troops at Concord and Lexington were not *patriots*, for they were fighting, not for their *country*, but for *Liberty*. Accordingly, the Nineteenth of April ought to be observed as Liberty Day; and since, as the sequel proved, the shot fired by the embattled farmers was heard round the world, and their resistance led to the Revolution, and this to the formation of the United States, Liberty Day ought to be a national festival.

To commemorate Union, we need only change the name and amplify the scope of Memorial or Decoration Day, which originated soon after the close of the Civil War in the beautiful custom of strewing with flowers the graves of the men, North and South, who had fallen in the conflict. Personal bereavement, poignant grief, inspired the earliest strewing of graves. It was a day of mourning, when mothers and wives and sweethearts and comrades paid visible tribute to their dear ones

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unreturning. But gradually the character of the occasion changed. The sense of loss, if not assuaged, was no longer an overmastering emotion. The very decoration of the graves became more formal and less personal, left in charge of veteran posts, instead of being the spontaneous offering of family and friends. A new generation grew up, to which the war was, happily, only an historic event, and now, more than forty years after its end, Memorial Day, notwithstanding the impressiveness of its ceremonies and the pathos of the dwindling ranks of survivors, is turning into a genuine holiday, on which nine tenths of our people, unmindful of the dead whom they never saw, seek the woods and fields and shore, in their magic May glory, and are glad to be alive. In another decade or two the survivors themselves will be too few and too feeble to observe the day; and then the graves will no more be strewn with flowers, and the original motive — the personal motive — will vanish.

But to stop at private bereavement over the loss of the dead soldier is to belittle him and us. He fell, but he fell in behalf of a great cause, and it is on that cause — on the purpose of his fighting and the issue of the war — that we should fix our attention. His deeds were public, of national import, however private the grief of his friends at his death. The outcome of the Civil War has been to establish Union as the vital principle which binds together all members of the American Republic. The men of the South fought valiantly for their contention that the bond was only partial, terminable at the pleasure of any constituent state; the men of the North maintained that the Union should be "one and inseparable," "now and forever." The party of the Union triumphed, and there is to-day no American, whether he dwell North or South, along the Atlantic coast or on the Pacific, who does not rejoice that the Civil War had this result. Therefore let us convert Memorial Day into Union Day, and in so doing simply recognize the change from private grief to public joy and thanksgiving, which Time has wrought in our view of the great conflict. Let us emphasize the immeasurable benefits achieved through the final acceptance of Union as an indestructible element of our national life, and thereby deepen our sense of fellowship and mutual responsibility. If we understood what Union means, we should see that one section cannot prosper at the expense of another, and we should not tolerate the greed of one state, nor the ascendency of special interests, in making our laws or in administering them.

Thus have Liberty, Independence, and Union emerged as the three historic elements in our national structure. But no country, least of all a republic, can endure unless it can rely upon the patriotism of its citizens. Patriotism is preeminently the civic virtue. It manifests itself in many ways, — on the battlefield in time of war; in the council, at the caucus, at the polls, in time of peace. It shrinks neither from unpopularity nor fatigues in exposing abuses and in resisting corruption. Personal ambition cannot seduce it; private gain cannot pollute. For the essence of Patriotism is unselfish devotion to the country's welfare. The beauty of the service of this virtue, and the obligations we are all under to serve it loyally, cannot be too often impressed upon us. Happily, we Americans have in Washington the ideal patriot, and his birthday, which has been honored for generations, is properly our Feast of Patriotism. Virtue gains a hundredfold when it teaches by example. In Washington, Patriotism became incarnate; he illustrated by his conduct how it should inspire volunteer and Commander-in-chief, humblest voter and President. It is superfluous and unhistoric, if not impertinent, to go on assigning the Nineteenth of April to Patriots in general, when the Twenty-second of February is already consecrated to Washington, the world's model of Patriotism.

Liberty, Independence, Union, Pa-

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triotism, — these ought to be blazoned in our national calendar. But there are two other facts, antedating our existence as a nation, which we must not ignore.

First, there is the Discovery of America. October Twelfth, the anniversary of that event, might well be made a festival, and called Columbus Day. Its celebration would serve to inform our latest generations not only about the actual exploit of the indomitable Genoese, but about the European conditions out of which the New World was peopled, and the part which the New World has played in the evolution of mankind. Every American is an immigrant, either in his person or in his ancestors; and as our population has become polyglot, if not cosmopolitan, the proper observance of Columbus Day would help to teach the newcomers some of the principles of Americanism, and it would remind our scions of older stock that the American of to-day is no longer of British or even of Germanic derivation, and that the American of the future will be the product of the vast mingling, for which history shows no counterpart, of tribes and peoples and races, that is now going on.

Finally, there is Religious Toleration, the cornerstone of the American nation, without which our state-builders would have builded in vain. All our political and civic life, not less than our school and church and social life, presupposes this basis. Freedom to worship God according to each worshiper's conscience is our inestimable bequest from the Puritans. They came to Plymouth and Boston, indeed, in order to be free to worship according to *their* conscience only: they set up a theocracy; they hoped to keep heretics out of their orthodox sheepfold. But inevitably the principle of religious freedom which they demanded for themselves permeated and transformed their commonwealth, and led to toleration, a blessing which we have so long enjoyed that we scarcely realize what it cost, or how essential it is to our national existence. We cannot guard it too jealously, nor give it too free a rein in guiding our private lives.

Thanksgiving Day, the most ancient of our holidays, with its Puritan associations, is the fittest day on which to celebrate Religious Toleration, which sprang from Puritanism, as a life-giving fruit tree springs from a stony seed. The earliest colonists gave thanks that their lives had been spared, or that a good crop put away the fear of famine; we should give thanks that we have inherited from them the priceless boon of Toleration.

Our historic holidays, therefore, named in their proper chronological sequence, should be Columbus Day, Thanksgiving (Toleration) Day, Liberty Day, Independence Day, Washington's Birthday (Patriotism), and Union Day. If the time comes when the much-talked-of and much-desired friendship between Britain and the United States shall be celebrated in an annual festival, the Twelfth of February, the day on which in 1809 Darwin was born in England and Lincoln was born in America, might most fittingly be chosen; for Lincoln and Darwin were the highest representatives in the nineteenth century of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Meanwhile, let us Americans take care to keep constantly before us the vital principles on which our national life depends. Let us insist that at least once a year each of these principles shall be duly commemorated. Self-knowledge and experience are as indispensable to nations as to individuals. History teaches us both. When we have clearly fixed in our minds the very elements of the Republic's existence, we shall have a criterion for judging every political act, and every proposed measure. We shall confront it with the ideal of Liberty, or of Union, or of Toleration, and approve or condemn it accordingly. A nation which understands itself pursues the line of its genius, with the added momentum of its past achievements. Only by returning frequently to the fountainhead of our ideals can we understand our national genius and keep our own action pure. Whoever

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has had a vision of these American ideals in their original beauty and power, him neither the whine of Anglomaniacs nor the croak of pessimists can disturb. But he knows that these ideals can be realized only through the unflagging devotion of intelligent Americans. Moreover, since we can rely little on tradition, because our population is being continually increased by foreigners utterly ignorant of American traditions, we must neglect no means to provide a substitute for it. The efficacy of holidays as such a means is clear.

A LYRIC

BY BLISS CARMAN

Oh, once I could not understand
The sob within the throat of spring, —
The shrilling of the frogs, nor why
The birds so passionately sing.

That was before your beauty came
And stooped to teach my soul desire,
When on these mortal lips you laid
The magic and immortal fire.

I wondered why the sea should seem
So gray, so lonely, and so old;
The sigh of level-driving snows
In winter so forlornly cold.

I wondered what it was could give
The scarlet autumn pomps their pride,
And paint with colors not of earth
The glory of the mountainside.

I could not tell why youth should dream
And worship at the evening star,
And yet must go with eager feet
Where danger and where splendor are.

I could not guess why men at times,
Beholding beauty, should go mad
With joy or sorrow or despair
Or some unknown delight they had.

I wondered what they could receive
From Time's inexorable hand
So full of loveliness and doom.
But now, ah, now I understand!

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THE TERRACED GARDEN

BY SUSAN S. WAINWRIGHT

THE furor hortensis has seized me, and my acre of ground here affords me more pleasure than Kingdoms do Kings; for my object is not to extend, but to enrich it. — EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

ON first acquaintance with the gardens of Italy, lying in ruin and neglect, you seem to feel a lamentable lack of vitality; but during an absorbing intimacy, while the gardens are studied with an eye to their service as models for our own country, their vitality becomes compelling, and you recognize, as their most valuable quality, their capacity to endure. After two centuries of neglect they are lifting their noble heads to tell us that they are something more than mere monuments; they abound in fertile suggestion. They are beckoning our attention at the right time. The landscape craze has passed, both here and in England, and the true garden, the garden that is private and a part of the home, is now the object of faithful study.

That which was grotesque in the gardens has ceased to interest the lover of true garden-craft. Water theatres, constructed at great cost, — with devices for wetting the unwary spectator, are no longer in operation; statues, so important a part of the Renaissance garden, have disappeared; the vase has been snatched from the pedestal; and the stiff parterre without flowers has little hold upon our modern fancy.

We cannot better select the excellencies of the Italian gardens which we rejoice in to-day than by a brief quotation from Evelyn's *Diary*, — an entry made in 1644, when he made his first visit to Italy, and saw them at the height of their bloom. Then it was more difficult than now to detect the *vital* marks of genius in the gardens, but Evelyn was an ardent lover of true garden-art, and the words by which he expressed his admiration for the Villa Aldobrandini at Frascati could have been said of many of the famous villas; he thought it "to surpass the most delicious places for situation, elegance, plentiful water, groves, ascents, and prospects."

Evelyn had come from the level lands of England, where quite another type of garden was the delight of those days; a garden walled so that mounts were necessary to provide the owner an opportunity to look beyond his walls. The Italian villas, so wonderfully adapted to the hillsides, with their "ascents and prospects," went straight to his garden-loving heart, and in his *Diary* he described them accurately for the benefit of the English people. It is suggestive that in copying too closely the type of another country the English at first erred in laying out their gardens on the north side of the house; and sometimes you see an architect measuring the height of the box borders at the Medici Villa, taking the exact breadth or length of a path at the Villa Lante, or the precise position of a statue at the Albani. That the masters who built these gardens confined themselves to no such binding detail, in the creation of many villas, is the keynote to their success. There is no art where the genius of the sixteenth century has more clearly shown its versatility than in architecture. The villa required not only a house suited to various needs and tastes, and often fitted to unusual situations, but about the house a development of the land to equal beauty and usefulness; and this variety is one of the charms of the Italian villa. No one is going to duplicate the Villa Medici, the Lante, or the Albani; far less the Villa d'Este. After you have enjoyed the vari-

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ous effects produced by carrying the Anio up the hillside and letting it rush through the garden, where it tosses and leaps and sparkles in the depths of melancholy shade, the garden has little to offer, except its charming outlooks, framed by groups of magnificent cypresses, of farms and far-reaching vineyards, of distant mountains and near-lying hills, seen

"Above the world's uncertain haze;"

nor, with a water design so beautiful and romantic, although too noisy and turbulent for a garden, does the garden need other marks of genius to make it famous; yet all of them and many others are full of genius. They reveal the inborn faculty of the men who created their works to suit their environment.

Although the Villa Medici is absolutely harmonious, with its deep woodland walks, sunny flower garden, beautiful fountains, fragments of antique sculpture, its terrace with the white marble balustrade, supporting the ancient ilex-wood, its incomparable vista of Rome, with the dome of St. Peter's against the glorious Italian sky, and above all its noble height and sweet privacy; yet where would one find another Pincian Hill on which to place a duplicate Villa Medici? Only something more than mere copying will bring the best in the Italian gardens to our American hillsides. If our architects, upon whom we shall probably depend for our greatest gardens, feel no warmer fire, no richer thrill of their imaginations, when studying these incomparable country residences, than the cold culture of mathematical and architectural lines and curves, so necessary to their art, then they cannot hope to create such homes as will add glory to our country.

It is not wholly the history that has been lived in the gardens, or wholly the architecture and sculpture, or charm of age and ruin, that leads us again and again to reflect upon them. In order to see them as models, with the vitality that makes them useful to us, we must strip them of ornamentation, forget their wealth of history, and sometimes even transform their architecture; then there is left for our contemplation their "situation, elegance, plentiful water, groves, ascents, and prospects," or the outdoor art in which they excel. It is this outdoor art, an undeveloped art in our country, which enlightens our receptive minds, and holds us captive to its charms.

Some of us seek the level country for our houses, with its stretch of meadows and fields, or long, level avenues, and to a house so situated, either by choice or necessity, may be adapted a garden of most intimate charm; but many of us have an innate love of the hills, and in choosing a site, only a hillside seems possible; and a hillside demands quite different treatment. To the English we turn for the sweetest model in the world of a garden on a level situation, but to the Italian for the garden of the hillside. By availing ourselves of our opportunities for useful and effective building against our wooded hillsides, we shall not only secure a wood in connection with our garden, a most agreeable adjunct in a warm climate, but we shall sooner enjoy a setting for house and garden.

The vitality of the Italian garden is that part which is least artificial; for the gardens were designed by true artists, who used the material at hand whenever possible. But when a palace and its garden had to occupy an island, as the Isola Bella of Lake Maggiore, which, by strong vaulted arcades extending into the water and hundreds of tons of filling, was prepared for occupancy, then they reveled in artificiality. When you are not on the flower- and fruit-laden terraces, looking out over the blue waters of the lake, and into the heart of the near-lying mountains, your attention is held within. The basement of the palace has a series of grotto-like rooms opening on the gardens, decorated to wonderment with pebble-work, sea shells, and colored stucco, marble floors, benches and tables most whimsical in design. Although such treatment is not without suggestion and possible guidance to those in search of fantastic

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effects, or a cool retreat where the water can drip and flow into ornate basins, yet it is doubtful if, with our love of nature, and our growing knowledge of the happy union of art and nature, we shall ever again crave a thing so entirely artificial.

When the Italian gardens are the subject of conversation, an acquaintance will say to you, with justifiable impatience: "Is it possible you like trees cut and trimmed into the shapes of animals, birds, cups and saucers, and other things?" You are glad of the opportunity to reply that they formed no part of the old Italian garden-craft, and then you can add: no more a part of the fine old gardens, built by the famous architects of the Italian Renaissance, than the pergola, which has so captivated our American fancy that we have almost become a pergola-ridden nation.

That the architects made the most of their material, and thereby produced an endless variety of pictures without sacrificing privacy, is illustrated again and again in the villas that have fortunately escaped the iconoclastic attack of "progress." The ornate little Villa Pia with its exquisite oval court of diminutive proportion and delectable privacy, so harmoniously placed in the Vatican Garden, is a gem of the sixteenth century. The great Boboli Garden stretches its laurel- and ilex-clad slopes from the Pitti Palace, with the famous amphitheatre set into the hillside, to the secret garden at the top of the hill, where, when the great gates are closed, only the inhabitants of the heavens can pry.

In all probability we shall never need a moated fortress-palace like the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, with a cardinal's soldiers on guard without, and within "noble ladies and their cavaliers sitting under rose-arbors or strolling between espaliered lemon trees, discussing a Greek manuscript or a Roman bronze, or listening to the last sonnet of the Cardinal's court poet." It would be difficult to say for what purpose Caprarola invites our attention, except for the wonder of it, the artistic daring of the architect, and his beautiful garden house; but a garden on which Vignola has set his seal must surely furnish material for intelligent study.

Of the Villa Lante, another creation of Vignola's, — for since there is nothing to disprove it, why should we not have it so? — volumes could be written and the sweet story be only half told. There are few garden pleasures in Italy that can compare with the delight of following this most beautiful of cascades as it tosses and tumbles in a white billowy stream through the tall green hedges, from one terrace to another, to reappear in the basin and fountains below; there to listen to its soft and infinitesimal fall, so in harmony with the atmosphere of the Villa Lante; there to watch the dark clouds lower, and a fitful sunlight call forth the color of the red earthen jars, laden with the pure pale yellow lemon, brighten the green of the box borders, make the brown gravel walks shimmer, and the fountains glisten, till the Villa Lante is a veritable Eden.

There lies near Florence the Villa Campi, a garden without its house; a fairyland where the imaginative may build such dream-castles as he never built in childhood, — fitting into the silence of the garden, among the statue-nymphs, satyrs, and river-gods, the clipped hedges, the fountains and pools, a model of his day-dreams.

So we could go on from one garden to another; each with its mark of greatness; each with its own charm, its happy individuality; but after hours of exhilaration among the more famous gardens of Italy, we ever come back with joy to the smaller but not less beautiful ones. On the Aventine the gate of the Priorato, or Villa of the Knights of Malta, swings open, and you enter a most delightful small garden. The house stands on a steep ledge, and the secret garden lies close behind it. A beautiful little fountain graces the centre of the terrace. This garden, bounded by the house on one side, and a wall on the other side and the rear, suggests a one-story house with the roof removed, and

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one whole side open. The tall laurel hedges make the divisions; the vines clinging to the walls the background, which indoors are wall papers and hangings; the lemons and oranges espaliered against the walls the pictures in color; the red earthen jars the household ornaments; the secret garden the chamber or "den;" a crude fancy, perhaps, but one that always possesses you in the small enclosed English garden, which this one closely resembles, except for the terrace that lifts you high above the Roman housetops and the slow old Tiber.

The Princess Ghica, of the Villa Gamberaia, rejoices to-day in a delightful model of the formal garden with its subdivisions; a small garden so arranged that it gives the effect of space, and the various parts happily united in one perfect whole. The ilex-wood, the bowling-green, the grottoes; the exquisite green grass steps, leading to the basins of clear water, which reflects the Florentine Iris; abundant verdure, and a wealth of flowers ingeniously unite the old and the new. The terrace, which overhangs the farms and vineyards and the broad valley of the Arno, is the crowning glory. The retaining wall, which supports the grove of ilex, opens like the "green hill" of childhood, and admits you to a charming little grotto-garden, a miniature gray ravine, radiant with tulips in April.

The Italian architects, like the English and the French, built their houses facing the road, giving privacy in the grounds to the inmates. The houses were not built on the hilltops, but into the hillsides. A house perched on the top of a hill loses that delightful setting that so enhances the value of a building, which is, at its best, an infringement on Nature's title. For that reason art must be carried beyond the four walls, that you may not be overwhelmed by that riotous Nature, so intent upon holding her own; scorning discipline like a growing child, but attaining her most artistic development under the guidance of the garden master; that is, when she must become civilized, and conform, like the rest of us, to community life. Her state of savagery, where she sows or destroys as her mood dictates; where, in the depths of her wilderness, she shows us the great river tearing down the mountainside, or the little brook winding its crooked way through the woods, is another story; her multitudinous creations of wild beauty are still another. We admire and we love her, and we love her none the less, when, coming to dwell at our doorways and adorn the handiwork of man, we demand that she live within proper bounds, and comply with the rules of art. By no means should the domestication of nature lead to an artificial condition that is fantastic or grotesque, but simply to a sane union of art and nature; a union that gives a useful and beautiful indoor and outdoor home to every householder.

The most distinctive feature of the hillside gardens of Italy is the terrace, sustained by a retaining wall, a natural development of the hillside in connection with a house. It would hardly have been possible for a sixteenth-century Italian of any importance, loving the open air as he did, to build a house only; therefore the terrace, which seems so much a matter of form, was a real necessity. To adorn the terrace and make outdoor life more possible in a warm climate, groves, fountains, and grottoes were added; statues found their niches, and perennial verdure combined with the stonework; but there were few flowers.

To the best that the old gardens have to offer, allowing for the ineffable touch of time, we can add a wonderful variety of flowers. Then we have vast and fascinating opportunities in the skillful guidance of water, in which the Roman garden-architects excelled. Our hill-country abounds in streams that we can arrest for a while to supply our gardens with fountains, cascades, and even cool, dripping grottoes, and release for the fulfillment of their destiny. Evelyn, like Bacon, applies "elegance" to gardens. What

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a pity that so good a word is to-day bandied about like any common thief! — a word that should be kept for gardens; for when you have such a garden as the best models of the past can lead you to, you have an elegant garden; one that is "very choice, and hence pleasing to good taste; characterized by grace, propriety, and refinement, and the absence of everything offensive, exciting admiration and approbation by symmetry, completion, and freedom from blemish." From our chaotic state we may evolve choice country seats which include the terraced garden, possibly with farm lands, even though not vineyards and olive orchards, close at hand; the sunny terrace as permanently built into the hillside as the house; a grove of evergreens, a pleasing play of abundant water; beautiful views, enhanced by skillful trimming and planting; the whole characterized by a restraint and refinement of taste that gives elegance; and above all a house and garden so united that beauty and use shall abide together in peace. If, by the guidance of these beautiful old gardens, we attain this garden felicity, we may indeed feel that the Garden of Italy has a marvelous vitality.

THE VOICE OF BEAUTY

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

SHE went with him along the gravel path beneath the cypresses, past the ancient urns to the gate in the wall, where he stepped down from the garden of the Villa Pallada into the road, and she stood above him, waving good-by. There had been import in his look to her, silent and direct, as she had said, "Not next week; because we shall be gone, — to South Africa." "Then I shall come again sooner, — perhaps to-day," he had said.

Her white gown, her voice, — all the soft, clear exposition of herself in her look and her attitude, lingered with him as he walked the Via Bolognese toward the city. She had not said or looked too much; neither had she shown a fear of doing so by expressing too little. Never had she seemed to invite him, nor to betray an exaltation at his presence; yet he felt that she liked him, that she was happy with him, that all the needs and circumstances of her life supported him in her regard. That she should leave Italy, and go with her father to the newest continent, sprang her into sharp relief with what would be her new surroundings, — a relief in which she would be less happy, he felt, — less in tune with a background that would be no longer Italian, Old-World, and rare, — words which, despite her strain of English blood, to him described her. Which reminded Jefferson that he was an American, and that there was his own background, dim though his four full years of expatriation made it seem.

Of course she had known that her announcement would enliven him; she had made no pretense of concealing that. There were mysteries and mysteries, he mused; and hers was one no less mysterious because it inspired in him no fear of untried darknesses beyond the barriers that still lay between them. They had passed many hours in the garden of the Villa Pallada; her father had looked down from his study window without altering their little intimate self-confessions, nor the frequency of the young man's visits. Their episode had progressed with a beautiful restraint, he said to himself. It had been set to the quality of Carlotta's voice, — leisurely, soft and low, but live and flexible. Never a sharp note had entered

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it; never a crude impatience had beset the proving of their affinity. A quick sincerity had rescued all their threatened moments, making exhilarations out of dangers, — a perfection of smoothness that put him thinking of what Carlotta might have been, had she not been Carlotta, but some girl discovered nearer home.

The Via Bolognese, the Villa Pallada, Carlotta, were indeed far from Buffalo, and the days and the ways and the maidens of his adolescence. There were exuberant phenomena distinguishing the manners of the young women he had known at home. He imagined Carlotta confronting the girls of his schooldays, and — unless they had greatly altered — drawing her fine line between herself and them. Already he had seen Carlotta draw it, though invisibly to the American tourists he had had the fortune to present to her. She had not been able to see the underlying virtues of their free ways. She had not talked afterwards to him about his friends; although they might have constituted a namable type in her mind. It was improbable that they remained in her mind; and Jefferson found himself believing all this without shock to his national feeling. Was he particularizing in Carlotta's favor, and generalizing to the disadvantage of his countrywomen? Or had he become a citizen of the world, for whom boundaries were not national, but only human? He shaped the question without troubling to answer it. To-day or to-morrow he was going to ask Carlotta to marry him.

The professor would be at the window, almost within hearing; but Carlotta and her friend would sit by the pond beneath the blossoming trees; and after a moment her answer would come, yes or no. With a "yes" she would put into the sound just that soft tone that would carry, so exquisitely measured, just the conviction melting from her heart. How could he be mistaken? Their communion had been too perfect. They had condemned so many of the iniquities and banalities,— as the world seemed to them, — that their blackening of the map left them obviously on an island together. Should he take her back to America? Not until some reason came for it. But what reason ever would come for it? He was saying this in Italian as he crossed the Ponte Rosso and wound into the Piazza Cavour, as familiar to him as any of the rectangular regions of Buffalo. He looked upon himself as denationalized.

The young woman who crossed beneath the arch of the Porta San Gallo, so closely in front of him that, had she noticed him, it is to be thought that she would have turned aside rather than block his way, — she was not only his countrywoman, but of a mien that haunted him as if from days of immaturity. She was examining the face of the arch, and he made a circuit and entered the arch once more, to look at her. The tall American girl crossed the path again, indifferent to the passers through the arch. Then the gate of San Gallo seemed fixed in her memory, and she started rapidly, at what appeared her wonted pace, through the Via Cavour toward the Arno.

The simplicity of her white blouse, with its white stock and turquoise sleevelinks, and of her short skirt, marked a perfection of line and a richness of material. The fine, small shoeing and gloving, the hat of the season draped in a flowing veil, — these completed the American uniform for the year, against which her individuality struggled in his memory. Jefferson took the opposite sidewalk and copied her steady gait. He recalled her; theirs had been an affair between a maid of fourteen and a youth of sixteen, of such detail as could have been true only in a free country. This was Marian!

She leaned a little noticeably forward as she marched, with her head carried a little noticeably back. Her nose, thus elevated above those of the few women of her own height she passed, was small and of perfect shape, fittingly with her hands and feet. One hardly could have criticised them disparagingly, save for want

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of quantity. On her brow was a little accustomed frown, as of impatience with things heard and seen, but impatience mastered in philosophy. Her figure was of faultless slimness. If her eyes seemed to him a trifle small, the brow made up for them in sweep and force; and the mouth, if the lips were somewhat thin, compensated with its firmness. She progressed, her eyes on the distance and the heights; she charged the crossings with an indifference to the traffic that made it wait and yield her way. Jefferson paralleled her, with a growing interest.

She did contrast with Carlotta. It was worth something to his mind to determine just how. He was going to take a momentous step; and he wished it to be without illusions, and without depreciating that young woman of America to whom, whosoever she might have been, all his thoughts, had he stayed in Buffalo, might to-day have been trending: if not Marian, then some other young lady whose head would have tipped at the same angle with her body, and who, in that year of our Lord, would have walked forth in a white shirtwaist and a plain short skirt and a flowing hat, and a little frown of freedom.

Marvelous land of liberty! Its breadth, its wealth, its opportunity for any one from anywhere! Only America could have produced this wonderful creature on the other side of the narrow street, into whose eyes he now almost looked as her face was for a moment mirrored in the pane of a show window. How her self-confidence fitted with her rights and privileges, her predominance, — over her father, over her mother, even over her brother when he was at home. Hers was the air which only noble houses thought to wear in the rest of the world; her nobility did not lean on years of heredity, — on some ancient service, long since many times repaid. Her nobility was rooted in the actual deed, only a generation old, hardly yet completed. She was real; she was the growth of doing and possessing; she was *ipso facto* one of our many, many queens. You must acknowledge it. Place her among the patented of Europe, and her chin would have risen merely a little higher, partly in self-assertion and partly in a righteous surprise and disapproval directed at their ways of life and speech. She would have emerged stronger than ever; nothing could have made her yield an inch.

She held herself so wholly unawares that he felt no compunction in keeping up with her. He felt, indeed, that he might have stooped and passed under her chin, and she would have been none the wiser for his presence. From no such creature would ever a beckon come in all the heart-play of a courtship. One's secret knowledge of one's shortcomings, one's comparative meanness as a male thing, enforced by the regal presence of our modern lady, would be hung about one's neck as one proposed the startling step of marriage. One would battle one's way without a helping hand; unless, indeed, one possessed some unusual gift which lies in the province of professed diviners of women. At least, so Jefferson thought; she was the New World, — the New Female Thing, — that which you miss when you become an American without a vote.

She crossed the square of the Baptistery, ignoring it as if it had been Jefferson himself. Doubtless she had visited that already, in the morning round of sight-seeing. When he had another near look at her, after following in a street without footwalks, she was crossing the Ponte Vecchio, and her pace had not changed. It was only three o'clock; probably she was going to devote a few minutes to San Miniato. Presently, persuaded quite from the direction he had planned, Jefferson was pursuing her with agility up the steps toward that edifice; and he felt himself becoming re-Americanized.

He ought to make one visit to his native land. His marriage would have to mean, if Carlotta so wished it, that a world containing no North America could be wide and interesting enough to contain

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herself and him. He ought to go back and neutralize his biases, and be able to testify, as the sight of the girl before him made him inclined to testify, to all that was commodious and startling and affable in the great modified order of things. In America you could be a citizen of the world by looking out of your window; men of every race and clime would pass you by; and the spoken tongue would be garnished with flavors of all of them. He ought to experience once again the free field which a man of leisure may find in America: one great scenic woman's club of afternoons, with all the men at business or removed from sight. Above all, to stay away and be no patriot, to take no part in the uplifting, the spreading, the celebrating of the national cult, — should he be able to reconcile himself with this in his old age?

Marian kept looking down upon the Arno, not approvingly, he thought. There was dirt; there had been odors and people in rags below; and the river was yellow with silt. She passed two policemen, whose soiled cocked hats and threadbare uniforms made Jefferson, as he caught the look he thought he read from her face, feel apologetic. He became aware that the *carrozze* and their horses were inferior, that Florence, indeed, was in many respects cheap and antique. Not that her frown had deepened; perhaps she was not dwelling on the facts; but her very presence proved that Italy is old and poor, and wears inferior cloth. She had let a glance suffice for the church of San Miniato al Monte; she was on the Viale Macchiavelli; there were trees, and the boulevard aspect and the stretches with growing things were more in keeping with herself. She looked at her shiny footgear, and picked her way across the drive, with lightness that gave her the air of a lady in a mural painting. She had not noticed Jefferson; she was as unaware of him as when she had nearly run him down at the Porta San Gallo. He crossed in her footprints. He saw that, alone and without fear or misgiving, she had sat on one of the benches of the Viale, giving herself a pretty background of some rhododendrons.

Indeed, he had traveled far from his original modes of thought. After all, was there any good reason why a young lady, if fatigued, should not rest herself on a bench on a Viale, even though alone? Carlotta would have kept on, taxing her strength, or would have taken a cab, if you could have tired Carlotta's half-English blood with walking. Marian sat watching what roofs and towers of Florence rose above the opposite shrubs. Since she had not yet noticed him, Jefferson sat down on the adjacent bench. He would allow himself to look at her until such time as her attention might stray to him; and thereafter he would discreetly avoid her eyes, unless she should recognize him. There had been a time when he would not have waited, but in a breezy way would have approached her, — "sailed up" to her, and greeted her telephonically, "Hello!" At least, he thought there had been such a time; but now she carried such a presence that he mistrusted his memory.

She really was beautiful, once you went back and caught the standards of her place and time. Her fatigue had attacked the rigidity of the relations between her head and body; and she sat, if not according to the mode, yet according to the feelings of a girl who was tired. She was beautiful, and doubtless, once you were admitted to her acquaintance, she was full of that humor, that quaintness of phrase, that intimate address, which, — so long as you avoided aught that could be construed as touching on the relations of the sexes, — Heaven, how out of touch these four short years had left him with his native land!

He would go home before he asked Carlotta to marry him. It would be a greater justice to her and to himself. The steamer would be full of his compatriots, mostly women; and he would not steel himself against any one of them. Let nationality have its due. There would

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be something of patriotism about it, — justice to his native land, tribute to his sisters of like birth. Carlotta was not being budged from his heart; he was not disgracefully sitting here and gulping in Marian. But he ought to see, by going home, how Carlotta found herself in his heart when it began to beat in rhythm with New York and North America.

In the course of these thoughts, he found himself blankly staring into Marian's eyes; at least, it had seemed so. But if she was looking straight at him, it was presently apparent that she did not see him, if that is possible. Her eye shifted so slowly past his eye, past his cheekbone, past his shoulder and his bench, that he could not tell if she had really taken him in. But it was his first chance, as in good taste it must be his last, to look her in full face across the space of a few feet. She was beautiful; she was faultlessly put together, and her clothes insisted upon it; she was American; she was queenly; and America was a great place!

He turned about in the direction of her gaze; and there it was as if he suddenly had seen her again in one of those mirrors which extraordinarily broaden and shorten the form. The same white shirtwaist was approaching their two benches, the same short skirt, the blue links, the veil, the poise, the frown; only the figure was different, much shortened, broadened, and breathless. He heard Marian rise and rustle forward to meet her friend. Jefferson was about to hear Marian speak.

The two collided on the walk, in front of him, glowing to each other. They stood where a movement of his stick would have made it touch their impeccable shoes. Into the oblivion where he sat now burst the contact of their voices.

"Where you been?" — it was Marian's he disentangled. "This is n't me; I just dropped dead hunting for you! And, my dear! ! Harry can't stand it: he 's gone off back to Paris!! But I think Florence is very attractive! Don't you? Does my guidebook seem to look very noticeable? It's hidden inside, — that red cover doubles the price of everything you want to buy, — and I can't remember what you say to the driver. Is my hat" —

Which she interrupted at the rise of the near-by stranger, and his dive into a passing empty *carrozza*. Its horse whipped off down the winding Viale, and in a few minutes took Jefferson beyond the understanding of their voices. It was the sound, not the matter, which first took qualification on the turgid surface of his impressions. Marian had opened her mouth, and it was as if from out it had jumped the New World. She had opened her mouth, and it had been as if he were in the heart of New York, with the scream of the whistles, the clang of the cars, the clatter of the trains, — all the shriek and screech of home and prosperity making New World music in his ears. The voice of American womanhood had triumphed over all these sounds; the orchestra had not downed the prima donna. He was like some aged pupil of Donizetti's, sitting near the tympani at the first performance of *Tannhäuser*. He seemed to have landed at a wooden pier; he seemed to have fought his way through the mud and the swearing, past the uniformed Hibernian, to a sidewalk slippery with fragments of vegetables, to a cab with bony horses. He seemed to be driving at great peril in a narrow trench far down beneath the sky, past endless lines of Hebrew names, by the side of a young woman who bisected her monosyllables. Unbelievably strenuous Italians ran after them with newspapers announcing their arrival in enormous letters. Everybody was about to be run over, and knew it; everything was about to collide with everything else. All was prosperity and progress, so loud, so fast, that his head was swimming. A quiet voice called to him from over the sea.

"Dove va, signore?" the driver asked. Jefferson kept repeating this under his breath, as nearly as he could in the tone

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of the driver: "Dove va, signore? Dove va, signore?" He kept clinging to it, as if it were a rope thrown overboard to him. But against it there rasped: —

"Where you bi-in? *This* is n't *me*-e! *I*-ih just *die*-id — *hunting* for you! *And* my *dear!!* Hairy can't *stand* it: *he's* gawn awf back to Pairus!! But *I*-ih thi-ink Flawrnce is *vurry*" —

The two young women could see the *carrozza* dropping down to a way toward the Ponte Vecchio.

"It's funny!" shrieked Marian into the ear of her friend. "That mayun followed me all over town; and he seemed to me like an Amurrican!"

"Dove va, signore?" said the driver presently.

"Via Bolognese! Villa Pallada!" cried Jefferson.

FROUDE

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

THAT Mr. Paul is a strong writer the many readers of his History know. In Froude he has a spicy subject. He was sure to produce a lively book.[1]

A singular character was Froude, and under a rather singular roof he was reared. His home is manifestly painted by himself in his *Shadows of the Clouds*, where Edward Fowler is evidently Froude himself, and Mr. Hardinge surely is Froude's highly respectable and highly unattractive sire, Archdeacon Froude, though the allusion, if I remember rightly, was disclaimed at the time. Froude had much to endure, both at home and at a public school. As a child he had the great misfortune of being motherless. His father frowned, seldom spoke to him, set him to copy out Barrow's sermons, wanted to get him off his hands, threatened to apprentice the boy, in whom literary tastes and genius had awakened early, to a tanner, and did send him to a school where he was bullied, no doubt with the usual effects of that detestable practice upon character. At home the boy was bullied by his elder brother, Richard Hurrell Froude, — the reputed originator of the Oxford Movement, compared by Dean Church to Pascal — who took him up by the heels and stirred with his head the mud at the bottom of a stream. The result of the treatment at home and at school was settled melancholy. The boy wondered why he had been brought into the world, and looked forward with complacency to an early death. He, however, consoled himself with study, and mastered Homer. At Oxford, believing that his life was to be short, he made it merry by living with a fast and idle set. Still, he read, took honors in classics, and was elected a fellow of Exeter College.

At Oxford Froude presently fell, as did the youthful sensibility of the place generally, under the spell of John Henry Newman. He could not have done better for his style as a writer, or much worse for his loyalty to truth. A seeker after truth, Newman, with all his spiritual aspirations and graces, never was. He set out, as he tells you, in the first of the *Tracts for the Times*, not to seek truth, but to find a new basis for clerical authority, which was threatened with subversion by the progress of the liberal movement. That new basis he found in Apostolical Succession and Real Presence. So by natural gradations he went on to Rome, having to use, by the way, not a little verbal artifice in reconciling with his

[1] *The Life of Froude.* By HERBERT PAUL. London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

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Romeward tendencies his ostensible position as a minister of a Protestant church. His *Grammar of Assent* is, in fact, a manual of pious self-deception, teaching you how to accept for the good of your soul beliefs to which your reason demurs. Nor was he above rhetorical artifice. To Froude, who was writing for him the Life of Saint Neot, he says, "Rationalize when the evidence is weak, and this will give credibility for others when you can show that the evidence is strong." Of the literary graces of Newman's school, Froude bore away a full measure. His style is eminently lucid, graceful, and attractive. In that respect there are few more fascinating writers.

Whatever Froude may have been in physique as a yachtsman or a hunter, in his intellectual temperament there seems to have been a feminine susceptibility of impression. From one influence he passed under another. Breaking away from that of Newman, when Newman took the final plunge, he presently fell under the influence of Carlyle. In the interval there was a sort of vertigo, in which he wrote his *Shadows of the Clouds* and *The Nemesis of Faith*, the second of which cost him his Fellowship and membership of the college. His restoration to membership of the college many years afterwards marks the progress of liberalism in those years.

Carlyle, Froude's second master, was a good alterative for the age of the ballot-box; but he was never food. He, however, in choosing his heroes of force, did keep morality in sight; saving, perhaps, when he worshiped Frederick the Great. His pupil, in taking up with Henry VIII as his hero, bade farewell to any but heroic morality altogether.

Henry may have set out with good dispositions, as he certainly did with some popular qualities, rather of the physical kind; with a certain amount of culture, though his pamphlet against Luther is not reckoned a masterpiece; and with a taste for art, which, however, seems to have shown itself most in encouraging painting of portraits of an aggressively burly figure. But self-love and self-will presently got the upper hand, and, chafed by the struggle for the divorce, produced a suspicious, jealous, and bloody tyrant. Immunity for the King's vices and crimes is claimed by Froude on the ground that his cause was that of the Reformation. His change from a zealous defender to a violent enemy of the Pope was the dictate of his lust, combined with his passionate desire of an heir. If the Pope could have granted him a divorce, he would have remained the vehement upholder of the personal infallibility of the Pope. His creed afterwards shifted with his policy and with the relative strength of parties in his council. To the great gain of the Reformation, advance toward liberty of opinion, no one was ever less a friend than Henry VIII, unsettled and shifting as his own opinions were. It is surely vain to pretend that he was deliberately steering a religious revolution, or that he had any religious ideal apart from his own policy and passion. It is true, he was fond of showing off his own theological learning. He displayed it by publicly disputing before a grand assembly in Westminster Hall with a poor Sacramentarian heretic. The poor Sacramentarian bravely avowed and upheld his faith. The king, of course, triumphed amid servile applause; then he sent his antagonist to be burned alive. Could there be a spark of generosity or nobleness in such a heart?

That Froude set out to write his history "with a polemical purpose" is frankly admitted by his biographer; and history written with a polemical purpose is apt not to be history, as Mr. Paul, himself an eminent historian, will admit. Froude was so far qualified for the part of the advocate, as contrasted with that of the historian proper, that he could assume the independence of the Tudor parliaments, and take the preambles of their statutes for trustworthy evidence on the side of the king; call the debasement of the currency a loan from the mint; believe that there was nothing wrong in re-

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pudiation, — nothing practically objectionable in putting people to death without trial.

The story of the divorce is well known. The king was tired of his wife, who was his senior; though good, was not charming; and had failed to give him a male heir. He had fallen in love with another woman. He was suddenly struck with a conscientious scruple about his marriage to his deceased brother's widow. He solemnly declared to his people, whose heart was warmly with Catherine, that he loved her well, and that conscience alone constrained him to part with her. He nevertheless openly installed the other woman as a rival at Catherine's side, and, when parting from her in alarm at the plague, wrote to her in language of the grossest lust. To relieve his troubled conscience by obtaining a divorce, he used chicanery, intrigue, bribery, and intimidation; twice tried to steal important documents; formed a plan of luring Catherine into a monastery, by getting her to take the monastic vow with him, then slipping out of the noose himself and leaving her bound. Through all this his admirer has to carry him, and the result, combined with what follows, is about the most curious of all sophistications of history. It is amusing, when the younger masters at Oxford decline a base compliance to which the more worldly seniors had submitted, to see Froude don the practical and sagacious man of the world, and rebuke the young masters as "a class which, defective alike in age, in wisdom, or in knowledge, was distinguished by a species of theoretic High Church fanaticism, and which, until it received its natural correction through advancing years, required from time to time to be protected against its own extravagance by some form of external pressure." Pleasant is the allusion of the ex-Tractarian to High Church fanaticism! Still more pleasant is the suggestion of the author of the *Nemesis of Faith*, that when these young men grow older they will learn the wisdom of taking a lie upon their conscience at the command of tyrannical iniquity!

Catherine's death was opportune, and deemed at the time suspicious, as Friedmann has shown. There could be no such thing as slow poison; but it seems there could be slow poisoning. The king did not conceal his joy; appeared in gay attire; the day after the arrival of the glad tidings gave a court ball; and sent the little Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, to Mass with extraordinary pomp. Balls and jousts succeeded each other, and the court rang with gayety. Such was the report of the imperial ambassador, Chapuis, to his master, quoted by Friedmann, but not quoted here by Froude.

Why does Froude tell us nothing about Wolsey's end: the vile ingratitude of the king to his great and only too faithful minister; the greedy sacking of the cardinal's possessions, his furniture and plate, by the king and the harpy at his side? Why does he not tell us that Wolsey, while faithfully discharging his duty as archbishop in the north, was arrested on a colorable charge of treason, and was on his way to the block when he was snatched from it by death? How are we to account for such an omission? How but by Froude's own avowal in his *Divorce of Catherine of Aragon*, that he "does not pretend to impartiality" forasmuch as he "believes the Reformation to have been the greatest incident in English history, the root and source of the expansive force which has spread the Anglo-Saxon Race over the globe, and imprinted the English genius and character on the constitution of mankind"? With little benefit surely to the veracity of mankind if Froude's genius is the genius of the Reformation.

Then came the turn of Anne Boleyn, who had ceased to please, and failed to give birth to a male heir. The king was courting Jane Seymour. Anne is suddenly arrested and charged with five adulteries, one of them incestuous, with her brother. Grief, the indictment said, had

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impaired the king's health, and thus treasonably endangered his life; though his Majesty had never been more merry, and was openly courting Jane Seymour. The court, whatever Froude may think, was licentious; the king was making love to Anne's rival; Anne was probably piqued; she was somewhat coarse; it is not unlikely that she indiscreetly, perhaps indecently, gave ear to the flatteries of young courtiers. But the indictment is monstrous. From one of the accused a confession was wrung, probably by fear of the rack. The others denied, and if they did not repeat the denial on the scaffold, freedom of speech on the scaffold was not allowed by the Crown, and the victims, had they indulged in it, would have exposed themselves to being hanged, drawn, and quartered for treason instead of being beheaded, besides drawing the vengeance of the tyrant on their kin. The trial was not open, but held in a dark conclave of iniquity; and if the Duke of Norfolk, who presided, was kinsman of the accused, this was not the only case in the reign in which servility prevailed over nature. The Parliament to resettle the succession was called before the trial, showing clearly that the accused was foredoomed; and the day after the execution of his wife, probably the only woman whom he had really loved, the king married Jane Seymour. The "polemical" historian would have us believe that he did this as "an indifferent official act which his duty required." If we disbelieve this, Froude finds it "in the statute book"!

That Anne's sister, Mary Boleyn, had been the king's mistress is proved, not by common report only, but by the form of dispensation sought at Rome for the projected marriage with Anne; and also by a clause in the Act resettling the succession, which, with evident reference to this case, brings carnal connection within the degrees of prohibited affinity. The divorce of the king from Anne was probably pronounced by Cranmer on that ground. The evidence of the Act Froude had before his eyes, but failed to see. Of the wording of the dispensation, when brought before him, he failed to see the force.

There is not a more beautiful character in history than that of Sir Thomas More, in whom the highest culture and the wisdom of the man of the world met with religious saintliness and the sweetest domestic affection. All Europe, Lutheran as well as Catholic, rang with indignation at his murder. Most desperately and pitifully does Froude labor to pervert our moral judgment in the case. He tries to prejudice us beforehand against More by sneering at More's "philosophic mercies," and telling us that when "the learned Chancellor came into power, the Smithfield fires recommenced." This last statement is a calumny, for Erasmus, who must have known, declares that while More was chancellor not a single heretic suffered death. The one apparent exception, that of Bainham, seems to have been satisfactorily explained by Knight. More himself, a man of the strictest veracity, denied the charge, and his disclaimer is not the less, perhaps it is rather the more, credible, because, having been frightened by the excesses of the heretics out of his early liberalism, he had written against heresy, and styled himself *haereticis molestus*. Heresy was unhappily at that day a crime by the law of England, of which More was the head. Froude labors miserably to show that conscientious refusal to take an oath was an act of treason; and he is not ashamed to insinuate that, had the kingdom been invaded, More was ready to join the invaders. Talk about "the shot flying" as a justification for judicial murder is pure buncombe. Of the infamous means employed to decoy Fisher and More into compromising admissions, little, and that not true, will be learned from Froude. As Froude's *History* begins abruptly with the fall of Wolsey, he escapes the pain of telling us that More had collaborated with the king in defense of the papacy, and had at that time seen so far into the

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king's character as to reply, when he was congratulated on the favor he enjoyed, that he was grateful for it, but if his head would buy a castle in France, it would go. Froude's tendency to sophistical tampering with fact is very visible in this case.

The monks of the Charter House were murdered on the same pretense as Fisher and More. Froude tries to drown our sense of justice in irrelevant sentimentalities about the three hundred at Thermopylæ "combing their golden hair." The Carthusians would have found it difficult to comb their golden hair when they were kept chained upright to posts. Thomas Cromwell's agent reports to him that "most of the monks will soon be despatched by God's hand," God's hand being cruel confinement, filth, privation, and the torture of chaining upright.

Thomas Cromwell, next to Henry VIII, is Froude's hero. In the glorious rôle of judicial murderers he may seek his peer. Froude holds that he was drawn by his supreme integrity to the Protestants, who were honest like himself; that he was the soul of the Reformation; and that he did God's will, caring little whether he lived or died so long as God's will was done. His very abject appeal for the king's mercy at last showed a decided preference of life. A low adventurer, raised by his great ability, he wrought for the establishment of despotism in England, as William of Nogaret, the tool of Philip IV, had in France. The king, while using him, treated him as a menial, beknaving and cuffing him, as he himself confessed. His religion was purely political, and he owned himself a follower of Machiavel. He ruined himself at last by betraying his master into a marriage with a "Flemish mare," which gave an advantage to his enemies in the Council. His arrest being sudden, he had not time to destroy his notebooks, among which were found these entries: —

Item, the Abbot of Reading to be sent down to be tried and executed at Reading with his complices.

Item, the Abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, and also to be executed there with his complices.

Item, to see that the evidence be well sorted, and the evidence well drawn, against the said abbots and their complices.

Item, to remember specially the Lady of Sar [Salisbury].

Item, what the King will have done with the Lady of Sarum.

Item, to send Gendon to the Tower to be racked.

Item, to appoint preachers to go throughout this realm to preach the gospel and true word of God.

Froude gives a good many documents. At these items he glances and does no more.

Cromwell fell, as is well known, under his own law enabling a man to be put to death without trial. The indictment, which, of course, like all other Tudor documents, according to Froude, demands our implicit faith, charges the most honest of men, amongst other things, with obtaining vast sums of money by bribery and extortion. But there is nothing in it which in reason could be regarded as a capital offense. Why did the author and head of the Reformation thus kill the soul of it, and the soul of honesty at the same time, for no assignable offense, and without the legal trial which even Froude thinks there ought perhaps in strictness to have been? Why not listen to the abject prayer for life put up by the tool who had served him so well? The explanation which suggests itself, not in this case alone, is that Henry was a moral coward, and, when he had made a powerful man his enemy, feared to let him live.

To justify the plunder and destruction of the monasteries, Froude says: "It appears then on this authority that two thirds of the monks in England were living in habits which may not be described." The "authority" is that of the spoilers. We have little trustworthy evidence. No doubt there were disorders, probably

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very gross disorders, though more in the lesser than in the greater houses. The hour of the whole system of asceticism had come. But Froude's statement is extravagant, and the Pilgrimage of Grace presently showed that the heart of the people over a large section of the country was still with the monasteries against the spoiler. How reckless the plundering was is shown by the fact that the tithes of parishes, impropriated by the monasteries, were not restored to the parishes, but swept into the booty. A part of the spoil was devoted to public purposes. But the greater part was consumed by the wastefulness of the court, which, let Froude say what he will, was extravagant; not a little, perhaps, by the king's gambling table; for Henry, though his panegyrist does not mention it, was a great gambler. The government was soon reduced to a finance of repudiation, and what by ordinary economists is called "debasement of the currency," by Froude a "loan from the mint."

A special object of Froude's historical antipathy is Cardinal Pole, Henry's assailant in the European forum, whom he treats as a furious and criminal fanatic, covering him with ridicule as well as with abuse. Pole was a Catholic, holding the faith of which Henry had been a prominent champion; and, even had he been a Protestant, he might have taken exception to the rending of the unity of Christendom and the assumption of the headship of the Church of Christ in his own country by such a man as Henry VIII, and from such a motive as that by which Henry was impelled. But turn to the authentic pages of Ranke, and you find Pole not a fanatic, but a moderate, an associate of Contarini, a member of the Oratory of Divine Love, striving with his associates to bring about a compromise between the Catholics and the Protestants on the basis of justification by faith. You find him recalled from the office of Legate in England by a violently reactionary pope, Paul IV, on account of the moderation of his policy, and his recall deplored by Paul's wise and pacific successor, who believed that Pole's moderate policy would have regained England. How far he was guilty of countenancing the burning of heretics under Mary is not clear. It was not he that burned them. Evil laws may have perverted his conscience, like the rest. He had been exasperated by the murder of his kin and by threats of assassination. Any insinuation that he had Cranmer put to death to open the door for himself to the archbishopric is baseless. Cranmer, having been attainted by the State and degraded by the Church, was ecclesiastically and civilly dead; so that there was nothing to prevent Pole from taking his place.

In picturesque narrative Froude excels. His masterpiece in that line, perhaps, is the meeting of Pole and Queen Mary, with the whole story of the wretched queen's disappointment and tribulation; though, perhaps, gloating over the woman's yearning for a child and anguish at her disappointment is not the most generous emotion to which it would be possible to appeal. Mary's temper was soured by her father's brutal treatment of her mother and herself. Her bigotry must have been confirmed at the same time. There is no reason to believe that she was naturally unamiable or specially disposed to persecution. She was not ill-favored till she was worn with sorrow. One motive for the divorce of Catherine and the murder of Anne was craving for a boy. Here, after all, was the girl upon the throne, embittered and made intolerant by her mother's wrongs and her own.

Inaccuracy is unfortunate in a historian. That Froude was by nature inaccurate, even his admirers are forced to confess. In his *West Indies* and *Oceana* he misdescribes things which he had seen with his own eyes, depicting a sheet of water as tinted violet by the shadow of forest trees, whereas there were no forest trees within two miles of it. But the charge against him is not that of mere inaccuracy, which, perhaps, in the writer of a picturesque narrative, vividness of im-

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agination might help to excuse. The charge is that of sophistication of history, "polemical" dealings with facts, and perversion of morality. That Froude's prepossession was sincere, of course, is not questioned; but its effects were incompatible with truth. In the later volumes, the polemical purpose being pretty well exhausted, the brilliancy is less, but fact comparatively regains its sway.

Froude set out to write the history down to the death of Elizabeth. He stopped at the Armada. It is pretty clear that he had not studied the latter part of his subject when he wrote the first part. This is shown by the change in his treatment of the character of Elizabeth. Was he only weary, or is it possible that he may have begun to suspect the character and foresee the doom of his history of Henry VIII?

Part of Mr. Paul's volume is devoted to a lively encounter of Froude with Freeman, who attacked him with great vigor on historical points. Not having watched the controversy, I cannot say who came off victorious: Froude, I am sure, in style; Freeman, I should conjecture, in fact. Freeman was a peculiar being, an Anglo-Saxon without guile, a Thane who had stepped into the nineteenth century; blunt, rather grotesque, and apt to be peppery in debate. Coming to this country to lecture, he mistook the Americans for republicans, and adapted himself, as he fancied, to their rude republican simplicity. But he was honest and truthful to the core, a hearty lover of righteousness and hater of iniquity. As a writer he lacks art; he is diffuse and somewhat pedantic; not popular, and now, probably, save by earnest students, little read. But his profound erudition and his perfect conscientiousness make him master of the limited period of history to which he was specially devoted. Froude's use of literary artifice and insinuation employed to pervert our sympathies in such cases as those of Fisher and More on the one side, and Thomas Cromwell on the other, would be sure to provoke Freeman to the utmost, and make him show, perhaps with too little reserve, his hatred of iniquity and falsehood.

When Froude goes to Ireland, he carries Carlyle with him, and decides political questions pretty much by the rule of the heavy fist, though he, of course, covers it with the kid glove of sentiment. He does injustice to the Irish by ascribing all the evil to their character. There are weak points in the Irish character, as there are in the character of every race; but these, if in some degree congenital, have been largely caused by unhappy influences, geographical and of other kinds, and by the accidents of a disastrous history. Mommsen's bitter words about the Celt are not less irrational than bitter. Aristotle rightly holds that the kind is to be judged by its highest attainment, and it cannot be said that individuals of the Irish kind, or of the Celtic kind generally, have not attained a high level. Froude is always reproaching the Irish for not having fought; fighting being in his opinion the only mode of asserting the title of a race to independence and liberty. They did fight for several centuries, and were overpowered, not so much through inferiority in valor as by superior resources and arms. Froude's hero is Lord Clare, a strong man, without doubt, honest in his way, and sometimes presenting a favorable contrast to demagogic weakness; but a violent and narrow reactionist, of whose policy, except when repression was the need of the hour, no good could come. Froude's *English in Ireland* is exceedingly fascinating in style and full of vivid delineation. Nor is it by any means devoid of sound reflections. But it would never find its way into the hands and hearts of Irishmen, and could, therefore, as a lesson, do little good. In fact, it cut Ireland to the heart, and when Froude came over here to lecture, Hibernia, attached to the household of the friend whose guest Froude was, threatened to quit if he was not turned out of doors. Froude could not escape exaggeration. He exaggerates about the

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practice of abduction, and in this and other cases lays himself open to rebukes from Lecky; which, however, he might retort upon Lecky for Lecky's treatment of Cromwell.

In Froude's *Cæsar* we were sure to find again Mommsen and the religion of force. Cæsar is, of course, the idol. Cicero and Cato are disparaged. Cicero and Cato, however, were clearly important factors in the eyes of Cæsar. Cicero must surely be allowed to have combined to a wonderful and admirable extent the man of action with the man of thought. He was the most sincere, and not the least clear-sighted, though not the most powerful, of patriots. Intellectually he was not an original genius; yet, by the writings which he produced with wonderful facility amidst all the storms, he has been no small benefactor to civilization. Vanity, which was his weakness, was not so artfully veiled in those days as it is in ours. Cato, who is more especially the object of contemptuous treatment, appears in one of the two great Augustan poets as a political saint, in the other as a hero. Cæsar-worship, if it is anything more than a display of a sentimentalist's virility, if it has any practical reference, is utterly misplaced. Roman nationality had come to its end. It had merged itself in a vast empire. That empire, like all empires, called for an emperor. For an empire Cæsar was the man. He was not the man for a nation. Nor was he, as a French writer calls him, altogether "the man of humanity." His worshiper does not mention that he gave gladiatorial shows on a vast scale, that he cut off the hands of the garrison of a surrendered town, or that he carried about in chains his gallant enemy Vercingetorix, and then butchered him to grace his triumph. "The brave Vercingetorix," says Froude, "as noble in his calamity as Cæsar himself in his success, was reserved to be shown in triumph to the populace of Rome." What was then done with him we are not told.

Of the miserable Carlyle episode nobody wants to hear any more. When Froude had those papers in his hands he was sure to do what he did. It would seem about time that the publication of such matter, and of private correspondence generally, should be restrained. The gratification of prurient curiosity is dearly purchased by that which impairs the freedom of friendly and confidential intercourse. As a rule, let any future friend of a deceased man of mark into whose hands a bundle of Carlyle papers comes piously consign them to the fire.

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THE MILLERSTOWN YELLOW JOURNAL

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

"He is for sure not right in his head. I never heard such a dumb thing. I guess if something went wrong with him he would not want it put right aways in the paper."

Alfie Bittenbender, the Millerstown schoolteacher, looked up at his wife as she perched on the end of his desk. Then he smiled ruefully.

"If Sarah Ann's pigs die, that is news, if Sarah Ann likes it or not."

"Just you wait," Jennie went on, "till he makes many more such dumb mistakes; it won't anybody take his paper."

Alfie looked sorrowfully about him. They were in what appeared to have been a small barn, but which was now a printing office. There was a little hand press, shrouded in burlap, a tall case of type, a stove, several piles of paper, and, nailed against the wall, a large box, divided into pigeonholes. The only spot which seemed to be in use was the broad deal table, covered with papers, on some of which Madame Jennie sat enthroned.

As a small boy, Alfie had made up his mind to be an editor. Even when he was in the "small school," he had begun to gather items.

"Old Man Fackenthal is pretty sick," he would write on his slate. Or, "Julie Lorish is home with her Pop for a while from working at Zion Church." His items dealt occasionally with civic improvements. "Al Losch has fixed his crossing. It is us now pleasanter walking."

Having graduated from the Normal School, he worked for a year in a printing office, then taught the Millerstown school. Both he and Jennie Reichard, whom he married, worked and saved in order to fit out his "printing office," and talked and dreamed of the Millerstown paper which he meant to publish, and which Jennie proudly named *The Star*.

The Star, however, had never risen. Just as Alfie was ready to make his project known to his fellow townsmen, a stranger canvassed the town for subscribers and advertisers for the *Millerstown Journal*, which he proposed to publish on Thursday of each week, at two dollars a year.

"It ain't his business to come to Millerstown," Jennie sobbed. "What does he know from Millerstown folks?"

Alfie shook his head.

"He has worked already in New York on a paper. He knows everything. I sell my things."

However, he sold nothing, but covered the press carefully, and rewrapped the bundles of paper. He read the *Journal*, which Jennie refused to touch. In point of composition, it was doubtless a good paper. Moreover, the news was presented in a manner far from provincial. The items from Zion Church did not appear in a series of disjointed sentences, but were incorporated into a letter, addressed to Elias Bittner, and signed, "Your loving nephew, J. R." Vain old Elias had no nephew, but was too much flattered to object. Once the editor printed upside down an article to which he wished to call special attention. Millerstown condoled with him for the mistake, and read the article to a man. His pages were dark with scare heads, and exclamation points, and his advertisements were couched in jaunty sentences which Alfie could never have compassed.

"Peter," one of them read, "tell John that Butz the barber wants to see him. He needs a shave." Another, which made Alfie furious, suggested that parents "ask

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Mr. Bittenbender whether he does n't think the children need new dictionaries. Weimer has plenty in his store."

"This is what they call in New York 'Yellow Journalism,'" he said to Jennie. "I would be ashamed, when I was Millerstown, to make a fuss over such a paper."

There was no doubt that, for the first few months of its existence, the *Journal* was popular. Then, suddenly, Millerstown lost its enthusiasm. The editor published the fact that Sarah Ann Mohr, who prided herself on her skill in raising pigs, had lost six by cholera. The day after, several Millerstonians told him in front of the post-office what they thought of him, and Sarah Ann notified him that he need send her the *Journal* no more. Soon he offended the new Baptists by forgetting the announcement of their services, and then the Mennonites by giving them less space than the Lutherans.

Alfie watched his career eagerly.

"If he makes all the churches mad over him," he said to Jennie, as she looked down at him from her seat on top of his papers, "then he won't have anybody to take his *Journal*."

Jennie slipped down, and started toward the door.

"Just you wait once till he makes some more such dumb mistakes," she said cheerfully.

Whereupon Alfie smiled absently back, and went down to the post-office for the day's mail. When, half an hour later, he hurried home, his eyes were round with excitement.

"I tell you the *Journal* will now have plenty news," he announced.

"What is it?" asked Jennie.

"It has been some one murdered in Millerstown."

"Some one murdered in Millerstown!" Jennie clasped her hands, all covered with biscuit dough as they were. She would not have been more surprised if he had said an earthquake or a volcano. "Who is, then, murdered in Millerstown?"

"Ay, it was some fellows living in a shanty on the mountain: Dutch John, what comes always around to trim grapevines, and another, Josie Knapp, what comes always around begging. That fellow, he killed Dutch John. But they have him. Old Man Fackenthal went up the mountain for to fetch some durchwachs" (thoroughwort), "and he found him dead. Now it will be news."

"I think it is a shame for Millerstown. I don't think such a thing should go in the paper."

"Ach, but it must! He will have plenty to fill it."

Alfie did not dream, however, of the possibilities which the editor would find in the murder. His eyes grew round with horror, not at the details alone, which were really as far from harrowing as the details of a murder could be, but at the way they were exaggerated. The *Journal* said that Old Man Fackenthal had found the body at "dusky twilight," which was not true at all. Instead, it was broad afternoon. Nor did he "start with horror, and then go out to draw in deep breaths of pure air before investigating further." Old Man Fackenthal was not that kind. Nor had the murdered man's dog stood guard over the body. The murdered man had no dog.

All summer the editor made copy of the murder. He described the quarters assigned to the prisoner, his behavior, his food, his clothing. He wrote incidentally on the jail itself, its cost and design. He published biographies of the murderer and the murdered man, whose validity no one in Millerstown but Alfie seemed to suspect.

The prisoner was tried at the county seat, and sentenced to be hanged in January. The date was set for the first Thursday, and the editor began in December to prepare the minds of his readers for the event. He reviewed the trial, commented upon the demeanor of the condemned man, and gave a list of those whose privilege it would be to attend. He promised to illustrate his account of the hanging

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with photographs of the jail, the scaffold, and the sheriff.

Millerstown, which read each lurid paragraph more admiringly than the last, did not see the difficulty which here arose. The hanging was set for Thursday at eight o'clock; the *Journal* was printed on Wednesday, and distributed with the eleven o'clock mail on Thursday. The printing of the paper could not be postponed, because the editor planned to be married in the county seat that afternoon, and then go away for a week.

Nor did the editor seem more troubled than unconscious Millerstown. He went gayly about his business, grinning a little more broadly, perhaps, at the efforts of his assistant to talk English, and once or twice telling him that he was a "dumb Dutchman, like the rest of Millerstown."

The date of the hanging was remembered afterwards by the "great snow." When Alfie came home from school the afternoon before, there were only fugitive flakes, but before dark the ground was white. When he looked out at bedtime, he could not see the lights in the village. The snow seemed to shut him in. He fancied that he could hear it rustling softly. At dawn, Jennie called to him to look out. The familiar contours of every day were lost in one great whiteness, and under the brisk wind drifts were rapidly forming. He looked up the pike toward the schoolhouse, and the road seemed even with the fences.

"We will have to-day no school," he said at the breakfast table. "We could perhaps get out, but it will be different to get back. I will go down the street, and if it is any one coming, I will tell them they dare go home."

In his slow progress through the town, he met no one, till he reached the post-office. There, on the roughly cleared pavement, Jake Fackenthal and Billy Knerr were swinging their arms to keep warm.

"It is a bad day for the hanging," Billy said, as Alfie joined them.

"Ach, well, it is all indoors," rejoined Jake. "We can soon read about it in the paper."

"Will he have it already in the paper?" Alfie asked quickly.

"He said to somebody that he would."

"But how will he get it in the paper so quick?"

"I guess by telegraph. He is me a pretty smart fellow."

"But"— Alfie paused. He would find out for himself down at the station.

As he turned the corner, the wind nearly lifted him from his feet. It cut his face, and chilled him to the bone.

"It would not be funny when the wires are down," he said to himself. "And maybe the trains stopped. It is just now time for the hanging. He must have gone a long while ago down to the station. It is here no footprints."

The wind grew stronger each moment. When he reached the steps of the high platform, he was compelled to cling there for a moment, with the snow stinging his face. The platform had been swept clear by the wind, and he walked quickly across it to the office, where, he knew, the agent, Henny Leibensberger, would have the stove almost bursting with heat. He swung open the office door, then closed it quickly.

"But where is he?" he asked.

"Where is who?" Henny looked up from his desk.

"Ay, the editor. Will he not hear over the telegraph from the hanging?"

"Nobody will hear nothing from the hanging over this telegraph that I know of. Did he say he would?"

"Somebody said it."

"Well, it ain't so. Sit down once."

Alfie tramped up and down the room, too perturbed to accept.

"How will he, then, get the hanging in the paper?" he demanded.

"I guess he will put off the paper. Say, Alfie," — Henny sprang to his feet,— "would you care to stay here and mind the telegraph once a minute, while I go home? It won't be any trains till I get back."

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Alfie consented willingly. He had learned telegraphy before he went to the Normal School, and he often relieved the agent in summer. He would not go home till eleven o'clock, then he could take the *Journal* with him. It would certainly not contain much news.

For the first hour, he had little to do. He studied the weather report, he sharpened Henny's lead pencils, then he fell to trying them one after the other, on the backs of telegraph blanks. Presently, when his scribblings were taking shape in an account of the hanging as he imagined it to be, the telegraph keys clicked with a new sound. He answered the call for Millerstown, and took the message. It read, "Number Seven stalled at Blandon." Then he fell to writing again, wondering, meanwhile, why Henny did not return. Jennie would be anxious if he did not get home in time for dinner.

The wind seemed to grow each moment stronger and more irresponsible. The track, except for a few feet, was shut off by the thick whirl of snow, on which the sun now gleamed dazzlingly. Down at the end of the platform the drifts were even with the floor.

Presently, the key called again for Millerstown. It was the operator at the county seat, who wished to exchange a few remarks about the storm.

"The wires are down up the valley," he said. "And there have been no trains for two hours."

Suddenly Alfie's eyes brightened, and he leaned down over the table as though afraid of losing one low sound. His own hand moved swiftly, and again he listened. His hand tapped the keys again. Once he smiled grimly, then his face stiffened into its eager lines. Outside, the whirl of snow drove back and forth under the bright sunshine; within, in the smothering heat, his whole being strained itself to listen to the click, click, click, which cut into the silence.

Then the rapid crepitations were no more. Alfie touched the key, he struck it heavily. Its life had departed. It responded only with a dull, mechanical sound, as little like the animation of the moment before as death is like life. For a moment Alfie did not move.

Then — "The wires are down. I must go," he said impatiently. "Where is Henny that he does not come? But it won't be any trains; I can go anyhow."

Seizing his hat and coat, he dashed out across the platform. The wind pounced upon him as he reached the end, and whirled him off into the deepest part of the great drift. He struggled out, to find himself face to face with the station agent.

"The wires are down," he gasped. "And it won't be no eleven o'clock train. And they say" —

"All right," Henny shouted back. "Much obliged."

"But they say" —

"Yes, I understand. It won't be any trains. The *Journal* has everything in it from the hanging." Henny had turned his back to the wind, and his voice came clear and distinct.

"But they say" — Alfie's words were whirled away before the agent realized they had been spoken.

"Good-by," he shouted; then the door of the office closed upon him. He watched Alfie from the window, wondering whether he had lost his mind. He stood knee-deep in the snow, his open coat flying in the wind.

"How does Henny think he could get the news?" Alfie was saying to himself. "The other folks could think it came by telegraph, but Henny knows it could n't come by telegraph. Does he think perhaps one could ride out? It says, 'Gelt regiert die Welt, und Dummheit Berks County,'" (Gold rules the world, and stupidity Berks County), "only this time it is Millerstown what 'Dummheit rules.' Just wait till I tell them!"

Thereupon, Alfie, with his gloves still in his hand, and with flying coat-tails, started up the street. For a few yards he plunged along, then he stopped again.

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"They cannot find it out!" he exclaimed aloud. Then — "But it will mean powerful work!"

A moment later, his broad shoulders darkened the little window at the post-office. He almost snatched the paper from Dave Wimmer's hand, then dashed out. A few of the pavements had been cleared, and he made rapid progress. The low gate at his own house was snowed under, and he stepped over it, almost forgetting that it was there. He sped on down the yard, without a glance at the kitchen window, where Jennie usually watched for him, and opened the barn door.

There he gathered an armful of paper and another of wood, and thrust them into the stove, where they soon crackled merrily. Sitting down at his desk, and seizing all the blank paper he could find, he went to work. An hour later he was conscious of some discomfort. At first he could not make out what it was, then he realized that he was hungry. And where was Jennie?

He ran across the yard to the kitchen. There on the table he found his dinner and a note.

"Pop came over that I should go along to Sally. She is sick. I will come till supper home."

He did not sit down, but, taking a pie in one hand, and a plate of doughnuts in the other, went back to the barn. There, for fifteen minutes, he wrote with one hand, while he fed himself with the other. Then, gathering up the loose sheets, he went across to the type case. The fire had gone out, and the wind had forced itself in through a hundred crannies. When his hands grew so stiff that he could not work, he built up the fire, frowning, meanwhile, at the interruption.

"The ink will not be dry," he said aloud. "But I guess it will not make anything out this time. The next time I will fix them up fine. If," — he added somewhat dubiously, — "if it is any next time."

No one who had not worked steadily while the light faded could have seen to gather and fold the scattered sheets, which, damp from the press, lay all about the floor when he had finished. With shaking hands, he packed them into a half-bushel basket, and, putting it on his arm, started down the street. He planned, as he strode along, how he would announce his début as an editor.

"I would rather give them away than sell them," he thought. "But I guess it is better that I sell them. I wonder if ever before a paper was started with an extra."

He awoke suddenly to the fact that the storm had entirely ceased. The sky was still a faint gold, while the great billows of snow gleamed coldly blue in the clear light. Here and there windows were lit up, and he heard men laughing in the tavern. A ball of soft snow caught him behind the ear as he passed Oliver Kuhns's, and he called back a cheerful, "Just you wait once till I catch you!"

Before he reached the post-office, he heard the sound of many voices. Within, Old Man Fackenthal, Elias Bittner, and Pit Gaumer tilted their chairs against the wall; and on the counters — relics of the days when the post-office had been a store — perched the younger generation, Billy Knerr, the two young Fackenthals, Jakily Kemerer, Jimmie Weygandt, and half a dozen others; and all the boys in the village seemed to have gathered in the space between. Dave Wimmer, the postmaster, who leaned half way out over the gate which divided his quarters from the main office, read aloud from the *Millerstown Journal*. The reading progressed slowly, for there were frequent interruptions, and demands for elucidation.

"Did n't he say no word when he was hung?" old Elias Bittner demanded, as Alfie entered.

"No, not a word," answered Wimmer solemnly. "It says, 'silent as the grave what was soon to receive him.'"

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"Did n't they have no praying, or nothing?" some one queried.

"Yes," answered Dave. "Here is a grand prayer what the chaplain made. It says" —

"How does the editor know what it says?" a slightly scornful voice demanded. They turned to regard Alfie, who stood, with his basket on his arm, just within the door.

"By the telegraph, of course," old Elias answered impatiently. "How else should he know? Dave, go on with the praying."

Old Man Fackenthal let his chair slam to the floor.

"I say so, too. How does he know it?" he said. "This editor was me too much all summer for making something out of nothing. Alfie, what have you there?"

Alfie had set down his basket, and was nervously unfolding one of the damp sheets.

"I have here," —he began, his confidence suddenly deserting him, —"I have here a new paper what will tell about the hanging."

"A new paper! What for a new paper?" demanded Elias. "It can't *be* any paper but the *Journal*. It was to-day no train."

Old Man Fackenthal motioned him to be silent.

"You had better shut a while up, and let Alfie tell from this new paper. Now, Alfie."

Alfie's eyes burned brightly.

"It is a new paper, just to-day begun. The name shall be the *Millerstown Star*. It will tell all the news, and it will be published every week from now on, at a dollar a year. It has this time nothing in it but from the hanging."

"We all know about the hanging," said old Elias impatiently. "We" —

"You do not know about the hanging," said Alfie firmly. "Perhaps Dave will read us what it says in this paper from the hanging."

Willing hands passed it across to Dave, from whose grasp the *Millerstown Journal* had slipped unnoticed to the floor. The room was silent enough now to suit even Old Man Fackenthal. Dave adjusted his spectacles with a loud, "Well, now, we will see what all this means." His eyes grew wider as he glanced along the head-lines, then his mouth opened, and the paper shook in his hands.

"Boys!" he said faintly.

"Well, hurry yourself," some one called.

"Boys!" he ejaculated again.

"Well, what!" This time there was a chorus of exclamations. "Ain't he dead?"

"Yes, but, boys! It says here it was n't to-day no hanging. He made hisself dead with poison in the jail!"

"Bei meiner Sex, I don't believe it!" said Elias Bittner. They silenced him in a moment, and there was a loud demand for further explanation. How had Alfie heard? Who was publishing the new paper? Where had the editor of the *Journal* got his news?

"He got it somehow, and it must be true," insisted Elias.

"He made it up out of his own head," said Old Man Fackenthal. "Say, boys, what for fools does he think we are in Millerstown? Alfie, from now on I take the *Star*."

Thus was the first subscriber enrolled.

Fifteen minutes later, Alfie started out in the street, his basket empty, save for one paper which he was taking home to Jennie.

The sunset glow had vanished, and the stars were shining. Out across the Weygandt meadows, the bleeder at the furnace blazed like a beacon. Then another light, less bright, but more alluring, caught his glance. Jennie had come home. As he reached the gate, a long shaft of light from the opening door shot across the snow.

"Well, Alfie, where have you been? I was getting scared."

For answer he handed her the little sheet, damp and crumpled, blank on

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three sides, and sadly blurred on the fourth. It was a newspaper of one item, which began: —

"In spite of the lengthy account of the hanging of Josie Knapp, published by our esteemed contemporary, the *Millerstown Journal*, we would say that he was not this morning hung, but yesterday evening already took poison in the county jail."

THE PRIMITIVE "TRIPPER"

BY HERBERT VAUGHAN ABBOTT

No one takes the form and pressure of his age more readily than the enterprising man of small parts. For this reason the recently republished crudities of Thomas Coryate [1] give, perhaps, a clearer notion of Shakespeare's period than does Shakespeare himself. In addition, the author is interesting as an immortal type, as a sort of Sancho Panza done into meagre anatomy. There is something of the same sordid visionary in him, a readiness to leave home and kin for the sake of some absurd distortion of the brain, a moonish desire to roam and cut a figure in the world.

The date of Coryate's birth is uncertain, — 1577 is only a guess, — but Odcombe in Somersetshire was his native place, and he loved the place of nativity as a roamer sometimes will. His father, a tuft-hunting clergyman, had secured its comfortable living, and had died there before his son had any chance to make a stir in the world. His mother, very dear to him, was to live on to a ripe old age long after his travel-worn body had been laid to rest in Bombay. To Odcombe he returned after his first travels to hang up his scarred shoes as a votive offering in the parish church; and there in his own extravagant way, the buffoonery of which was imperceptible to the Odcombian intelligence, he devised pleasant and fruitful pageants by which his townsmen engaged in rivalry with the neighboring villages. The spot was the centre of his affections. The very smoke thereof he preferred to the fire of all other places under the sun.

But he had not reached thirty years of age when Odcombe could no longer contain him. Modesty would have counseled him to remain where he was, but such counsel would have shrunk his world to a nutshell, and his mind was not of the subtle sort which could be king of infinite space in so narrow a compass. He must see the world and be a part of it. He was not unwilling, even, to make a disproportionate noise in it. A man cannot take a humble seat at this world's table, and expect to be called to a better vantage point, unless he has a talent in his napkin. If a simple franklin were to hesitate, with the angels, he would lose a world of experience. Coryate resolved to set out for the court.

[1] *Coryat's Crudities;* Reprinted from the edition of 1611. To which are now added, *His Letters from India*, etc., and Extracts relating to him, from various authors: Being a more particular account of his travels (mostly on foot) in different parts of the globe than any hitherto published. Together with his orations, character, death, etc. With copper plates. 3 vols. London. 1776.

Coryat's Crudities: Hastily Gobled up in five Moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grison's country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany and the Netherlands; Newly digested in the hungry aire of Odcombe in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this Kingdome. 2 vols. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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History fails to tell us how he first made himself known there; perhaps his father's name was still something to conjure with; but when the wits discovered him, they received him with applause. Once, at least, he held the centre of the stage. It was just after the presentation of a court masque. Seized by two practical jokers, and thrust willy-nilly into a trunk, he was carried into the middle of the scene. At the right dramatic moment, they let him loose. As his lank body unfolded itself, he found that he was face to face with a situation. As to how he met it we can only guess. There was no poetic fire in him which could drive him, as it did the schoolboy Shelley, to rush upon his persecutors in a Berserker rage. There was no Irish pathos in him which could lend to his sorry figure the piquancy and whimsicality of a rueful Goldsmith. At times he was capable of a blunt repartee; but what was that against a hundred gorgeous, uproarious gentlemen and ladies?

It was always this way with him. When once out of the obscurity of Odcombe, wherever he was, and however he acted, he was sure to be a stage play to the pitiless spectators. Eagerness and a love of distinction among his fellows had thrust him beyond his element, and he must face matters out. It is nerve-racking business to play one's rôle strenuously when all that one can succeed in playing is the fool. It was doubly so in an age when a bend of the thumb in the flourish of the toothpick or a turn of the wrist in the play of the rapier made all the difference between exquisite bravura and grotesque folly. The warning that we should not boast until we put our armor off, bravado disregards as a counsel to our fears. It bids us risk our reputation to increase it, though we risk it on a desperate chance. Coryate obeyed these more audacious promptings, for he loved the strenuous life.

In 1608 a bold project took possession of him. The gallery to which he played he determined to extend. It should stretch across Southern France, rise over the Alps, sweep around Venice, reach through Germany, and, circling into Holland, return to its point of departure in London. Before this theatre he would plod on foot, ride in carts, clutch and balance himself on the back of such dull beasts as his meagre purse could hire. It was any way to get there with him. Though he footed it along roads which braver men than he might well have avoided, he would come to foreign parts. With the corpses of highwaymen swinging in chains along the highway, it was natural that he should hold his sword uneasily in his hand as he drove through the woods of Abbeville. Alpine passes had not then been macadamized and placarded for summer tourists, and he scrambled breathlessly to keep the guides of other parties in sight, while they hurried on to elude so impecunious a beggar. Religion created dangers for him. His extraordinary figure and ill-timed polemics gathered a mob about him in the Venice Ghetto, from which the English ambassador's gondola rescued him only on the nick of time. On his return from Northern Italy he very wisely skirted along by-roads out of sight of the Spanish garrisons for fear that they might seize and feed him to the Inquisition. Among a stupid peasantry his ignorance sometimes proved a menace to him. A few grapes picked from the roadside, an angry rush upon him by a rude German boor, and he was forced with tears to plead for his hat, — a task which he performed in the English, Greek, and Latin tongues. Only the casual passing of a scholar saved him from his predicament. "If thou shalt happen," he remarks in his book, "to be caught in ipso facto (as I was) by some rustical and barbarous Corydon of the country thou mayst perhaps pay a far dearer price for thy grapes than I did, even thy dearest blood."

It is said of the great Marshal Turenne that an officer once exclaimed to him: "Sire, your knees are trembling." Quickly came the reply, "They would tremble far worse if they knew where they must take me within the hour." Coryate's

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knees trembled, but on he marched, for in his own fashion he was a brave fellow. What that fashion was is picturesquely shown in another roadside experience.

"One notable accident happened unto me in my way a little before I came to this monastery and the city of Baden, of which I will here make mention before I write anything of Baden. It was my chance to meet two clowns, commonly called boors, who because they went in ragged clothes, strook no small terror into me; and by so much the more I was afraid of them, by how much the more I found them armed with weapons, myself being altogether unarmed, having no weapon at all about me but only a knife. Whereupon fearing lest they would either have cut my throat or have robbed me of my gold that was quilted in my jerkin, or have stripped me of my clothes, which they would have found but a poor booty. For my clothes being but a threadbare fustian case were so mean (my cloak only excepted) that the boors could not have made an ordinary supper with the money for which they should have sold them; fearing (I say) some ensuing danger I undertook such a politic and subtle action as I never did before in all my life. For a little before I met them, I put off my hat very courteously unto them, holding it a pretty while in my hand and very humbly (like a mendicant friar) begged some money of them (as I have something declared in the front of my book) in a language that they did but poorly understand, even the Latin, expressing my mind unto them by such gestures and signs that they well knew what I craved of them: and so by this begging insinuation I both preserved myself secure and free from the violence of the clowns, and withal obtained that of them which I neither wanted or expected. For they gave me so much of their tin money called fennies (as poor as they were) as paid for half my supper that night at Baden, even four pence half-penny."

It was at Dover on the morning of the 14th of May that Coryate embarked upon his enterprise. By "five of the clock in the afternoon," he found himself in papistical France. The country amazed him, but it also pleased him. Whatever his defects, he had never become so absorbed in securing the means to live that he had forgotten life's enjoyments. On the contrary, he had sold two of his Odcombe manors for this very trip. He had a relish for experience, something of that lust of the eye and pride of life which is essential to every artist. Why the most appreciative of men should be called decadents it would be hard to say. But the word is here, and let us use it. Coryate was a precocious decadent. Frogs' legs curiously dressed did exceedingly delight his palate. Sweet and pleasant waters and shaded gardens did tickle his spirits with inward delight. His eye, quick to catch what was picturesque in the landscape, would remark on one spot the fairest gallows that ever he saw, on another a pretty store of hemp. His style is full of the frankness of his pleasure. If he enjoys a profound draught of Rhenish or a cup of very neat wine, he imparts the fact to the reader. And his phrases are often as happy as they are naïve. Lanes are green ways. The canals of the Venetians are their liquid streets, that is, their pleasant channels. The Bridge of Sighs is a marvelous fair little gallery. Fans are conveyances which the men and women of Italy do carry to cool themselves withal in the time of heat by the often fanning of their faces. Umbrellas minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun; and they impart so long a shadow unto them that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper parts of their bodies. The view from the Campanile at Venice is a little world of delectable objects which costs but a gazet. Thus may the most Coryatic of us, the most impoverished, look upon the world and find it good.

Like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Coryate reveled in artistic dexterity, and the mountebanks of Venice oftentimes ministered infinite pleasure unto him. But

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his delight was seldom of the sort which could dissipate itself altogether into jigs and corantoes. Every sensation — it might be the "toothsomeness" of the turnip that cost not a groat or the "privilege" of the little nightingale — left with him a critical afterthought of almost Pateresque gravity. Toward paintings he was like Ruskin, prompt with a reason for every faith that was in him. With both, the reasons often dissipated the beauty, but they helped to keep the mind astir, and, in Coryate's case at least, they made a consistent and very pretty theory of æsthetics. He stood entranced before "the picture of a hinder quarter of veal, hanged up in a shop, which a stranger at the first would imagine to be a natural and true quarter of veal. But it was not." Another picture he enjoyed for the extraordinary length of the ass's ears. In all his criticisms he hit upon the two most commonly received earmarks of art, eccentricity and imitation.

The nakedness of this merry Greek's understanding was clothed with classical learning as with a garment, but it was a thin, translucent stuff, which only emphasized the contours of his mind. His intellectual machinery was usually so little affected by the passions that it may be said to have worked in the clear, pure light of innocence. He entered, he tells us, into a serious kind of examination of himself how it came to pass that one bank of the "Rhene" was planted with towns and fortresses and the other very slenderly. He would not aver that the martyred Saints Felix and Regula carried their heads in their hands, after the manner of St. Denis, for he never read the history in any authentic writer. These confessions illustrate the candor of the man. He had no pride of opinion, no reservations, and all his mental processes can be observed without hindrance or distraction.

In one particular, however, Coryate was biased. He was of a puritan disposition. He could finger "papish vanities" and even secrete a relic in his pouch as travelers will, but the glamour of Rome could not seduce him beyond a certain point, and the deformity of the tonsure was always very pitiful for him to see. It is said that the orthodox whirling dervishes divide themselves into factions according as they approach the dance with an Aristotelian or a Platonic turn of mind. And, within the fold of the English Church, this peripatetic was a Calvinist. In his vagabondage he liked to meet with painful laborers in the Lord's vineyard, and at the final parting behold their cheeks bedewed with tears. Like Justice Shallow, he could quote Psalmody. The filial stork could teach him a little moral lesson. Occasionally he entered into the zest of polemics. Not that he was hostile to ideas. A cracked brain often admits light shut out from the skulls of more sensible fellows, and even the palpable lie exercised a power over his imagination. Providence, indeed, seeing that he could know but little, had bestowed upon him the privilege of believing much and contemplating still more. But he was a child of inheritance, and his father's bequest to him of the puritan habit of mind was part of the instinctive thrift of the man, by which he was enabled to pass judgments, and do other intellectual business on a small capital.

"He is always tongue major of the company," Ben Jonson says of Coryate, on his return to London. "He will ask, How you do? Where you have been? How is it? If you have travelled? How you like his book? . . . He is frequent at all sorts of free tables, where though he might sit as a guest, he will rather be served in as a dish and is loth to have anything of himself kept cold against the next day."

The wits thought him a fellow of a most ridiculous crudity; and yet wherein did their superiority consist? To modern nostrils they would all smell most villainously of civet, and the fork which he brought back from Italy, to their exceeding merriment, would strike our taste as a better instrument for its purpose than their Elizabethan fingers. There was a touch of

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modernity, a democratic note about the fellow, quite beyond their capacity. He was not merely one of the last of the old traveling scholars of Europe; he was the primitive tripper, the prototype of all Cook's tourists. The delight in simple going drew him on like the call of the Cook's agent, and in many a city he would tarry but a day. Black-letter folios were his Baedekers, and by word of mouth he gathered such local traditions as now make the stock-in-trade of shilling guides. He would pace market places, put his arms around pillars, judge the size of paintings with his eye, for, after the fashion of the modern traveler, he liked to take the measure of the world.

There was much of the average man in him, yet it could not escape his notice that he was thought a queer fellow, and his complaisance made him seek to justify the imputation. He let men's expectation take hold of him, and fashion him till he answered all its requirements. Humor was not his forte; he had only a dull sense of incongruity; but good-nature may do much, and Coryate set out to be amusing. He threw his vivacity into the form of witticisms. He became exuberant and bombastic. He was seized with an exhilarating passion not to disappoint.

When he announced to the literary that he was writing a book, and, in accordance with the vogue, asked their aid in puffing it, there was showered upon him such a series of ironical verses as have probably never been written before or since. The author demurred for a moment at their scurrility, and then, in obedience to the Crown Prince, who dearly loved his joke, received them with something between a grimace and a smile, and printed them in the fore part of his volume. The half deprecatory, half jocose notes with which Coryate commented on this raillery is as sorry a spectacle as the shabby side of Harlequin. If the poor jester was but a bungling humorist, he did not lack a sort of sheepish pathos.

This was in 1611, and the author, now thirty-four, was again at Odcombe. But the place was less likely than ever to contain him. Thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul disturbed and electrified him. "The mere superscription of a letter from Zurich," says Jonson, "set him up like a top. Basil and Heidelberg made him spin." He had stood in the church of Cremona, conscious that the bones of Hercules rested beneath him. He had identified Livy's dwelling in Padua. The world had become his vista. Now the Orient called him, and the example of Ulysses buzzed in his ears.

All we know of his second journey comes from letters and fugitive papers. Like Talmage on Mars Hill, he delivered an oration above the ruins of Troy; he hunted for Abraham's house in Ur of the Chaldees, a very delicate and pleasant city; he footed it, a journey of fifteen months and a distance of two thousand seven hundred miles, from Jerusalem to the court of the Great Mogul. There, the audacity with which his pauper fingers clutched the robes of the monarch raised the vice of beggary to the heroic proportions of a virtue. Men who gaze on the world must somehow live, though they spend but twopence a day. Coryate raised his hands in supplication, and was not ashamed. Who shall explain the passion for diminutives? Though the globe was hardly large enough for all his projected wanderings, Coryate loved by epithet to diminish its elements, as if to bring them within the compass of his affection and understanding. Even the elephants of the Mogul's court seemed to "justle each other like little mountains."

He never returned to Christendom. A few cups of sack, made thrice welcome by the English hands which gave them, overcame his wearied, famished body in Surat. The voluminous copier of epitaphs was ready for his own. The "bottle of his brain," "distended with the delectable liquor of observation," was broken.

A hundred and fifty years after his death, his travels, with the addition of

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much collected material on his Oriental experiences, reappeared as three volumes in calf. To-day the additions have been dropped, and the three volumes have been diminished to two in buckram. Except for a few extraordinary splurges, his style runs as smoothly and freely as Xenophon's. The globe-trotting, leg-stretching Odcombian cannot mark the hours or tab off the milestones without charming the ear.

"I remained," he says, "in Lyons two whole days, and rode therehence about two of the clock in the afternoon on Monday being the sixth day of June, and came about half an hour after eight of the clock in the evening to a parish called Vorpillere, which is ten miles beyond Lyons. In this space I observed nothing but abundance of walnut trees and chestnut trees and sundry herds of black swine, and flocks of black sheep. I rode from Vorpillere the seventh day of June, being Tuesday, about half an hour after six of the clock in the morning, and came to a parish about ten miles therehence called la Tour du Pin, about eleven of the clock; in this space I saw nothing memorable. I went from la Tour du Pin about two of the clock in the afternoon, and came to a place called Pont de Beauvoisin about six of the clock. Betwixt these places there is six miles distance: at this Pont de Beauvoisin, France and Savoy do meet, the bridge parting them both. When I was on this side the bridge I was in France, when beyond, in Savoy."

In a book much of which is as simple as this, is presented an extraordinary phenomenon. Coryate's mind was of the shallowest, but over its surface there played a marvelous variety of interests and enthusiasms. And they were all human. His pedantries were a religion to him, and his credulities a joy. A simpleton such as the men of Gotham might have admitted into fellowship, he had one quality they lacked: an eagerness to see men, manners, and customs at first hand. He lay at the foot of a horse's stall on the Rhine; he coped with pariahs in their native Hindustani; he forced the Great Mogul to speak with him. What makes the ant the most admirable of all beasts is not its industry, but its lack of all sense of proportion. Coryate's industry is not his most conspicuous quality, it is his preposterous absurdity, his desire to accost creation. Though this uneasy clown was no big and burly Whitman, whatever measure of success he had, and it was not small, he fully earned. Gulliver jangled his sword among the Brobdingnagian giants, but not of his own accord. Macbeth played with the potent spirits of the air, but he had been invited. This man from Odcombe, by the sheer force of the will that was within him, justled among the people of a dozen nations, and in so doing made himself an amazing type of a great and stirring generation.

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RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN LITERATURE[1]

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

"THE study of Shakespeare," says a recent enthusiast, "will continue to be the most noble pursuit in the large realm of English letters as long as the language lasts to which he gave form and stability." The more catholic student of literature will probably cavil at the largeness of this claim, as the philologist certainly will at the view implied in the last clause as to the source of the "form and stability" of our speech. But, notwithstanding these objections, the utterance is fairly typical of the mental attitude responsible for the greater part of modern Shakespearean literature that is not strictly scholarly. This attitude is pernicious for two reasons: it implies an idolatry of the dramatist that hinders a truly critical and discriminating approach to his work; and it tends to puff up the idolator with the feeling that engaging in this "most noble pursuit" counts to him for merit and distinction. As a result, the public is bored by mawkish adulation, or irritated by condescension and conceit. These deplorable consequences are evident in about half the books included in the present survey.

The claim on behalf of Bacon to the authorship of the Shakespearean plays and poems is, of course, only an eccentric development of this familiar idolatry. It is impossible for the "Baconians" to conceive that the worshiped scriptures could be the work of one whom they assume to have been an illiterate player, so they give them becoming dignity by ascribing them to the most distinguished figure of his age in the realm of pure intellect. The attempts to give plausibility to this ascription have exhibited much pretty ingenuity; but we have seen none more curious than that contained in the recent *Letters from the Dead to the Dead*, by "Oliver Lector." In this quaint volume we have a series of epistles exchanged by the shades of Francis Bacon, Jacob de Bruck, Henry Briggs, John Napier, Guy Fawkes, and William Shakespeare. The aim is to suggest that the overflowing product of the great Lord Chancellor's brain is to be found in many of the emblem books of the time, such as those of de Bruck, in the invention of logarithms, usually ascribed to Napier of Merchiston, in the frustrating of the Gunpowder Plot, and, finally, in the Shakespearean drama. Only the last of these claims concerns us now. Shakespeare writes to Bacon from his house in Hades, in what is meant to be the spelling of an illiterate Elizabethan, a plaintive letter telling how a certain "drie and wizard-like" sprite has propounded to him some awkward questions as to the parabolic signification of the great tragedies, the hawk-and-handsaw passage in *Hamlet*, and the sources of Falstaff's knowledge of Galen on the causes of apoplexy. Bacon, prophesying that William's rôle of dramatic author is nearly played out, condescendingly supplies him with answers to the queries of the skeptical ghost. The Falstaff question is met by a precise

[1] *Letters from the Dead to the Dead.* By OLIVER LECTOR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays by the Notable Editors of the Eighteenth Century. Edited by BEVERLEY WARNER, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1906.

Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare. Edited by D. NICOL SMITH. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Son. 1903.

Shakespeare's London. By HENRY THEW STEPHENSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

On Ten Plays of Shakespeare. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

Shakespearean Tragedy. By A. C. BRADLEY. London: Macmillan & Co. 1904.

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reference to an Aldine edition of Galen, the argument being, presumably, that the player Shakespeare could not have gathered learning from such a work. The hawk passage is explained by a reference to the habits of that bird in a southerly wind, further expounded by Bacon in his *History of the Windes*. The four great tragedies find their real explanation when it is seen that they are expositions of the four Idols which, according to the *Novum Organum*, mislead the human intellect: *Macbeth* of the Idol of the Tribe (Mac is a tribal designation); *Lear* of the Idol of the Cave (Lear was pronounced Lair); *Hamlet* of the Idol of the Market Place (all hamlets have market places); *Othello* of the Idol of the Theatre (Iago acts a false part to Othello).

The notes to de Bruck's letter contain further light upon the plays. It seems that they can be coördinated with the Prerogative Instances of the *Novum Organum*. Thus *Timon of Athens* corresponds to the instance Solitary, for "Timon, disgusted with mankind, takes refuge in a cave;" *Romeo and Juliet* corresponds to the instance Cross, because the two lovers are "crossed in love;" *Coriolanus* to Door or Gate, because "Caius Marcius is killed at the gates of Rome" (which he is not); and so forth. Comment is needless. Yet there is hope in this last exhibition of fatuity. If the "Baconians" really undertake the study of Bacon's thought, there is a chance that we may have an end of the nonsense.

The reviewer of a book on the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays is apt to be haunted by a troublesome suggestion. What if it is all a joke? When absurdity passes the possibility of caricature, ought not one to infer that the writer knows he is fooling? We confess to some such perturbation in the present instance, and wish to register the fact that we have anticipated the possibility that the present volume is merely meant to furnish such entertainment as we have found in it.

A more useful form of book-making is exemplified by Dr. Beverley Warner's *Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays*. Eleven of the prefaces to the chief editions, from the First Folio to Malone, are here reprinted, with a general introduction, short biographies of the editors, and here and there an explanatory footnote. The introduction, if not entirely negligible, had better be neglected, for it abounds in inaccuracies. Thus, a writer who says, "There was no criticism properly so called in the seventeenth century," shows an unpardonable forgetfulness of Dryden. The text of the First Folio is *not* "the foundation for all succeeding texts;" Rowe did *not* "merely reprint the Fourth Folio." If the author is of the "opinion that the first edition of each play is alone of any authority," he had better investigate the claims of the second editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *The Merry Wives*, *Henry V*, *Richard III*, and *King Lear*. It is useless to say, as Dr. Warner does, that Shakespeare "was an omnivorous reader, but even this seems to have been limited to the novels, plays, poems, etc., out of which he was quarrying the immortal dramas which bear his name." Such a statement, apart from its self-contradictory nature, is incapable of proof, since we have no means of knowing what Shakespeare read, beyond the evidences afforded by his writings.

But a more serious criticism of the usefulness of Dr. Warner's enterprise appears when it is noted that his statement that these essays "have never been available for the average reader" is negatived by the existence of Mr. D. Nicol Smith's *Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare*. This volume, which appeared in 1903, contains the six most important prefaces reprinted by Dr. Warner; the three valuable essays of Dennis, Farmer, and Morgann; an introduction which is a real contribution to the history of Shakespeare's reputation; and a body of scholarly notes. Thus Dr. Warner's idea, though a good one, has been anticipated, and his labor is largely wasted. That this labor was one of love is indicated by the words quoted from

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his preface at the beginning of this paper.

One of the inferences to be gathered from the history of Shakespearean criticism, as it is displayed in the essays reprinted in these two volumes, is that the eighteenth century gradually learned that the most illuminating comment on Shakespeare's language is to be derived from the works of his contemporaries. For us, who are more remote from both the time and the place of Shakespeare's activity, something more is necessary than a study of the archaisms of his speech. To supply this want, Mr. H. T. Stephenson has given us, in his *Shakespeare's London*, a very substantial aid. After introductory chapters on the manners and customs of the Elizabethans and the early history of London, he proceeds to give an account of the city as it was in the days of the great queen, taking up in order the Water Front, the main highway through the city, the quarter north of Cheapside, Holborn, Smithfield, the Strand, and Southwark; interspersing special chapters on Old St. Paul's, the Tower, and the Military Companies; and closing with the Theatres and the Taverns. The book is thus a comprehensive account of the physical aspects of the entire city, and contains in addition much incidental material, sometimes highly entertaining, reflecting the manner of life in this most interesting period. Few volumes will do so much to supply the student of Shakespeare with what is necessary for visualizing not only the background of the life of the poet, but also the background present to the minds of him and his audience in many of his plays, even though the scenes were supposed to be laid in Verona or Ephesus or Rome. Whatever may be said about the wisdom of reading the plays without commentary and letting them produce their own effect, it is certain that that effect will never be what Shakespeare aimed to produce, unless we take pains to learn his language, and to furnish our minds with the images and interests and information which he allowed for in his immediate audience. To this end Mr. Stephenson's work is a solid and scholarly aid; and what adverse criticism we have to offer does not affect its substantial value. The plates, so necessary to a volume of this kind, would be more useful if the date and origin of each were explicitly given; a reconstructed map of the Elizabethan city would make the whole more intelligible; and more detailed statements of authorities should be given for the serious student, who will want to know more exactly the sources of the author's information, not chiefly as a guarantee of accuracy, but for purposes of first-hand knowledge and further investigation. We are tempted to suspect that the absence of apparatus is due not to the author, whose attitude is entirely scholarly, but to the modern publisher's absurd fear of the footnote. We doubt very much if the reader of the present day is so skittish as to drop a book the moment he spies a footnote; but, however it is with ephemeral literature, surely, in a serious work like the present, a moderate amount of certification and suggestion for further study may be inserted without injury to interest. If the margin must be kept clear, resort to the bashful appendix, but give us the facts and the proof.

Readers familiar with the previous writings of Mr. Stopford Brooke will be able to form in advance a fair idea of what to expect from a work by him *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare*. He is widely and honorably known as the author of what is, on the whole, the best short sketch of the history of English literature. He has written the best appreciation of Anglo-Saxon poetry, a very sympathetic study of Tennyson, and a somewhat less satisfactory work on Browning, besides many essays and some verse. He is highly cultured, widely read, more the man of letters than the scholar. He writes easily and eloquently, but almost always with a touch of his profession. That peculiar habit of mind that comes from speaking from a pulpit, where no one can raise objections or ask for reasons, requires as a

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corrective a strong native sense of exact truth, and an assiduously cultivated respect for the intellectual rights of the audience. In few clergymen are these correctives present in such force as to prevent the appearance in their writings of a tendency to assume assent to the mere *ipse dixit*, and to talk down to the flock.

Expositions of Shakespeare in this spirit still find a large and receptive public. Diffuseness of utterance, the repetition of the obvious, the narrating of the familiar story, are perhaps inevitable and necessary characteristics of preaching; and there are many who will not object to them in such a volume as this. They are referred to here merely that the reader may know what to expect; by way of definition rather than censure. The more experienced student of Shakespeare will wish that it was possible to get at the passages showing insight and a fresh view, that occur not infrequently, without going through stretches of the familiar and needless.

A refreshing contrast in the line of interpretative criticism is to be found in Mr. A. C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*. Here is a book which shows that it is still possible to write about Shakespeare so that any layman who cares to use his brain can read, and yet without boring the most accomplished specialist. It is a discussion of the four great tragedies of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, on the basis of a theory of the nature of tragedy laid down in an introductory chapter.

The bane of most modern discussion of tragedy is the tyranny of Aristotle. Now, Aristotle's theory of tragedy was chiefly an induction based on the practices of the Greek tragedians whose work he knew. It is in no sense to depreciate the greatness of his achievement to note that, in spite of the large element of permanent æsthetic truth that lies in the *Poetics*, it was not to be expected that any Greek theory could continue to be forever the basis of criticism of a form of art so largely dependent as the drama is upon the conditions of the contemporary stage and the culture and interests of the contemporary audience. The distinguishing element in Mr. Bradley's work, then, is that, knowing the Greeks, he has retained his independence, and has attempted to draw from a consideration of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies a set of inferences as to the view of the tragic fact, of the tragic hero, and of the world in which such tragedies occur, which is implied in these dramas. This is carried through with great acuteness, and serves as a basis for the interpretation of the separate plays which follows. It is impossible here to summarize the results of this analysis, or otherwise to present satisfactory proof of the validity of the impression that a careful and deliberate study of this work has left upon us; but we are impelled to state our belief that we have here a criticism which, in its combination of profundity and brilliance, of subtlety and balance, of eloquence of expression and exactness of thought, surpasses any comprehensive treatment of Shakespeare since the great critics of the Romantic Revival.

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THE ACT OF COMPOSITION

BY WILBUR L. CROSS

EVERYBODY who reads what may be said here has doubtless read also books on the *art* of composition. Some may, perhaps, recall the perusal of one or more of them among the less exciting incidents of college days. These books on the *art* of composition began — though they were then of less practical import — with Aristotle some two thousand years ago; and they have been frequent ever since the revival of interest in ancient letters. It is, however, only within the last decade or so that they have come thick and fast. A reviewer who makes a specialty of dealing with these books finds a bunch of five or six arriving every season. Some of them treat of "the broad principles underlying all literature;" while others narrow down to the technique of the drama or the novel. It would ill become any one to speak with the slightest disrespect of the numerous successors to Aristotle — whether critics or rhetoricians — who have expanded and adjusted the ancient master to new times and new literary conditions. Their work is one of the large items in the history of letters. But it, nevertheless, seems strange that it has occurred to no one in all these twenty-odd centuries to try the public with a book on the *act* of composition.

For a book with this theme might be made, I should think, quite as interesting and profitable as one built on the old lines. The point of view would shift, you readily see, from the objective to the subjective; from the cold and heartless dissection of a piece of literature to the author's very self in the act of composing the poem or novel that we had just read with delight. As a result of the inquiry, we might not be able, it is true, to write a poem or a novel as good as the one just laid aside; neither, for that matter, are we likely to write an epic because we have been told by Aristotle that the Iliad has a beginning, a middle, and an end. In either case the chances are equally against us.

It should also be admitted at the outset that the man who tries his fortune with the new theme must have a very sane head. Contemporary writers — especially the novelists — who talk for publication are not as trustworthy as one might desire. Not that they always intend to say what is untrue about themselves; but in the first flush of success, they suffer from a redundancy of the imagination, and consequently see things that never were on land or sea. So it might be necessary to drop from the account most authors still living. But there would still remain all the dead authors who have left behind them letters, journals, and confessions for their most intimate friends.

Authors, when you get a sight of them at their desks, fall into two or three classes distinct enough for separate treatment. There are, first of all, the men who write with a glance now and then at the clock. They are the men of business who go down to their office at eight o'clock sharp, leave for lunch at one, and sometimes return for the afternoon. Their perfect type is Anthony Trollope. When at home he was out of bed at half-past five in the morning, and seated at his desk with watch before him. For three hours thereafter, he turned off two hundred and fifty words every fifteen minutes, and then went to breakfast, and the real business or pleasure of the day. It was all like Hotspur's killing some score of Scots on a morning, and then complaining to his wife Kate, as he came in to breakfast with bloody hands, that life was becoming dull along the Scottish Border. Trollope repeated the feat at other hours and in other places,

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— in lodgings, at the club, and, he takes pains to add, on ship amid the interruptions of seasickness. In this manner he wrote within twenty years forty novels, including *Barchester Towers* and the rest of those delightful cathedral tales. Southey was likewise as regular in his pace as "clockwork." That he might take all he could out of himself, he wrote not only through the morning, but through most of the afternoon, and far into the night by one solitary candle in a large room, turning for relief from one epic to another, to history, and a magazine article, all in one day. And so he kept it up for weeks and months, in a long succession of years, till the last pathetic scene when the brain gave way.

In illustration of this class of writers, who have made time and circumstance suit their own convenience, examples may be found without number. Like Trollope, Macaulay liked to get his literary work out of the way in the morning. Dr. Johnson wrote when in bed or on a visit to a friend in the country as well as when at his desk. Shorthouse, who was engaged in business, took a day off every week, and in the course of eight or ten years produced *John Inglesant*, a romance of singular beauty. *Waverley* was written with lightning speed at night. A gentleman who lived opposite the famous Edinburgh house where the romancer lived and worked was greatly annoyed by the sight of Scott at the window during those strenuous weeks. "That confounded hand," he remarked to Scott's future biographer, as they sat together late one afternoon over their cups, "fascinates my eye, — it never stops, — page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied, — and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night." But after Scott settled at Abbotsford, he chose the morning for the later novels; and when health failed him, he found that he could manage dictation, though there were many misgivings at first. No one could imagine that *The Bride of Lammermoor* came from a man suffering intense pain from cramps in the stomach. Lockhart tells the story. An old Scotch servant was called in to take the dictation. As Scott rolled about on the sofa, dictating and groaning in the same breath, or as, under the excitement of the great scenes, he rose from his couch and walked up and down the room, spilling the blood of the detested bridegroom about the bridal chamber, the old Scotchman at first broke out in exclamations of wonder, and finally became mute and rigid, thinking that the devil had for sure got possession of his dear master.

Scott and his group illustrate, no doubt, what a tremendous will may do in literature. But there is a rather more interesting set of men who can do nothing without a sedative or a stimulant. To tobacco especially the world owes an immense debt. It is, — wrote an old bard who perhaps had enjoyed a smoke with Sir Walter Raleigh himself, — it is —

"The herb whereby this earthly orb is blest."

Bulwer's novels were all composed in dense tobacco smoke. After a hasty breakfast, consisting of "a piece of dry toast and a cup of cold tea," Bulwer withdrew at once to his study, where he worked and smoked incessantly till dinner. Ten minutes for the meal, and a little recreation thereafter, and he was at his desk again till midnight, with *Lucretia* and *The Caxtons*, or *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Parisians*, each pair of which was carried on simultaneously. If this example is not quite satisfactory on the virtue of tobacco, — for Bulwer's novels are not, to say the truth, exactly masterpieces of the human understanding, — there is at hand Lockhart, who was lighting one cigar after another all the time he was at the second best biography in the English language. And Flaubert, in whose art the most fastidious critics find no flaw, required on one day fifteen pipes for eight pages of manuscript. That seems an excessive amount of smoking for so few pages. At any rate, the moderation of Kant is rather to be recommended. The great philosopher

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discovered, besides time and space and the famous categories, that one small pipe — no more and no less — was just sufficient to wake the pure reason to action after a good night's sleep.

Instead of tobacco, some have preferred alcohol in small quantities. With Fielding, Sheridan, and most in the eighteenth century, claret was the favorite drink. Balzac chose champagne. Medwin was, of course, mistaken when he said that Byron drank a pint of pure Hollands every night. It was only gin greatly diluted with water that produced *Don Juan*. Some have gone so far as to say that an author's drink "has great influence on the forms within which the imagination creates," wherefore the inference is that it is possible to determine from a particular work what the author was drinking at the time of its composition. Whether this is so or not, I cannot tell. But, with reference to the notion, Ibsen once remarked that his *Peer Gynt*, which was written in Italy, had to him all "the intoxication of wine," while his *Young Men's Union*, written in the northland, made him think "of smoked sausage and beer."

A few books have come from opium or chloral. There is, for instance, De Quincey's famous *Confessions*, most of Coleridge's exquisite verse, and some of Rossetti's. Coleridge — so runs his own account — fell asleep after a dose of laudanum over a fine passage in Purchas's *Pilgrimage*, and dreamed out *Kubla Khan*. Many a man of letters, I dare say, would gladly sleep away the rest of his life, could he thereby have so beautiful a poem set down to his credit. But the penalty is so frightful that I pass to the less harmful aids to the imagination. Montaigne has a passage on the various odors which "change and alter and move my spirits, and work strange effects on me." But it remained for Schiller to discover the virtue of an odor not in Montaigne's list. Before sitting down to his work, — with *Wallenstein*, say, or *Wilhelm Tell*, — it was Schiller's custom to place inside his desk a few apples just beyond the mellow stage. The aroma from their slow decay proved to be just the gentle stimulus that was needed in his case to stir the imagination and keep it going. The sensation was, as any one may prove by experiment, not at all disagreeable. It was not the odor of a cider-mill that Schiller had about him, but the sweet smell of an old garret where apples are stored till early winter. And so one might go on forever with the eccentricities of genius. There was the old humorist who sometimes found it necessary to open a vein and let out a little blood before setting out with a new book; another who took a pinch of snuff and then a stride across the room, with perhaps the addition of a clean shave, for he could never write when his beard grew long; and finally there was Dumas, who, according to Thackeray, was accustomed to lie "silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port," and at the end of the period rise up, call for dinner, and have the plot of a new story all worked out in his head.

Women, it may be assumed, have never resorted much to stimulants or other artificial aids to the imagination. Still, we do not know this, as they have all been so exceedingly shy about their literary work. Christina Rossetti, the third and last of the great poetesses, after Sappho and Elizabeth Browning, was never seen in "the act of composition" by the most intimate members of her household, says William Rossetti, except when making playful verses in rivalry with her brothers. "She consulted nobody, and solicited no advice," it is said further. Frances Burney wrote and published *Evelina* before her father knew anything about it. The creak of a bad door-hinge warned Jane Austen of the approach of intruders, whereupon the small sheets of paper, cut for easy concealment, were slipped into the mahogany writing-desk or covered with hand or blotter. A niece of hers — a child when the incidents occurred — did, however, remember "how Aunt Jane would sit quietly beside the fire" in the

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family circle, "saying nothing for a good while, would then suddenly burst out laughing, jump up, and run across the room" to pen and paper. Of women, George Sand has perhaps said most on the subject in hand, for she wrote an autobiography. To the stories about the heavy drinking of Byron and Balzac she gave little or no credence, saying, by the way, that she herself never bedewed her mind with anything stronger than milk or lemonade. The only drink, in her view, that can really avail, is the celestial liquor that the gods sip. The great writer, she held, is directly inspired from above, and must keep perfect control of his faculties, else the divine wave will pass over him without his being able to give distinct form to the thoughts or emotions that it brings.

Just as George Sand says, the very great writers, and some besides who have spoken to the point, confess to inspiration. They rarely feel the need of a stimulant, for to them the exercise of the imagination is of itself an intense emotion of pleasure or pain. They rarely keep fixed times for their work, but wait for the inspired moments, "sleeping and trifling away," in Goethe's phrase, "all unprofitable days and hours." The inspired moments, it is held by all, come without the slightest premonition. "The artist," so Balzac puts it, "is not in the secret of his intelligence. He works under the empire of certain circumstances, the union of which is a mystery. . . . On one day, without his knowing it, an air is stirring, and all is relaxed. For an empire, for millions . . . he could not write a line. . . . Then some night in the street, some morning on rising, or in the midst of a joyous revel, a coal of fire touches that brain . . . that tongue; suddenly a word awakens ideas; they are born, they grow, they ferment." The experience of Balzac was also Ibsen's. Writing to Björnson from Italy back in 1865, Ibsen said that for a year or more he had not known which way to turn, for his literary work would not advance at all. "Then one day," to quote him exactly, "I went into St. Peter's . . . and there all at once there dawned upon me a strong and clear form for what I had to say." What dawned upon Ibsen on that day was the *motif* of the most impressive tragedy of the nineteenth century. He began writing at once, both forenoon and afternoon,— which he had never before been able to do,— and within two months *Brand* was complete. In explaining how he was able to maintain through five acts his uncompromising attitude toward modern civilization, Ibsen said at a later date, most curiously: "In the time when I was writing *Brand* I had standing on my table a scorpion in an empty beer glass. From time to time the animal fell sick; and I used to throw down to it a bit of soft fruit, upon which it cast itself with frenzy, and poured out its venom therein; and so it grew well again."

As writers have looked back upon some period of inspiration such as came to Ibsen, they have felt that there was a mysterious power working in and through them at the time, wholly apart from their ordinary consciousness. Horace called the power the *Deus in nobis*. So did George Eliot. This great novelist was, as we all know, an agnostic. On a visit to Cambridge she once took the occasion to declare with terrible earnestness, as she stood there in the presence of the historic church, her disbelief in God and immortality. But when, some years later, she described how "the creative effort affected her," she could find nothing better than the old language of supernatural direction. "She told me," says the account by her husband, "that in all her best writing, there was a 'not her-self' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as it were, was acting. Particularly she dwelt on this in regard to the scene in *Middlemarch* between Dorothea and Rosamond, saying that, although she always knew they had sooner or later to come together, she kept the idea resolutely out of her mind until Dorothea was in

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Rosamond's drawing-room. Then, abandoning herself to the inspiration of the moment, she wrote the whole scene exactly as it stands, without alteration or erasure, in an intense state of excitement and agitation."

This power that guides the hand has seemed, in the view of many, too capricious to come from above. Scott, when taken to task by Captain Clutterbuck for his poor plots, replied that he had sometimes laid out his work by compass and rule, but that a demon seated himself on the feather of his pen whenever he began to write, and led it astray from the purpose. Sterne tells a story directly in this line about a certain John de la Casse, sometime archbishop of Benevento, who discovered "the state of composition" to be "a state of desperate warfare" with the devil and his imps. For whenever the archbishop sat down to his *Galatea*, it is related, myriads of devils rushed from their lurking-places to cajole him with a multitude of profane thoughts and fancies. Wherefore it took the said John de la Casse more than forty years to eliminate from his romance the contributions of his infernal collaborators; and there was left for his own only a small pamphlet of some few pages. So by implication we are to infer that if there is anything in *Tristram Shandy* unbecoming to a country parson, it is to be set down to Benevento's devils, who likewise pursued Sterne.

What appeared to Sterne and Scott as caprice has taken with others, who have regarded the matter more seriously, the aspect of impelling fate. So real was the presence of fate to Hawthorne that he once thought of making it the subject of a short story. When the idea came to him, he wrote out this remarkable memorandum: "A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe occurs which he tries in vain to avert." As if to confirm by fact what Hawthorne only imagined, Thackeray wrote about himself some thirty years later. After complaining that his Pegasus refuses the bit, and goes as he pleases at slow or swift pace, the humorist adds: "I wonder, do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? . . . We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style, — when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ?"

When the great writers go on to describe the psychic states they are in during the process of composition, we come to most interesting phenomena. To the ancients, the inspired writer was a madman; but to distinguish his state from ordinary madness, it was called "amiable madness." Shakespeare but repeated Horace and Plato when he spoke of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling." Macaulay, Balzac, and Disraeli also insisted on an unsoundness of mind in the poet, just short of insanity. And Schopenhauer tried to determine the exact line between the two states. But nearer the truth are probably more pleasing analogies. Thackeray, on finishing *The Newcomes*, told his children, as he was walking with them in the fields near Berne in Switzerland, that the story had all been revealed to him somehow, as in a dream. George Sand, when writing a novel, was under the spell of an hallucination, wherein a crowd of half-distinct characters hovered about her, separated from her, as it were, by a transparent veil, and speaking in thin voices. And when the novel was completed, they all vanished, leaving no trace behind. So apart from her ordinary self

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were they, that not even the names she gave them were afterward remembered. Of her first novel, she says: "I felt, on beginning *Indiana*, an emotion of a very definite and intense kind, resembling nothing that I had experienced in my preceding literary work. But that emotion was rather painful than agreeable. I wrote continuously and without plan, and literally without knowing whither I was going, — even without being aware of the social problem I was elaborating." The words of George Sand would seem incredible, were it not for the testimony of Goethe to the unconsciousness of much of his own work. Some of his lyrics, Goethe told Eckermann, he carried about in his head for many years as beautiful dreams that came and went, and finally he wrote them out for Schiller, who wanted them for publication. "But others of them," he added, in the most extraordinary confession I have to relate, "have been preceded by no impressions of forebodings, but have come suddenly upon me, and have insisted on being composed immediately, so that I have felt an instinctive and dreamy impulse to write them down on the spot. In such a somnambulistic condition, it has often happened that I have had a sheet of paper lying quite askew before me, and I have not discovered it till all has been written, or I have found no room to write any more."

The mind as here presented in the act of composition suggests views of literary creation that run mostly counter to what is found in books descriptive of the painful evolution of literary masterpieces. If Sheridan said that "easy writing makes d—d hard reading," he could have referred only to neglect of details in execution, else all are against him. Shakespeare may have known, as Freytag neatly explains him, that to a drama is necessary a rise and fall in the action, cut by a climax, and leading on to a catastrophe; but he was not thinking of that when he wrote *Macbeth*. He was there and elsewhere guided by an inward and unconscious logic more rigorous than any critic's formal account of it, illustrated by diagrams. "What he thought," said his first editors, who knew him, "he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in the papers." So it has been with men of less genius. Scott used to be immensely amused at the critics who selected a scene for praise and another for censure on the ground that the one was composed slowly and the other in haste. For they always, said Scott, got the scenes in reverse order. So rapidly did Macaulay write, that the first draft of his *History of England* looks like "columns of dashes and flourishes," says Trevelyan. There was only one manuscript of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall;* and the same is true of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. "I appeal," says Shelley, "to the greatest poets of the present day, whether it is not an error to assert that the finest passages of poetry are produced by labour and study. The toil and the delay recommended by critics can be justly interpreted to mean no more than a careful observation of the inspired moments, and an artificial connexion of the spaces between their suggestions, by the intertexture of conventional expressions."

Shelley's word is final, and completes the subject. Any poem, drama, or novel, worthy of the name, springs direct and spontaneously from an emotional mood, and it is invariably written under a strong and steady impulse. A writer may surrender himself completely to his emotions, and then he becomes to an extent unconscious and impersonal, as he pours forth his soul in a lyric, or as rise in his imagination characters, incidents, and situations, all assuming a succession he never dreamed of.

> . . . As imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name.

So wrote one who knew. The incentive to a lyric may be merely a strain of music running in the poet's head. "What produces works of inspiration," said Schiller

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in one of his letters, "is not always, I think, the vivid image of the subject, but only the need of a subject, a vague impetus toward the expression of struggling emotions. The music of a poem floats before my soul when I sit down to write it, far more often than the clear concept of its content, concerning which I have often scarcely made up my mind. I am led to this remark by my *Hymn to Light*, with which I am occupied at many odd moments. Of this poem I have still no Idea, but only a presentiment, and yet I feel certain that it will work itself out."

Schiller's lyric is, of course, an extreme case. A playwright or novelist commonly sets out with some general plan, which he may or may not follow to the end. It was Alfieri's practice, when he had hit upon a theme for a play, to sketch the scenes and characters rapidly under the impulse of his first emotions, and then to throw the work aside until the original plan was forgotten. "If, on reperusing the manuscript after that period had elapsed," he says, "I felt myself assailed by such a crowd of ideas and emotions as compelled me, so to speak, to take up my pen, I concluded that my sketch was worthy of being unfolded; but if, on the contrary, I felt not an enthusiasm equal at least to what I had experienced on conceiving the design, I either changed my plan or threw the papers into the fire. As soon as I became satisfied that my first idea was perfect, I expanded it with the greatest rapidity, frequently writing two acts a day, and seldom less than one, so that in six days my tragedy was, I will not say finished, but created."

Alfieri does not mean to say that there was not after-labor of a most serious and painful kind. In six days his tragedy was *created*, but not *finished*. He had yet "to polish, correct, and amend." For not all minds move with the unconscious logic of Shakespeare's, Gibbon's, or George Eliot's. Rossetti, the most fastidious of writers, illustrates the point exactly. There are extant three versions of *The Blessed Damozel*, separated by the extremes of a quarter-century. The first version was made in Rossetti's youth, long before the period of opium and chloral. For the idea of it he did not "cudgel his brains," says his brother; it came to him in the course of his reading in Dante. But when the poem was once written out under the sway of a clear inspiration, Rossetti spared no pains "in clarifying and perfecting." Old stanzas were transposed or dropped altogether, and new ones were added; a cockney rhyme fell out here and there, and for an obscure or weak image was substituted just the phrase that makes for perfection. As Rossetti first published it, *The Blessed Damozel* is a poem of entrancing but irregular beauty; as he finally left it, every detail has been weighed and considered with reference to every other detail, that its art may be faultless. And yet, after all that may be said in praise of the execution, *The Blessed Damozel* remains in all prime essentials what it was when first printed in an amateur art journal. Had not the original conception been "a thing of beauty," no superadded labor could have availed; the manuscript would have gone, with Alfieri's useless papers, into the fire. One must first have the diamond before he can polish it.

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MEMORIAE PRAETERITORUM

BY CATHERINE E. WORCESTER

LIKE roses, blooming in the snow,
Rise memories of long ago;
Like fires, from their dead ashes springing;
Like birds, from nests forsaken winging.
Fragrance and light and thrilling song
Charm every sense — but ah, not long!
Silence and frost and ashes claim
Too soon the bird, the flower, the flame.
Swift as they rose they vanish then,
And I am old, am old again.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON HAVING KNOWN A POET

"ONLY two sorts of men are any good,
I would n't give a cotton hat for no other:
"The Poet and the Plug Ugly."

So chanted a burlesquing undergraduate, wise beyond his years, and, like the wise poor man of old, "his name is forgotten." In the obscure anthology that has preserved his weighty utterance, the Whitmanic dithyrambs are credited to that prolific author — that inglorious Milton — "Anon." He, no doubt, thought himself guilty of irreverence, and let concealment do irreparable harm to his fame; but several decades of going to and fro in the earth, and of walking up and down in it, have convinced me that, when he wrote these mighty lines, he was truly inspired.

I have known a Plug Ugly.

The hand that guides this typewriter has lain, like a roseleaf on a Meat Trust ham, in the palm of every ornament of the twenty-foot ring who has been acclaimed for several lustrums, and I have enjoyed the friendship of more than one thug, who would gladly sandbag a sheriff's officer, or unappreciative editor, to oblige a friend who was no proud Jack, but a Corinthian. The Plug Ugly is certainly some good.

I have also known a poet.

But the value of the Poet is harder to define. Indeed, I should be at a loss for a definition, were it not for a talk I had with the barber whose privilege it is to keep the great man's exuberant locks within bounds.

"When he sits in the chair here and talks to me," said George, "I get to thinking that I know a devil of a lot; but when he goes away, and I try to tell some one else about it, I find out that it's him that knows things, and not me."

That expresses my situation exactly. When I am with him, I dream dreams and see visions, — but they are his dreams and his visions. By the spell of his wonderful personality he compels me to enter that arcana of thought where we are conscious of truths that can never be formulated in words. At such times I am in communion with the poet soul

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of the world, and apprehend beauties that no poet can ever express. From these excursions into the mystery of things I ever return confused and inarticulate, and he with the light of transfiguration on his face. And after we have parted, I find that it was he who knew and saw, and not I. Like our friend the barber, I acknowledge that it is he, and not I, who knows things; but, unlike the barber, I sometimes have sane and skeptical moods, in which I profanely wonder if he really does know them.

I was introduced to the poet at a dinner, but really met him for the first time on Brooklyn Bridge. It was on the afternoon of February 8, 1890. I am able to be precise in the matter, not because I have the habit of keeping a diary, but because of a strange theory he advanced.

"You have also come out to greet the spring?" he questioned, as he slipped his arm through mine, and turned to walk with me. I blundered some reply, which I have forgotten, for I was overcome by his unexpected affability. He was already my favorite among living poets.

"I have noticed for many years," he continued, "that in New York we get the first touch of spring in the air on the 8th of February."

I have carelessly failed to verify this peculiarity of the vernal season, but I now offer it to the Meteorological Department for what it is worth. The 8th of February of that momentous year was clear and balmy, and his observation was justified, on that occasion, at least.

While we walked toward New York, he talked of the return of spring, and gradually drifted into a discussion of things poetical, that presently had me floundering beyond my depth. The imaginative reach of his thought oppressed me, and then he lapsed into one of his splendid silences, which in turn became oppressive. At last, in sheer desperation, I stammered,

"Is — is this about the time of day when you take a drink?"

The pressure on my arm took on a human warmth as he inquired eagerly: —

"Where's the nearest place?"

From that hour dates a friendship that transformed my workaday world, and opened the way to other worlds undreamed of.

As I review my associations with the poet, I recall our conversations — or rather, his talks — more than the ordinary episodes that might furnish excuses for anecdotes. Of these talks there were many, for he was always accessible, though at first I often feared that I might be intruding. He finally set my mind at rest on this point, when I apologetically expressed a fear that he might be busy.

"Busy!" he protested grandly. "Why should I be busy, when I have the rest of time, and all of Eternity, ahead of me?"

Of the glorious talks to which I have listened I can give but an echo; but sometimes an echo is worth while.

"I often wish," he once exclaimed, "that I could rid the world of the tyranny of facts. What are facts but compromises? A fact merely marks the point where we have agreed to let investigation cease. Investigate further, and your fact disappears. Under the scrutiny of thought all facts are alike, from the atom to the universe, — merely compromises or splendid guesses, — and they dissolve, even as

> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.

And it is only after facts have dissolved and vanished into the mystery of things that the poetic soul can begin to recreate, and devise forms of beauty. The soul that is trammeled with facts is a hopeless prisoner within petty limits, and for it great achievement is impossible."

When he was in this Coleridgean mood, I did not presume to interrupt or understand, but kept my hand in my pocket to make sure that, under the stress of his logic, the few current and negotiable facts with which I hoped to effect a set-

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tlement with our host did not vanish until they had performed their function. But in time they, too, vanished, even as he had predicted.

One evening I met him on Broadway, and he was evidently laboring under excitement.

"Come," he exclaimed, grasping me by the shoulder, and turning to walk with me. "I have just heard something wonderful, something that carried me away from the dust and noise of the city, to the green fields."

He brought me to a halt before a great office building, and commanded me to listen.

"Can't you hear it?" he whispered in delighted tones. "It is a cricket, chirping here on Broadway."

I could certainly hear it; but, alas, at that moment a heavy door swung open, and a freight elevator was seen descending. It was instantly evident that the chirping sound was due to the creaking of some defective part of its machinery. The poet looked crestfallen; I am afraid I laughed; and the world is the poorer for that partly formulated poem on "A Cricket on Broadway," that he was, beyond doubt, shaping when I met him.

Then there were the evenings of The Commune. How shall they be justly celebrated, now that The Commune, that congenial association of borrowers and lenders, has been disrupted beyond hope? Of its strangely assorted members, one is now a college president; one is a captain of industry, and hath land and beeves; one is a yellow journalist, full of strange oaths and impossible feats; one is a wandering knight of commerce; one, like Autolycus, is a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles; and, if ever we reassemble, for two, the brightest and the best, we must turn down an empty glass.

How well I remember him in that fourth-floor room, sprawling in the one rocker, and "mouthing out his hollow *oes* and *aes*," while we vibrated to the rhythms of his poetry. But the Commune has passed without the meed of a melodious tear, unless he take pity on us, and embalm our joyous and irresponsible youth in fitting song. He alone is true to his ideals, and still a poet.

But he was not always intellectual. That would have tried a humble friendship too far. I remember one night when he and a lawyer, whose advice we sometimes needed, dragged me from my fireside. There was a dinner at a quiet café in a side street, and the talk chanced to turn on physical strength. To show that he was a man, he took hold of the front round of the chair on which I sat, and, with vice-like grip, raised me at arm's length to the level of his shoulder, — a feat that would have won the admiration of any of my friends among the plug uglies. And I remember how that evening ended next morning, — how at parting we stood in a triangle on a street corner, and solemnly kicked one another for being the three unwise men.

The last time I met him was in London, where we had wandered in pursuit of our dreams. I found him puzzled, but pure-minded, among a group of driveling decadents, whom he overshadowed, as a health-breathing maple overshadows the fungi that may grow at its root. When he walked the streets, every beggar and crossing-sweeper blessed his passing, for his soul was full of pity, and his hand was open. Once, when we were walking along the Strand, I reminded him of one of his most beautiful poems, a passion of music, and he reviled me in set terms, because, in one of my periods of brief authority, I had rejected that poem with contumelious comments. But in the meantime I had heard the organ in St. Paul's, where for the first time music became visible to me, and I saw it beating upwards and outwards as the true expression of worship.

And now that the years have passed, and the evil days have come, his poems are at my hand, and I still take delight in them. To me they are more than the greatest poems, because I know the moods that inspired many of them. Can you blame me for pride, if I am able to say to

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myself, when reading some of them over, "He changed this line because I objected to it," or "He put in this stanza because I asked for it." Assuredly, having known a poet is the next best thing to being a poet, — or a plug ugly. Of course, I would not presume to claim any share in his achievements, but it was surely something to have been consulted. That is something to look back to, but there is something more. I knew him so intimately that I know the fairy tale on which many of his poems are based. What would you not give to know that? Phyllis, the well-beloved, I still know, and have dandled her children on my knee, but her good husband does not know that she once inspired a beautiful poem. Jenny, — "Vengeance of Jenny's Case," — when last I saw the once imperious brunette, she was a blonde, pursuing her lone and midnight way down a side street. Yet Jenny once moved a poet's soul to fine issues.

Now if you should say that no such poet as mine exists, that he has been evolved from the many minor and submajor poets I have known, I shall rest under the accusation without protest. I admit that, as he is pictured in my mind, he is altogether too great for these piping times of commercial success, but I can only defend myself by quoting one of the few epigrams I ever heard him utter: —

"The only respect in which great men differ from others is that for some reason people are willing to believe them capable of doing things that are impossible."

OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

Hazlitt has told us of an unforgetable evening at Lamb's, when the talk was all of persons one would wish to have seen; when they called up Sir Thomas Browne, that "solemn and inviting personage," and had Garrick in to play for them, and watched Pope drive by "in a coronet coach beside Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." Did the same company of friends, one asks one's self, never, at some equally notable, though unrecorded gathering, play again with possibilities, and talk of books that ought to have been written? After Ayrton had solemnly lusted after a second work from the author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, one can hear Lamb slowly produce "subjects" for his well-loved Kit Marlowe; and might not Hazlitt, the legend kindled for him by Italian painters, have wished that Chaucer had set hand to the story of St. Christopher, — that story that now shines for us so vaguely and dimly in the strange, sober volumes of Caxton's *Golden Legend*?

For the fanciful reader is tormented by regrets vainer, yet more provocative, than the old lament for vanished lyrics, and for stories "left half told," — the regret of the books that might have been, the books that were left unwritten. If only Sidney, beside those to his mistress, had but written "certaine sonets" to his friends, in the manner of the author of *Underwoods*! If only Blake had been given a place among Pater's *Appreciations*! I would have it just the length, or rather just the shortness, of the essay on Lamb. So in one's favorite fields one's crop of wishes grows fast.

For my own part, I can never open the pages of *Men and Books* without an odd sense of disappointment, an unreasonable feeling of being even a little cheated, not to find in that gallery of good portraits the face of George Borrow. For who, save the author that traveled through France with a donkey, could properly "do" for us that older writer who drove through Devon in the cart of the Flaming Tinman, and learned from Jasper Petulengro why the Romany Chal would wish to live forever? Why, again, did Stevenson perversely fail to finish the once-talked-of essay on that William Hazlitt who had always so ready an ear for a sentence, whether it were his own or somebody's else? Hazlitt the boy, who tramped ten miles into Shrewsbury, and brought back "at one proud swoop" *Paradise*

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Lost and Burke's *French Revolution*, — "I was set up for one while," — and Hazlitt the man, who, after the long, shabby years so drearily wanting in both good luck and good humor, could yet, as he lay dying, turn to Lamb and say, "Well, I've had a happy life." For had not he, too, adventured round "Western Islands," climbed his "peaks," and "stared at the Pacific"? "Ariel" and "Puck" and the "Shorter Catechist" would never have forgiven the lamentable failure Hazlitt made of more than one human relationship; they would have been hard on him, just as they were hard on Burns and on Thoreau; and yet, — one pricks up one's ears at the mere thought of the author of *Walking Tours* and *A Gossip on Romance* talking to us of the writer of *Old Books* and of *Going a Journey*.

And why, side by side with the talk on Dumas, was not one vouchsafed us on the novels of George Meredith? One has but to think of it to cap it straightway with the wish for a second one on the same subject by Mr. Henry James. (Yet here, perhaps, it is rather an impatience than a regret that torments us.) Thus it is that the voracious reader grows arrogant, would turn to his masters and command them, "Pile me a palace straight."

I still remember a morning's drive in blue July weather, from brown, little Bibbiena up to Saint Francis's mountain of Verna; we wound through scrubby oak woods all alight with yellow broom, into the open, rolling, upper slopes, up and up into the very kingdom of the sun. And as we looked back on the narrow valley of the Casentino under the ranks of the Apennines, the world behind us, the solid world of town and crag and castle, grew vaguer, grew brighter, lost itself in the color and light and heat. Only one man, — Claude Monet, — we said, could capture the gold in the air between us and the purple files of the Apennines, and make it shine out on his canvas; only one man — the Italian — could make it bloom again in his pages. And even as we said the words, round a jutting ridge of the hill, on a thin-necked English horse, came riding that same Signor d'Annunzio who, in Rome, a few weeks back, on the night of Victor Hugo's centenary, had filled the Theatro Valle with the fire of his voice and his lines. Wandering *forestieri* that we were, we yet felt we had somehow uttered a spell.

But it is not only lost "subjects" that prick the desire of the fanciful reader; it is also the thought of the books within books, golden apples that hang clear to one's eyes, and only just out of reach of one's hand. How one longs to open the covers, "alluringly red," of the volume that made Dr. Hugh, on the beach at Bournemouth, forget both his companions and the morning shine of the sea. I, too, would like to drop into the sand and dip deep for myself into *The Middle Years*. Now Mr. Bernard Shaw, though not an author whose habit it is pleasantly to flatter his readers' desires, has yet actually given us "The Revolutionist's Handbook" of his young Don Juan; and sometime, on the crowded shelves of the second-hand shop, — shelves that blacken one's fingers and kindle one's hopes, — where one finds so much, — and finds it so divinely cheap that one grows to fancy one can find everything, — there, amid the odd juxtapositions of the shelf devoted to "fiction," between, say, a Loti, yellow and "impudently French," and a brown, last-century copy of the *Vicar* "by the late Dr. Goldsmith," I hope, no, expect, to chance upon an early work of the Master's, and a tale by John Delavoy.

THE TYRANNY OF THINGS

Two fifteen-year-old girls stood eying one another on first acquaintance. Finally one little girl said, "Which do you like best, people or things?" The other little girl said, "Things." They were friends at once.

I suppose we all go through a phase when we like things best; and not only

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like them, but want to possess them under our hand. The passion for accumulation is upon us. We make "collections," we fill our rooms, our walls, our tables, our desks, with things, things, things.

Many people never pass out of this phase. They never see a flower without wanting to pick it and put it in a vase, they never enjoy a book without wanting to own it, nor a picture without wanting to hang it on their walls. They keep photographs of all their friends and kodak albums of all the places they visit, they save all their theatre programmes and dinner cards, they bring home all their alpenstocks. Their houses are filled with an undigested mass of things, like the terminal moraine where a glacier dumps at length everything it has picked up during its progress through the lands.

But to some of us a day comes when we begin to grow weary of things. We realize that we do not possess them; they possess us. Our books are a burden to us, our pictures have destroyed every restful wall-space, our china is a care, our photographs drive us mad, our programmes and alpenstocks fill us with loathing. We feel stifled with the sense of things, and our problem becomes, not how much we can accumulate, but how much we can do without. We send our books to the village library, and our pictures to the college settlement. Such things as we cannot give away, and have not the courage to destroy, we stack in the garret, where they lie huddled in dim and dusty heaps, removed from our sight, to be sure, yet still faintly importunate.

Then, as we breathe more freely in the clear space that we have made for ourselves, we grow aware that we must not relax our vigilance, or we shall be once more overwhelmed. For it is an age of things. As I walk through the shops at Christmas time and survey their contents, I find it a most depressing spectacle. All of us have too many things already, and here are more! And everybody is going to send some of them to everybody else! I sympathize with one of my friends, who, at the end of the Christmas festivities, said, "If I see another bit of tissue paper and red ribbon, I shall scream."

It extends to all our doings. For every event there is a "souvenir." We cannot go to luncheon and meet our friends but we must receive a token to carry away. Even our children cannot have a birthday party, and play games, and eat good things, and be happy. The host must receive gifts from every little guest, and provide in return some little remembrance for each to take home. Truly, on all sides we are beset, and we go lumbering along through life like a ship encrusted with barnacles, which can never cut the waves clean and sure and swift until she has been scraped bare again. And there seems little hope for us this side our last port.

And to think that there was a time when folk had not even that hope! When a man's possessions were burnt with him, so that he might, forsooth, have them all about him in the next world! Suffocating thought! To think one could not even then be clear of things, and make at least a fresh start! That must, indeed, have been in the childhood of the race.

Once upon a time, when I was very tired, I chanced to go away to a little house by the sea. "It is empty," they said, "but you can easily furnish it." Empty! Yes, thank Heaven! Furnish it? Heaven forbid! Its floors were bare, its walls were bare, its tables — there were only two in the house — were bare. There was nothing in the closets but books; nothing in the bureau drawers but the smell of clean, fresh wood; nothing in the kitchen but an oil stove, and a few — a very few — dishes; nothing in the attic but rafters and sunshine, and a view of the sea. After I had been there an hour there descended upon me a great peace, a sense of freedom, of infinite leisure. In the twilight I sat before the flickering embers of the open fire, and looked out through the open door to the sea, and asked myself, "Why?" Then the answer came: I was emancipated from *things*. There was nothing in the house to demand care, to claim

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attention, to cumber my consciousness with its insistent, unchanging companionship. There was nothing but a shelter, and outside the fields and marshes, the shore and the sea. These did not have to be taken down and put up and arranged and dusted and cared for. They were not things at all, they were powers, presences.

And so I rested. While the spell was still unbroken, I came away. For broken it would have been, I know, had I not fled first. Even in this refuge the enemy would have pursued me, found me out, encompassed me.

If we could but free ourselves once for all, how simple life might become! One of my friends, who, with six young children and only one servant, keeps a spotless house and a soul serene, told me once how she did it. "My dear, once a month I give away every single thing in the house that we do not imperatively need. It sounds wasteful, but I don't believe it really is. Sometimes Jeremiah mourns over missing old clothes, or back numbers of the magazines, but I tell him if he does n't want to be mated to a gibbering maniac he will let me do as I like."

The old monks knew all this very well. One wonders sometimes how they got their power; but go up to Fiesole, and sit awhile in one of those little, bare, white-walled cells, and you will begin to understand. If there were any spiritual force in one, it would have to come out there.

I have not their courage, and I win no such freedom. I allow myself to be overwhelmed by the invading host of things, making fitful resistance, but without any real steadiness of purpose. Yet never do I wholly give up the struggle, and in my heart I cherish an ideal, remotely typified by that empty little house beside the sea.

MINOR DELIGHTS

If there is anything which the average human being takes for granted, it is that he knows what he wants, and for a good part of his life it is this naïve assumption which makes about three quarters of his trouble. Nothing is less to be taken for granted. Such knowledge only comes as one of the last stages of culture, and when it comes we are just about ready for translation to another Scene, better arranged than this for the satisfying of our desires. A great deal of prayer has doubtless been of small avail in this world, because the prayerful person quite overran that petition which our constitution is always trying to work in if possible, namely, the request that we might know with some degree of clearness what it is we really want.

I am disposed to think that our excessive dogmatism with regard to our pleasures has kept us from getting anywhere near the truth about them, and that it is only here and there that some emancipated soul is able to give any veracious account of his happiness. Most of us know very little about what gives us pleasure. The good Lord lets us go on supposing it is this or that which makes us happy, while he sees to it surreptitiously that we are made happy in a thousand little ways which he does not dare reveal to us, for fear we should despise them if we knew.

Almost anybody feels quite equal to discussing the question of happiness, but the real question is not whether we can be happy, but whether we shall be allowed to know what it is that makes us so. It is to be feared that if we actually knew what our real delights are, we should have supreme contempt for them. They are freely given to all of us, but mercifully hidden from most.

It is only in illuminated, anonymous moments, such as these columns provide for, that I dare own up to myself the sort of things that put me in fine fettle. If any one had asked me point blank what I enjoyed most, I should have lied in a highly orthodox manner about music and poetry and automobiling and golf and doing good to others, and having more money. But when I catechise myself relentlessly about what I should do if I had absolute financial freedom, I know that the first

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thing I should do would be to buy five dollars' worth of postage stamps.

I once visited the lake-shore residence of a railroad magnate. I surveyed his art treasures, and rejoiced in his commanding view; but when we came away at night, and were talking over the day, Helen said, with rapture, "But *did* you see that whole sheet of postage stamps in the library drawer?" Did I? It had filled my soul with such a sense of affluence and true liberty as I know not how to describe, and to this hour the most immediate joy I can think of in being a millionaire would be the absolute, indisputable right to buy five dollars' worth of stamps without feeling wicked about it.

The joys of a more ample living I had long and often pictured to myself. Many sizable and conventional pleasures had I classified amongst them, but what remains to me as the delight that pinched most upon my accession to a larger competence was that of buying, for the first time in my life, a box of pens. Truly to him that hath shall be given, for the very next week after taking this plunge into plutocracy, a banker friend of mine gave me a box. But about nothing have I ever been so enabled to sympathize with the mood of the gentleman who said, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years," as about that box of pens. Of course, I bought many new books, but that was to be expected. The pens remain as the great subconscious happiness which ran as an undertone through that first year of comparative riches.

Do not laugh at me, but a smooth-running pen and a fresh blotter will often send through my soul such a sense of well-being and harmony with the universe as some kinds of religion are powerless to bestow. How often have I thought it was all up with me mentally, that nothing but a psychological revolution would ever make me a living soul again, or bring joy back to my heart, when I have found that a fresh pen would set me off like a house on fire. But never have I dared to confess it, except in the strictest anonymity. My conventional wants are as large as anybody's, but as a matter of fact, I can always be coaxed back into happiness, and a fair degree of usefulness, by fresh pens and clean blotters.

My great pleasures have been mostly failures. Of course, I still talk about them in company as if they had been all that could be desired, but as soon as the company go I forget them. By a great pleasure I mean, for example, a gift of one hundred dollars. Twice in my life, yea, three times, have I run into this experience, which off-hand I should have said would be a pronounced success in the way of pleasures. I told myself dogmatically that I must be happy, but before noon I had listed up five hundred dollars' worth of luxuries, which by dinner-time had passed over into the gray and uninteresting region of necessities, and I went to bed at last with an entirely new consciousness of poverty. It is rarely that these experiences come back to me now as among my cherished memories. Far be it from me to ward off any one proposing to try me again with such a gift, for I should strive to meet it manfully even to the end, but in a moment of sanity I here put on record that I am not over-sanguine about the results of it.

I have known a morning of gloom which refused to budge at the most stalwart lecturing I could give myself upon the art of living, only to find, after some hours, that for quite a while a strange childlike happiness had been pervading my whole being, as if there had been imparted to me a touch of that "unaccountable friendliness in all things" which Thoreau once experienced in a rainstorm. I traced the genealogy of that quick rapture, straight back without a break, to nothing else than the glow of a common bottle of blue ink, as the light struck it just right on the corner of my bookcase. With such opportunities as I have had for large sensations, I am not a little chagrined to have to confess that most of my happiness has come from minor delights.

But on no subject do I look for less

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frank and reliable information than on the subject of what people like best to read. I happen to know of a book-buyer, who is free to lay his hand upon priceless literary treasures. If he were asked about his chief literary pleasure, we should doubtless hear some proper and improving words about Milton or Dante. But this is a subject on which few people can be believed, unless they swear they are lying; for, through well-authenticated inside reports, it has been brought to me that whenever the great connoisseur gets any time for reading, the pleasure to which he almost infallibly gravitates is the perusal of old reports of the Episcopal General Convention. But this is manifestly not a relish to be spoken of in public. A man who owns first editions of almost everything, and an edition "de looks" of everything he does not care for, has duties toward them not to be lightly disregarded.

Truly our happinesses are a science which demands of us, if we are to know it expertly, that we divest ourselves of prepossessions and dogmatism, and refrain from saying what ought to make us happy. We shall have to buckle down to the laboratory method, or the study of cases, and be content to find out what it is that really does delight us. When the light of that science shall have begun to shine widely upon our affairs, one trusts that there will hardly be a literary club left, while afternoon teas will unobtrusively depart from the field they should never have tried to occupy.

EDITING FOR THE BEST MAGAZINES

THE editor who reads such delightful little disquisitions on his foibles as that "On Writing for the Best Magazines," in the Contributors' Club in your April number, instinctively wonders, "Which of those charmingly effervescent young persons who have occupied my visitor's chair so often has done this thing, and why, oh, why does she not write stories as prettily and as spontaneously as she has poked fun at me?"

And then follows the question, "Is there anything which I can tell her which will convince her that I at least am thoroughly human, that I loathe the printed rejection slip quite as heartily as she does, and that I should like nothing better than to spend my remaining years in writing delightful notes of acceptance, or at worst the flattering rejections in which she so rejoices?"

The rejection slip is a survival of barbarism; but consider my problem. Each year brings to my magazine, in round numbers, 20,000 manuscripts. The magazine publishes in a year something less than 300 contributions. From this discrepancy between the number of manuscripts received and the number published, it appears that 19,700 manuscripts of one sort or another are yearly declined.

And here you have the reason for the hated slip of rejection. The editor has an enormous constructive correspondence, and really has not time to write 19,700 notes.

This is regrettable; but, even though he employ able note-writing assistants, the problem remains a difficult one, for the editor has sometimes a conscience, and he is not always willing to have his editorial opinions expressed for him by some one else.

It goes without saying that every editor who has chuckled over your correspondent's merry little fling has said to himself, "Ah, when she speaks of the 'dear, Best Magazine,' she means us;" and when he reads that familiar letter about "our disinclination to publish stories associated with college life, and stories which treat of writers and artists as such," he says, "This young woman is doing a great and good work in spreading this idea broadcast, and we should be grateful to her."

I believe (in common with every other editor) that I wrote that letter, and I'm glad of it.

I recant in one particular only. It

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should have been made clear that undergraduate college life is what is objected to in stories. Naturally there can be no valid argument against stories dealing with the lives of the cultivated and charming people of the college set in any of our university towns.

And why not the story of the undergraduate? The answer is simple enough. It is this. The college student lives in a very, very little world of his own. He is surrounded by innumerable local conventionalities, important to himself, but infinitely uninteresting, and ofttimes scarcely comprehensible, to the outsider. He is in the "calf period" of mental development, and is playing one of the very smallest of parts in the serious drama of real life. More than this, he is a person of innumerable technicalities, and his interests are trivial and artificial.

Some of these latter arguments apply also to stories of "writers and painters as such." Here you are applying one art on top of another, — you are getting one move further awav from nature, and, above all, you are again dealing with lives and motives of special interest only.

Du Maurier, in *Trilby*, deals with artists and the artistic life, but not with artists as artists, but with artists as men. Thomas Hardy, in *A Laodicean*, has an architect for his hero, but his profession only serves as a method of introducing him into the story. We care little for the art, but much for the man.

But, after all, this editor has but one really important thing to say to the fair contributor. No great magazine can ever put its ban on any type of story. It is largely a question of quality. College stories have been written which would pass any editorial door, and so will a really big story on any theme, provided it does not embody sentiments or picture scenes which may prove offensive to any intelligent and thoughtful portion of a magazine's constituency, and to its best and most valued friends, "the old subscribers."

TO A BLANK SPACE IN A MAGAZINE[1]

What's this! A half-page without anything on it!
Not even a quatrain, yet room for a sonnet!

How came it that such a space failed to get collared
By "Madison Clinton" or "Frank Dempster Scollard?"

A rather small space to exhibit much art in,
Then why not reserve it for "Edward S. Martin?"

Or, if it were thought they could put but a dab in,
Then why not be courteous and let "John B. Tabb" in?

Now where was the agent of that babbling trio —
Ubiquitous "Elsa" and "Zona" and "Theo?"

Yes, somebody blundered — so careless, so reckless
To let any one of those mentioned go checkless!

But thank you, Sir Editor, for this brief space is
In Magazine Verse Land a charming oasis.

Far fairer than latter-day lyric or sonnet
Is this virgin half-page without a thing on it!

[1] We judge that our poetical contributor has found his inspiration on page 406 of the March *Atlantic*. — EDITORS *Atlantic*.

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